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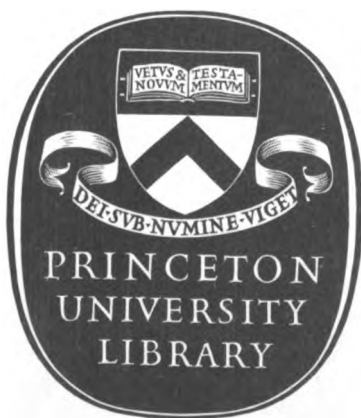
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The Pall Mall magazine

Frederick Spencer Hamilton, Sidney
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Eyre & Spottiswoode.

ANNE OF CLEVES.
By HANS HOLBEIN.

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*"Love lies
bleeding."*



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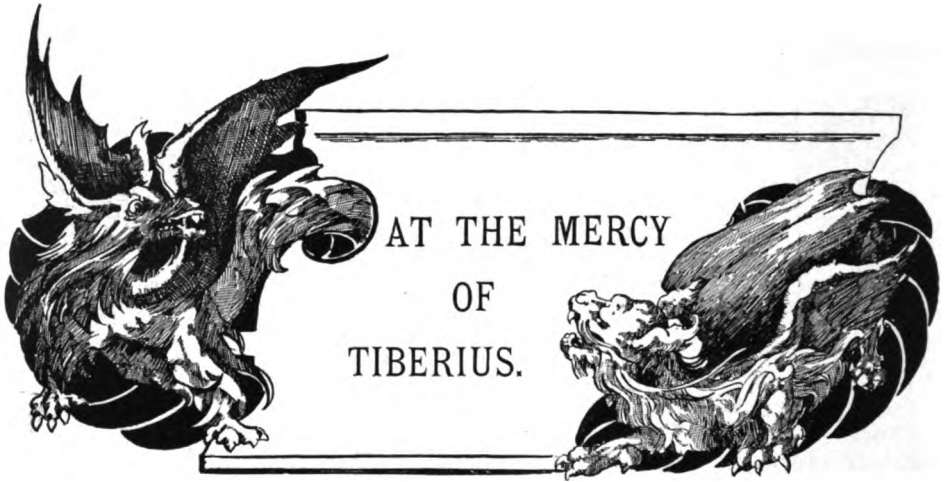
CLOSE to my heart some faded flowers are press'd,
 And there for ever shall they lie apart
 In memory of one who would not rest
 Close to my heart.

Oh cruel Time that cannot heal the smart
 Of Love's resistless passion unconfess'd,
 Nor dull the anguish of his poison'd dart !



Oh, would she come with eyes no more distress'd,
No longer tearfully bid me depart,
My sweet should find a happiness unguess'd
Close to my heart.

L. L.



IN a certain year when Dicky Donovan was close to the person of the Khedive, and the one being in Egypt who had any restraining influence on him, he suddenly asked leave of absence to visit England. The Khedive reluctantly granted it, chiefly because he disliked any interference with his comforts, and Dicky was one of them, in some respects the most important.

"My friend," he said half petulantly to Dicky, as he tossed the plans for a new palace to his secretary and dismissed him, "are you not happy here? Have you not all a palace and a prince can give?"

"Highness," answered Dicky, "I have kith and kin in England. Shall a man forget his native land?"

The Khedive yawned, lighted a cigarette, and murmured through the smoke: "*Inshallah!* It might be pleasant—sometimes."

"I have your Highness' leave to go?" asked Dicky, as the secretary came in again with the plans of the palace in his hand.

"May God preserve your head from harm!" answered Ismail in farewell salutation, and taking a ring from his finger set with a large emerald, he gave it to Dicky. "Gold is scarce in Egypt," he went on, "but there are jewels still in the palace—and the Khedive's promises-to-pay with every money-barber of Europe!" he added, with a cynical sneer, and touched his forehead and his breast courteously as Dicky retired.

Outside the presence Dicky unbuttoned his coat like an Englishman again, and ten minutes later flung his tarbush into a corner of the room; for the tarbush was the sign of official servitude, and Dicky was never a perfect official. Initiative was his strong point, independence his life; he loathed the machine of system in so far as he could not command it; he revolted at being a cog in the wheel. Ismail had discovered this, and Dicky had been made a kind of confidential secretary who seldom wrote a line. By his influence with Ismail he had even more power at last than the chief eunuch or the *valet de chambre*, before whom the highest officials bowed low. He was hated profoundly by many of the household, cultivated by certain of the Ministers, fawned upon by outsiders, trusted by the Khedive, and entirely believed in by the few Englishmen and Frenchmen who worked faithfully for decent administration but without hope and sometimes with nausea.

It was nausea that had seized upon Dicky at last, nausea and one other thing :

the spirit of adventure, an inveterate curiosity. His was the instinct of the explorer, his feet were the feet of the Wandering Jew. He knew things behind closed doors by instinct; he was like a thought-reader in the sure touch of discovery; the Khedive looked upon him as occult almost, and laughed in the face of the Mouffetish Sadik, when he said some evil things of Dicky. Also the Khedive told Sadik the Mouffetish that if any harm came to Dicky there would come harm to him. The Khedive loved to play one man off against another, and the death of Sadik or the death of Dicky would have given him no pain, if either seemed necessary. For the moment, however, he loved them both after his fashion: for Sadik lied to him, and squeezed the land dry, and flailed it with kourbashes for gold for his august master and himself; and Dicky told him the truth about all things—which gave the Khedive knowledge of how he really stood all round.

Dicky told the great spendthrift the truth about himself; but he did not tell the truth when he said he was going to England on a visit to his kith and kin. Seized by the most irresistible curiosity of his life, moved by a desire for knowledge, that a certain plan in his mind might be successfully advanced, he went south and east, not west and north.



"Dicky . . . flung his turbush into a corner of the room."

For four months Egypt knew him not. For four months the Khedive was never told the truth save by European financiers, when truths were obvious facts: for four months he had never seen a fearless or an honest eye in his own household. Not that it mattered in one sense; but Ismail was a man of ideas, a sportsman of a sort, an Iniquity with his points; a man who chose the broad way because it was easier, not because he was remorseless. At the start he meant well by his people, but he meant better by himself; and not being able to satisfy both sides of the equation, he satisfied one at the expense of the other and of that x quantity otherwise known as Europe. And Europe was heckling him; the settling of accounts was near. Commissioners had been sent to find where were the ninety millions he had borrowed. Only Ismail and Sadik the Mouffetish, once slave and foster-brother, could reply. The Khedive could not long stave off the evil day when he must "pay the debt of the lobster," and Sadik give account of his stewardship. Meanwhile his mind turned to the resourceful little Englishman with the face of a girl and the tongue of an honest man,

But the day Dicky had set for his return had come and gone, and Dicky himself had not appeared. With a grim sort of satisfaction, in harmony with his irritation, Ismail went forth with his retinue to the Dôсах, the gruesome celebration of the Prophet's birthday, following on the return of the pilgrimage from Mecca. At noon he entered his splendid tent at one side of a square made of splendid tents, and looked out listlessly, yet sourly, upon the vast crowds assembled—upon the lines of banners, the red and green pennons embroidered with phrases from the Koran. His half-shut, stormy eyes fell upon the tent of the chief of the dervishes, and he scarcely checked a sneer, for the ceremony to be performed appealed to nothing in him save a barbaric instinct, and this barbaric instinct had been veneered by French civilisation and pierced by the criticism of one honest man. His look fell upon the long pathway whereon, for three hundred yards, matting had been spread. A field of the cloth of blood; for on this cloth dervishes back from Mecca, mad with fanaticism and hashish, would lie packed like herrings, while the Sheikh of the Dôсах rode his horse over their bodies, a pavement of human flesh and bone.

As the Khedive looked, his lip curled a little, for he recalled what Dicky Donovan had said about it; how he had pleaded against it, describing sickening wounds and pilgrims done to death. Dicky had ended his brief homily by saying—"And isn't that a pretty dish to set before a king!" to Ismail's amusement; for he was no good Mussulman, no Mussulman at all, in fact, save in occasional violent prejudices got of inheritance and association.

To-day, however, Ismail was in a bad humour with Dicky and with the world. He had that very morning flogged a soldier senseless with his own hand; he had handed over his favourite Circassian slave to a brute of a Bey, who would drown her or sell her within a month; and he had dishonoured his own note of hand for fifty thousand pounds to a great merchant who had served him not wisely but too well. He was not taking his troubles quietly, and woe be to the man or woman who crossed him this day! Tiberius was an hungred for a victim to his temper. His *entourage* knew it well, and many a man trembled that day for his place, or his head, or his home. Even Sadik Pasha the Mouffetish—Sadik, who had four hundred women slaves dressed in purple and fine linen—Sadik, whose kitchen alone cost him sixty thousand pounds a year, the price of whose cigarette ash-trays was equal to the salary of an English consul—even Sadik, foster-brother, panderer, the Barabbas of his master, was silent and watchful to-day.

And Sadik, silent and watchful and fearful, was also a dangerous man. As Sadik's look wandered over the packed crowds, his faded eyes scarce realising the bright-coloured garments of the men, the crimson silk tents and banners and pennons, the gorgeous canopies and trappings and plumes of the approaching dervishes, led by the Amir-el-Haj or Prince of the Pilgrims, returned from Mecca, he wondered what lamb for the sacrifice might be provided to soothe the mind of his master. He looked at the matting in the long lane before them, and he knew that the bodies which would lie here presently, yielding to the hoofs of the Sheikh's horse, were not sufficient to appease the rabid spirit tearing at the Khedive's soul. He himself had been flouted by one ugly look this morning, and one from Ismail was enough.

It did his own soul good now to see the dervish fanatics foaming at the mouth, their eyes rolling, as they crushed glass in their teeth and ate it, as they swallowed fire, as they tore live serpents to pieces with their teeth and devoured them, as they thrust daggers and spikes of steel through their cheeks, and gashed their

breasts with knives and swords. He watched the effect of it on the Khedive ; but Ismail had seen all this before, and he took it in the stride. This was not sufficient.

Sadik racked his brain to think who in the palace or in official life might be made the scapegoat, upon whom the dark spirit in the heart of the Khedive might be turned. His mean, colourless eyes wandered inquiringly over the crowd, as the mad dervishes, half-naked, some with masses of dishevelled hair, some with no hair at all, bleached, haggard, moaning and shrieking, threw themselves to the ground on the matting, while attendants pulled off their slippers and placed them under their heads, which lay face downwards. At last Sadik's eyes were arrested by a group of ten dervishes, among them one short in stature and very slight, whose gestures were not so excited as those of his fellows. He also saw that one or two of the dervishes watched the slight man curiously and covertly.

Five of the little group suddenly threw themselves upon the matting, adding their bodies to the highway of bones and flesh. Then another and another did the same, leaving three who, with the little man, made a fanatical chorus. Now the three near the little man began to cut themselves with steel and knives, and one set fire to his *yelek* and began to chew the flames. Yet the faces of all three were turned towards the little man, who did no more than shriek and gesticulate and sway his body wildly up and down. He was tanned and ragged and bearded and thin, and there was a weird brilliance in his brown eyes, which watched his companions closely.

So fierce and frenzied were the actions of those with him, that the attention of the Khedive was drawn ; and Sadik, looking at his master, saw that his eyes were intently fixed on the little man. At that instant the little man himself caught the eye of the Khedive, and Ismail involuntarily dropped a hand upon his sword, for some gesture of the little man, some familiar turn of his body, startled him. Where had he seen the gesture before ? Who was this pilgrim who did not cut and wound himself like his companions ? Suddenly the three mad dervishes waved their hands towards the matting and shrieked something into his ear. The little man's eyes shot a look at the Khedive. Ismail's ferret look fastened on him, and a quick fear, as of assassination, crossed his face as the small dervish ran forward with the other three to the lane of human flesh, where there was still a gap to be filled, and the cry rose up that the Sheikh of the Dôseh had left his tent and was about to begin his direful ride.

Sadik the Mouffetish saw the Khedive's face, and suddenly said in his ear : " Shall my slave seize him, Highness, whom God preserve ? "

The Khedive did not reply, for at that moment he recognised the dervish ; and now he understood that Dicky Donovan had made the pilgrimage to Mecca with the Mahmal caravan ; that an infidel had desecrated the holy city ; and that his Englishman had lied to him. His first impulse was to have Dicky seized and cast to the crowd, to be torn to pieces. Dicky's eyes met his without wavering—a desperate yet resolute look—and Ismail knew that the little man would sell his life dearly, if he had but half a chance ; but he also saw in Dicky's eyes the old honesty, the fearless straightforwardness—and an appeal too, not humble, but still eager and downright. Ismail's fury was great, for the blue devils had him by the heels that day ; but on the instant he saw the eyes of Sadik the Mouffetish, and their cunning, cruelty and soulless depravity, their present search for a victim to his master's bad temper, acted at once on Ismail's sense of humour. He saw that Sadik half suspected something, he saw that Dicky's three companions suspected, and his mind was made up on the instant—things should take their course : he would

not interfere. He looked Dicky squarely in the face, and Dicky knew that the Khedive's glance said as plainly as words :

"Fool of an Englishman, go on ! I will not kill you, but I will not save you. The game is in your hands alone. You can only avert suspicion by letting the Sheikh of the Dôсах make a bridge of your back. Mecca is a jest you must pay for."

With the wild cry of a dervish fanatic Dicky threw himself down, his head on his



"The faces of all three were turned towards the little man."

arms, and the vengeful three threw themselves down beside him. The attendants pulled off their slippers and thrust them under their faces, and now the saïs of the Sheikh ran over their bodies lightly, calling out for all to lie still—that the Sheikh was coming on his horse.

Dicky weighed his chances with a little shrinking, but with no fear: he had been in imminent danger for four long months, he was little likely to give way now. The three men lying beside him had only suspected him for the last three

days, and during that time they had never let him out of their sight. What had roused their suspicion he did not know: probably a hesitation concerning some Arab custom or the pronunciation of some Arab word—the timbre of the Arab voice was rougher and heavier. There had been no chance of escape during these three days, for his three friends had never left his side, and now they were beside him. His chances were not brilliant. If he escaped from the iron hoofs of the Sheikh's horse, if the weight did not crush the life out of his small body, there was a fair chance; for to escape unhurt from the Dôсах is to prove yourself for ever a good Mussulman, who has undergone the final test and is saved evermore by the promise of the Prophet. But even if he escaped unhurt, and the suspicions of his comrades were allayed, what would the Khedive do? The Khedive had recognised him, and had done nothing—so far! Yet he could have sworn beforehand that Ismail, the chief Mussulman in Egypt, would have thrown him like a rat to the terriers. Why Ismail had acted otherwise he was not certain: perhaps to avoid a horrible sensation at the Dôсах and the outcry of the newspapers of Europe; perhaps to have him assassinated privately; perhaps after all to pardon him. But this last alternative was not reasonable, save from the standpoint that Ismail had no religion at all.

Whatever it was to be, his fate would soon come, and in any case he had done what only one European before him had done: he had penetrated to the tomb of Mahomet in Mecca. Whatever should come, he had crowded into his short life a thousand unusual and interesting things. His inveterate curiosity had served him well, and he had paid fairly for the candles of his game. He was ready.

Low moans came to his ears. He could hear the treading hoofs of the Sheikh's horse. Nearer and nearer the frightened animal came; the shout "Lie close and still, O brothers of giants!" of those who led the horse was in his ears. He heard the ribs of a man but two from him break, he heard the gurgle in the throat of another into whose neck the horse's hoofs had sunk. He braced himself and drew his breast close to the ground.

He could hear now the heavy breathing of the Sheikh of the Dôсах, who, to strengthen himself for his ride, had taken a heavy dose of hashish. The toe of the Arab leading the horse touched his head, then a hoof was on him—between the shoulders, pressing—pressing down, the iron crushing into the flesh—down—down—down, till his eyes seemed to fill with blood. Then another hoof—and this would crush the life out of him. He gasped, and nerved himself. The iron shoe came down, slipped a little, grazed his side roughly, and sank between himself and the dervish next him, who had shrunk away at the last moment.

A mad act; for the horse stumbled, and in recovering himself plunged forward heavily with a bound. Dicky expected the hind hoofs to crush down on his back or neck, and drew in his breath; but the horse, excited by the cries of the people, sprang clear of him, and the hind hoofs fell with a sickening thud on the back and neck of the dervish who had been the cause of the disaster.

Dicky lay still for a moment to get his breath, then sprang to his feet lightly, cast a swift glance of triumph towards the Khedive, and turned to the dervishes who had lain beside him. The man who had shrunk away from the horse's hoofs was dead, the one on the other side was badly wounded, and the last, bruised and dazed, got slowly to his feet.

"God is great," said Dicky to him: "I have no hurt, Mahommed."

"It is the will of God. Extolled be Him who created thee!" answered the dervish, all suspicion gone and admiration in his eyes, as Dicky cried his Allah Kerim—"God is great!"

A kavass touched Dicky on the arm.

"His Highness would speak with you," he said.

Dicky gladly turned his back on the long lane of fanatic immolation and the



"Lie close and still, O brothers of glants!"

sight of the wounded and dead being carried away. Coming over to the Khedive he salaamed, and kneeling on the ground kissed the toe of his boot.

Ismail smiled, and his eyes dropped with satisfaction upon the prostrate Dicky. Never before had an Englishman kissed his boot, and that Dicky of all Englishmen should do it gave him an ironical pleasure which chased his black humour away.



"Ismail's eyes dropped with satisfaction upon the prostrate Dicky."

"It is written that the true believer shall come unscathed from the hoofs of the horse. Thou hast no hurt, Mahommed?"

"None, Highness, whose life God preserve," said Dicky in faultless Arabic, with the eyes of Sadik upon him trying to penetrate his mystery.

"May the dogs bite the heart of thine enemies! What is thy name?" said Ismail.

"Rekab, so God wills, Highness."

"Thine occupation?"

"I am a poor scribe, Highness," answered Dicky with a dangerous humour, though he had seen a look in the Khedive's face which boded only safety.

"I have need of scribes. Get you to the Palace of Abdin, and wait upon me at sunset after prayers," said Ismail.

"I am the slave of your Highness. Peace be on thee, O Prince of the Faithful!"

"A moment, Mahommed. Hast thou wife or child?"

"None, Highness."

"Nor kith nor kin?" Ismail's smile was grim.

"They be far away, beyond the blessed rule of your Highness."

"Thou wilt desire to return to them. How long wilt thou serve me?" asked Ismail slowly.

"Till the two Karadh-gatherers return," answered Dicky, quoting the old Arabic saying which means for ever, since the two Karadh-gatherers who went to gather the fruit of the sant and the leaves of the selem never returned.

"So be it," said the Khedive, and, rising, waved Dicky away. "At sunset."

"At sunset after prayers, Highness," answered Dicky, and was instantly lost in the throng which now crowded upon the tent to see the Sheikh of the Dôсах arrive to make obeisance to Ismail.

That night at sunset, Dicky, once more clothed and shaven and well appointed, but bronzed and weather-beaten, was shown into the presence of the Khedive, whose face showed neither pleasure nor displeasure.

"You have returned from your kith and kin in England?" said Ismail, with malicious irony.

"I have no excuses, Highness. I have done what I set out to do."

"If I had given you to death as an infidel who had defiled the holy tomb and the sacred city——"

"Your Highness would have lost a faithful servant," answered Dicky. "I took my chances."

"Even now it would be easy to furnish—accidents for you!"

"But not wise, Highness, till my story is told."

"Sadik Pasha suspects you."

"I suspect Sadik Pasha," answered Dicky.

"Of what?" said Ismail, starting. "He is true to me—Sadik is true to me!" he urged, with a shudder; for if Sadik was false in this crisis, with Europe clamouring for the payment of debts and for reforms, where should he look for faithful knavery!

"He will desert your Highness in the last ditch. Let me tell your Highness the truth, in return for saving my life. Your only salvation lies in giving up to the creditors of Egypt your own wealth, and Sadik's, which is twice your own."

"Sadik will not give it up."

"Is not Ismail the Khedive master in Egypt?"

"Sit down and smoke," said Ismail eagerly, handing Dicky a cigarette.

When Dicky left the Khedive at midnight, he thought he saw a better day dawning for Egypt. He felt also that he had done the land a good turn in trying to break the shameless contract between Ismail and Sadik the Mouffetish; and he had the Khedive's promise that it should be broken, given as Ismail pinned on his breast the Order of the Medjidie.

He was not, however, prepared to hear of the arrest of the Mouffetish before another sunset, and then of his hugger-mugger death, of which the world talks to this day; though the manner of it is only known to a few, and to them it is an ugly memory.

In exile a year later Ismail told Dicky the truth about it; and Dicky was never sorry for either Ismail or Sadik.

GILBERT PARKER.

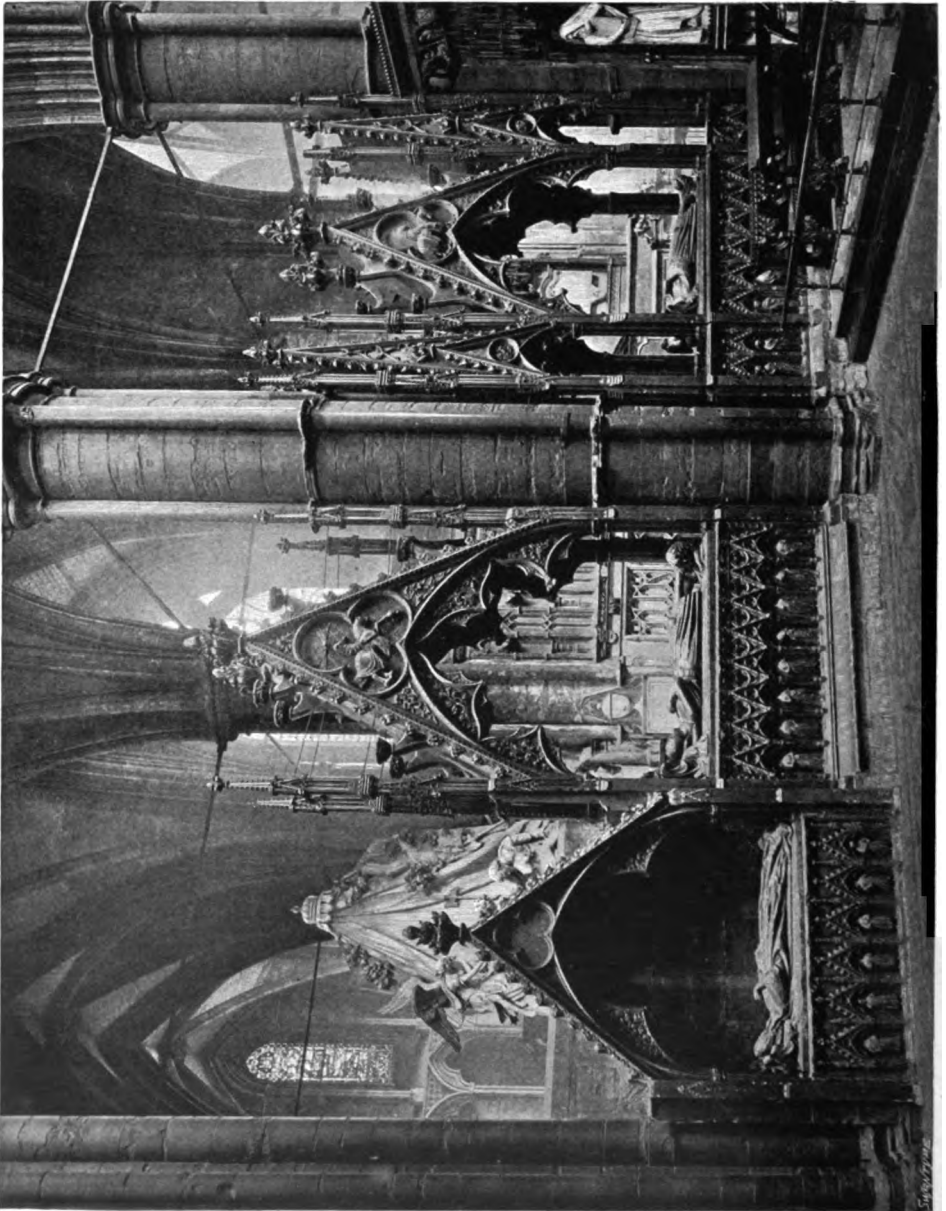




THE military element is very conspicuous in the Abbey ; and while few sailors' names are to be found here before the late seventeenth century, there are soldiers' graves here and there from the time of Henry III., which steadily increase as the centuries pass. We look round upon the early monuments, and see kings and princes, fighting men themselves, surrounded by the brave knights who fought under their banners at home and abroad, and whose doughty deeds recall a whole series of historical epochs. The Crusades, the Barons' dissensions, the Wars of the Roses, the constant struggles of our kings with France and Spain, the feuds with Scotland and Ireland, are all represented here by one or other of those who took part in them. The beautiful tomb, for instance, of Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, second son of Henry III., reminds us not only of the Crusades, but of the bloody Wars of the Roses. His surname of Crouchback was derived from the cross which he, as a crusader, wore embroidered on his back ; and upon the ambulatory side of his tomb used to be a painting of himself and his brother Edward, Prince of Wales, with the ten knights who accompanied them upon the last Crusade. By his marriage with the great heiress Aveline, daughter of William Fortibus, Earl of Albemarle, who died childless, and lies close to his own tomb, he acquired immense wealth, and founded the powerful house of Lancaster, which derived its emblem, the red rose, from the roses originally planted by the crusaders he had brought with him from Provence, when he returned to England with his second wife, Blanche of Navarre. Near Crouchback another beautiful sepulchral monument records the name of his warlike cousin, Aymer de Valence (1323), whose father, William, more turbulent even than himself, has a fine effigy, upon which are still to be seen the remains of Limoges enamel, in St. Edmund's Chapel. The restless and ambitious De Valences took a leading part in the internal dissensions between king and barons during the reigns of their kinsmen, Henry III. and the first two Edwards. William, indeed, had by his greed and insatiable ambition caused the first revolt of the Barons against Henry III., and had several times been forced to fly from his adopted country. Aymer had fought gallantly under the banner of Edward I. in Scotland, where he had defeated and killed Nigel Bruce ; then, unfortunately, he supported the feeble Edward II. in his defeat of the barons at Pontefract, and for his share in the execution of their powerful leader, Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, was afterwards assassinated in France. As we pass along the North Ambulatory, below the Sanctuary tombs, we tread upon the brass plate of Sir John Windsore (d. 1414), nephew to a famous general, William of Windsore, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland under Edward III., who was himself a great commander in Ireland, and took part in the battle of Shrewsbury, fighting

* The word Crouch or Crutch meant cross : cf. the Crutched or Crossed Friars.

for Henry IV., after which, we are told, he "repented him of his bloodshed, and finished his life in piety." A little farther on the plain stone tomb of Ludovick Robsert (d. 1431) recalls the victorious career of Henry V., whose chantry chapel is close by; for, after fighting gallantly under the king's banner during the French

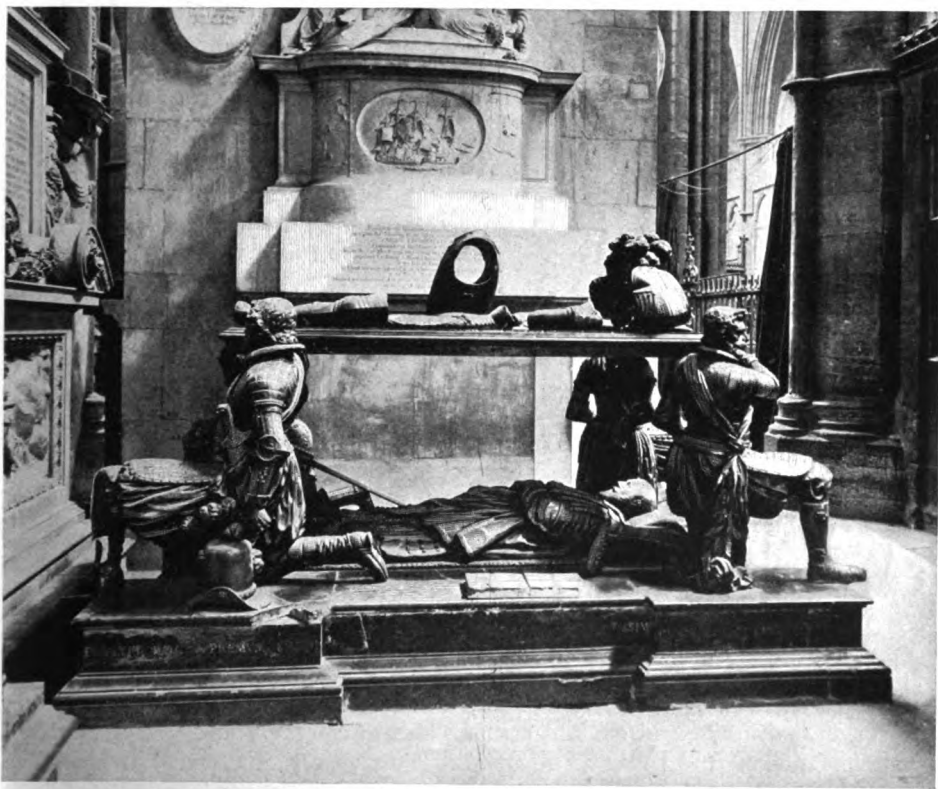


Views of three Sacrarium tombs—Crouchback, Aveline, and Aymer de Valence.

war, and especially distinguishing himself at Agincourt, Robsert received the post of Royal Standard-bearer. He was created Lord Bouchier later on, and finally became Lord Chamberlain to Henry VI. The name of Bouchier comes again on a low altar tomb in St. Edmund's Chapel, where lies Sir Humphrey Bouchier

(d. 1471), who was killed fighting for Edward IV. at the battle of Barnet. His son, Lord Berners, became Chancellor to Henry VIII., and is remembered as the original translator of Froissart's "Chronicles." In the adjoining chapel of St. Nicholas is the brass of another warrior, Sir Humphrey Stafford (d. 1505), who was knighted by Henry VII. on the field of Bosworth.

It is time to turn from these early soldiers to the fighting men of the Elizabethan era. First let us note a black tablet in the south aisle of the Choir, upon which is recorded the name of Sir Richard Bingham (d. 1598), a man distinguished on land and sea alike in the wars of Mary and Elizabeth. The tablet was erected by his friend and squire, Sir John Bingley, who describes his captain as "a man eminent both for spirit and martial knowledge, but of very small stature." He was



Sir Francis Vere's tomb.

trained up to military affairs, but spent many years of his early life in naval warfare, serving at one time in Candia with the Venetians, and afterwards took part in the famous battle of Lepanto against the Turks. After seeing much service in France and the Netherlands, he was employed under Lord Grey in Ireland against the Spanish and Irish. The capture of Smerwick, which was followed by a terrible and bloody massacre of the unfortunate garrison, men and women alike, is mentioned amongst his exploits in his epitaph; but Bingham himself deplored the cruel slaughter. For thirteen years he was Governor of Connaught, suppressing various rebellions "at smale charges to her Ma^{tie}."; but his treatment of the wild Irish, whom he tried to force to conform to English customs, was so severe and unjust that he was recalled to England, and sent for a time to the Fleet prison. He was,



View of Ludouick Robsart's tomb, and of North Ambulatory.

however, released by Burghley's favour, and sent again to Ireland to suppress O'Neill's rebellion, but died immediately upon arriving at Dublin.

Several members of the Vere family, "the fighting Veres," are interred on the north side of the Abbey. There, in St. John the Evangelist's Chapel, lies Sir Francis Vere (d. 1609), who commanded the auxiliary forces of Holland and England in the Netherlands for twenty years. The design of his beautiful tomb was copied from that of Engelbert, Count of Nassau, at Breda, and put up by his widow; the name of the sculptor is unknown. The alabaster effigy lies without armour, showing that the general died in his bed and not in battle; above it is a marble slab, supported by four kneeling knights, upon which are the pieces of his armour.

The oft-quoted epitaph, which is not inscribed on the monument, will be found in Pettigrew's collection.

"When Vere sought death arm'd with the sword and shield,
Death was afraid to meet him in the field,
But when his weapons he had laid aside,
Death like a coward struck him, and he died."

Close by, beneath the statue of Vere's kinsman, Sir George Holles (d. 1626), who fought under him, and was knighted for his services the year of Vere's death, is a representation of the battle of Nieupoort. This victory, due chiefly it is said to the counsels and personal courage of Vere, was won by a small army of Dutch and English (1500 only, of whom 800 were killed and wounded) commanded by the Grave Maurice, against an overwhelming force of Spaniards under the Archduke Albert. Vere was wounded, and one of the officers who helped to rescue and carry him off the field is also buried in the Abbey, with no inscription to mark the place of his grave. This was Sir John Ogle (d. 1640), a gallant soldier whose long life of seventy-one years was spent almost wholly in warfare: he was thirty years fighting in the Netherlands, where he served under Vere three parts of the time, and was with him when the English were shut up for five months at Ostend, bravely and successfully defending that port against the Spaniards. Ogle was one of the earliest and most enthusiastic promoters of the Virginia Company. He was knighted by James I. soon after his accession, and was present at that monarch's funeral in the Abbey. He completed his military record

by serving under Wentworth in Ireland, and died only just before the Civil War broke out at home.

On the opposite side, in St. Edmund's Chapel, is a gallant youth who fought under his uncle, Sir George Holles, throughout one campaign in the Netherlands, and died from the effects of the hardships he had been exposed to on the field, during the voyage home, at the early age of eighteen (1624). His father, the Earl of Clare, put up statues to his son and brother, for the taste of which the sculptor Nicholas Stone was responsible. Both figures are upright, no longer lying in peaceful repose, like Vere's effigy. Francis is seated, and Sir George standing; each is clad in Roman armour, instead of wearing the costume of the period—a detestable fashion followed in the eighteenth century, as, for instance, in the monuments to Colonel Townshend and Admiral Holmes; the latter is fortunately the last sailor in the Abbey who is made to ape a Roman warrior.

The year after Francis Holles' death one of the Vere family, Henry, 17th Earl of Oxford, was killed at the siege of Breda (1625), and was buried in St. John the Baptist's Chapel; whilst the last Earl of Oxford, Aubrey de Vere (d. 1702), Lieutenant-General of the Forces under William III. and Anne, lies close to the tomb of his great ancestor in St. John the Evangelist's. Near Sir George Holles is another brave soldier who fought in the Low Countries, Sir John Burrough, or Burgh, the colonel of one of six regiments sent to the Palatinate in 1624, he became Governor of the Netherlands under Lord Essex, but met his end during the expedition sent against the French to the Isle of Rhé. He was "slayne with a musket bullet," September 11th, 1627, when besieging the citadel of St. Martin, a fact recorded beneath a portrait forming the frontispiece to a poetical account of his death (published 1628). Amongst the younger soldiers who distinguished themselves on this same expedition was one Colonel Degory Collins (d. 1672), who rose from the ranks to the command of a regiment, and dying long afterwards in retirement, was buried in the Abbey Cloisters.

Not far from the Vere monument in St. Andrew's Chapel the six Norris brothers, that "brood of martial-spirited men," kneel, silent alabaster figures, round the recumbent effigies of their parents. Lord Norris was endeared to Elizabeth by the memory of his father's attachment to Anne Boleyn, for which he lost his head on the scaffold, protesting her innocence to the last; while Lady Norris, the daughter of Lord Williams of Thame, Elizabeth's keeper for a time, had been kind to the Princess when she was a prisoner in her father's house. So we are told that the great Queen "beheld them both not only with gracious but grateful eyes." All the sons were soldiers, "valiant and expert commanders," who won their spurs in the Netherlands, in Ireland, and in France. Naunton describes them as "men of haughty courage and of great experience in the conduct of military affairs . . . persons of such renown and worth that future times must out of duty owe them the debt of honourable gratitude." All except one, Edward, Governor of Ostend, whose statue looks cheerfully upwards, died before their parents—one of chagrin because another man was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland—and thirty years later there was "no heire male of that house."

We have already seen how at the Restoration the body of the great Admiral Blake was ignominiously flung into a pit outside the Abbey, with the bones of most of the other chief men of the Commonwealth. Yet, although Cromwell, Ireton, Bradshaw and many others were not allowed to rest here, the remains of the famous commander of the Parliamentary forces on land were overlooked, and lie to this day in a vault in St. John the Baptist's Chapel.

Robert Devereux (d. 1646), 3rd Earl of Essex, was the son of Elizabeth's

disgraced favourite; his father's title was restored to him by James I., and he fought gallantly for that king in the Netherlands, afterwards serving Charles I. with his sword till the Civil War broke out, when he joined the Parliamentary party and became their general-in-chief. His funeral was a public one, carried out in every detail with great magnificence; but the night after, his hearse, which stood near the Communion table, was mutilated by some "rude vindictive fellows," Cavaliers no doubt, who broke into the Abbey, wantonly defacing the antiquary Camden's monument in Poets' Corner as they passed by. The original intention had been to erect a tomb in Henry VII.'s Chapel, but, owing no doubt to this untoward occurrence, the coffin was left with no inscription to show its whereabouts in a vault in St. John's Chapel, and forgotten till Dean Stanley caused the Earl's name to be cut upon the stone above it. Close by is the only memorial of the Civil War which was allowed to remain on the Abbey walls. This is the monument to a naval and military hero, Colonel Popham (d. 1651), who had also been buried with great honours, Cromwell and his principal officers following the body to the grave. Popham entered the Navy, and became when quite a youth Captain of the 5th Whelps. They went to sea in a crazy boat, which foundered off Holland in 1637; he and such of the crew as survived the shipwreck were, after rowing fifty miles, at last saved by an English ship. In the Civil War he raised a troop of horse and foot in Dorsetshire, and relieved Dorchester. Blake is said to have served under him on land; and when, in 1648, Popham returned to the sea, he got Blake made one of the Commissioners of the Fleet. Three years later Popham died on his ship at Dover. His body was not spared at the Restoration, but, owing to the influence of his wife's relations, who were Royalists, his monument was allowed to remain on condition that the inscription was defaced; it was also removed here from the royal chapel of Henry VII. Several of Essex's officers and friends were buried in unmarked graves; a few were left undisturbed, the others dug up after the Restoration (Sept. 1661). Two of his officers, Colonel Boscawen and Colonel Carter, were interred beneath the choristers' seats in 1645; the former, a notable Cornishman who had raised a troop of horse for the Parliament, was disinterred, the latter left—forgotten, no doubt. Another colonel, John Meldrum, mortally wounded at the battle of Brandon near Alresford in 1644, died after a few days, suffering, and lay till 1661 near the Norris monument. A distinguished officer, Sir William Constable (d. 1655), who had served the Queen under the 2nd Earl of Essex in Ireland as early as 1599, and received knighthood from his hands, lived to serve the son against, not for his sovereign. At Edgehill his blue coats routed the King's red coats, and one of his ensigns captured the Royal Standard; throughout the Civil War one exploit after another followed, including the capture of Tadcaster and Stamford Bridge; he was made one of the King's judges, and signed the death warrant. The only revenge left to Charles II. was the dishonour paid to his mouldering corpse, and the exemption of his estates from the general pardon. Amongst those disinterred we find a member of Cromwell's Council—Colonel Sir Humphrey Mackworth (d. 1654), who in 1646 distinguished himself at the capture of Ludlow Castle, and was made Governor of Shrewsbury the same year.

One Royalist only was, however, laid here during the Civil War. This was the beautiful and gallant youth, Francis Villiers (d. 1648), posthumous son of the favourite Duke of Buckingham, and brother to the notorious "Zimri," who met his death in a skirmish at Kingston, where, while he stood with his back to a tree defending himself bravely against the Parliamentary troopers, one of them crept behind him and cleft his skull with a battle-axe. The coffin was brought with some state by water to the Abbey, and placed in the Villiers' vault (Henry VII.'s

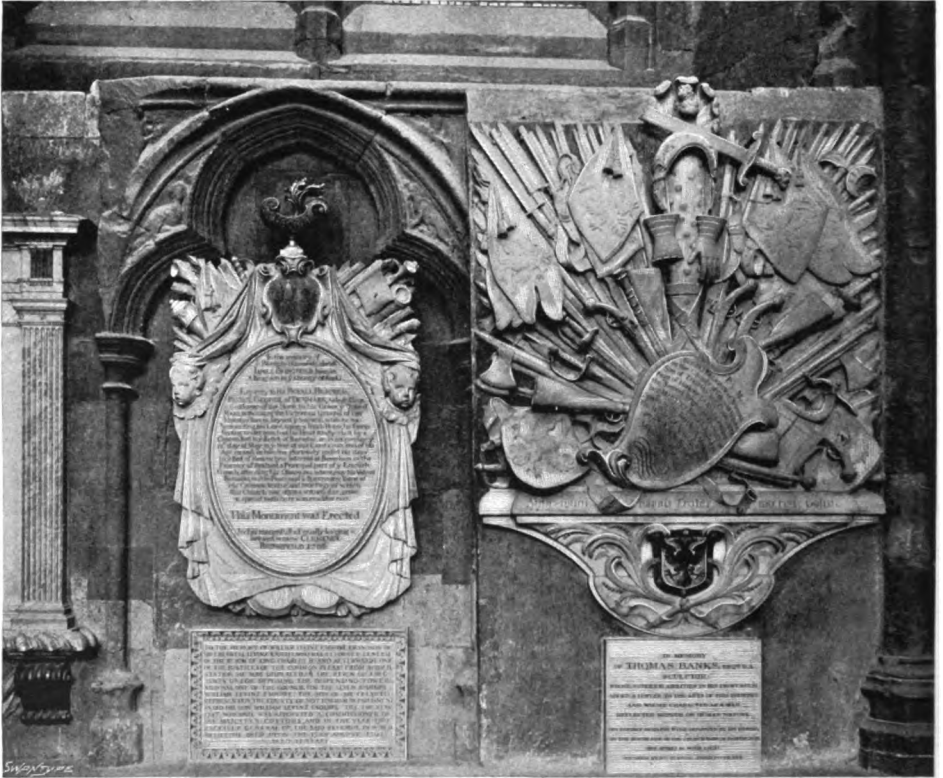
Chapel), with an inscription upon it, chronicling the boy's wonderful beauty and numerous wounds.

In the year of the Restoration, while the bones of his opponents still remained undisturbed, there was buried in the North Ambulatory a loyal colonel, Thomas Blagge or Blake (d. 1660), who won honour by his gallant defence of Wallingford Castle, and became Governor of Yarmouth, receiving also the nominal post of groom of the bedchamber to both Charles I. and his son.

Within the North Ambulatory gates lies buried another of Charles's loyal officers, Colonel James Hamilton (d. 1673), whose name is handed down to posterity in Hamilton Place, Piccadilly, which was named after him when in 1671 he was Ranger of Hyde Park; he survived the Civil War, but lost his life in his royal master's service, fighting against the Dutch in 1673. A tablet in the nave reminds us of another of Charles II.'s faithful servitors, Sir Palmes Fairborne (d. 1680), whose glorious struggle to keep Tangier for the British crown, a struggle in which he crushed the Moors temporarily and lost his own life, is commemorated by the fine epitaph attributed to Dryden, which is inscribed upon his monument. Away in St. Edmund's Chapel is another and earlier reminiscence of our fights with the Moors, upon the tomb of Sir Bernard Brocas (d. 1396), a man distinguished both in the battle-field and in the council chamber. His crest, a crowned Moor's head, which is here carved in stone upon his helmet, was granted him by Edward III. as a reward for his achievements against the Moors in Morocco; Addison repeats a fable told by the vergers in his time, that Brocas captured the King of Morocco and cut off his head with his own hands. In the Cloisters is a monument to General Withers (1729), who was "bred in arms in Britain, Dunkirk, Tangier, etc," and thus also took part in repelling the inroads of the Moors. His friend, Colonel Disney (1731), who is buried close to Withers and put up the memorial, commanded a regiment of Irish foot, and was nicknamed "the Duke" from his frequent use of the word as an ejaculation. Many other soldiers who fought for the later Stuarts during the latter half of the seventeenth and early eighteenth century are here. Thus, in St. Paul's Chapel Sir Henry Belasye (1717), of Brancepeth Castle, general of the forces under William III., is commemorated by a tablet, upon which is recorded the fact that he traced his descent from Belasius, one of William the Conqueror's generals. Thomas, Viscount Teviot (1711), commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland early in the century, lies in an unmarked grave in the Nave. Henry Cornewall (1717), Colonel of the 9th Regiment of foot and Master of the Horse to the Princess of Orange (1685), is in the South Aisle; and in Henry VII.'s Chapel we are reminded of James II. and the Battle of the Boyne by the grave of the second Duke of Schomberg (1719), himself a well-known general, whose father, originally a French marshal, was created a British duke and general, and died fighting for his adopted king at the Boyne (1690). Fifty years of sieges and battles in Flanders and Germany are recalled in the Cloisters by the tablet to General Barrell (d. 1749). Near the Earl of Essex lies an officer whose military career was in no way remarkable, and in fact ended early in the reign of Charles II., but whose name survives in Panton Street, Haymarket, which he built. Colonel Thomas Panton (1685) is noteworthy "as the almost solitary instance of a successful gamester who suddenly abandoned his profession and became a worthy gentleman and useful citizen" (Chester). He never touched cards again after winning at Hazard in one night "as many thousand pounds as purchased him an estate with above £1500 a year." His son entered the army and fought in Marlborough's campaigns; he carried the news of Blenheim to the States-general,

and of the capture of Douay to Queen Anne; he ultimately rose to the rank of lieutenant-general, and is spoken of at his death in 1753 as the oldest general in the army.

The name of Marlborough leads us to the great Duke himself, who lay for twenty-two years after his death (d. 1722) in the vault whence the bones of Cromwell and his mighty men had been ejected; for him also the royal chapel of Henry VII. proved but a temporary sepulchre, for his remains were removed to Blenheim about the time of the Duchess Sarah's death. Many of the officers who helped him to win his victories are commemorated here, and the names of these same battles are carved more than once upon the Abbey stones. In the Nave,



Killigrew's Monument, with tablet of Colonel Bringfield.

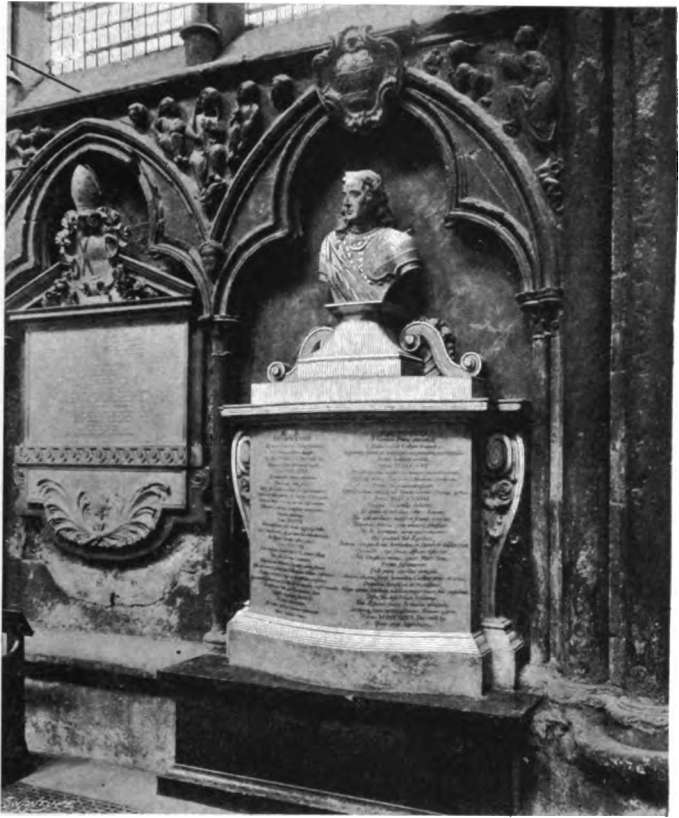
for instance, is a memorial to the Duke's aide-de-camp and Master of the Horse, Colonel Bringfield, who had his head shot off by a cannon-ball at Ramillies (1706), when "remounting his lord on a fresh horse, his former fayling under him." Close by is a tablet to a brigadier-general, Robert Killigrew, who began life as a page to Charles II., and was killed at Almanza (1707), where the British were defeated by the Spanish and French forces, and so many of our brave soldiers slain or taken prisoners. The curious military trophies surrounding each inscription are worth noticing as specimens of the weapons used in warfare at that period. The first Earl Stanhope* (d. 1720), who greatly distinguished himself in this same war of the Spanish succession, has a huge monument against the choir screen, commemorating himself and some of his descendants. By his capture

* He was buried at Chevening.

of Port Mahon he added Minorca to the British possessions, and for nearly a century we alternately held and lost the island, which was finally given up after the peace of Amiens (1802). Stanhope's most notable exploit is his single combat with the Spanish general Almezaga, whom he slew with his own hand beneath the very walls of Madrid, after the victory of Almenara (1710). The luck turned, however: he was himself taken prisoner by Vendôme the same year, and upon his release abandoned a military for a political career. The family tradition of personal valour was continued by his

descendants. His second son distinguished himself at Dettingen, Falkirk and Culloden; and his great-grandson, Charles Stanhope, who was also Pitt's nephew, fell at the head of his regiment, the 50th Foot, on the heights of Corunna (1809), and is commemorated by a tablet in the north-west tower.

In the North Transept aisle Rysbraek's fine and characteristic bust of Sir Richard Kane (1736) recalls the same period of our history, and is another link with Minorca, where the good roads that he made, as well as his other benefactions to the island, were gratefully remembered long after his death. His military career was a very varied one. His early laurels were won when a young sulbaltern at the famous Siege of Derry; later on he took part in the assault on Namur (1695), where his regiment (the 19th Royal Irish Foot) won the Nassau lion as their badge, the oldest in the British service. Early in the century he served under Marlborough; he was wounded at Blenheim, and commanded a regiment at Malplaquet. Two years later we find him as colonel of a regiment of Irish foot taking part in the Canadian expedition; and after the Peace of Utrecht (1711) he was made Lieutenant-Governor of Minorca. During an interval of seven years (1725-27) Kane governed Gibraltar, and successfully defended the place for eight months against the Spaniards; the last few years of his life were spent as Governor of Minorca, where he died and was buried. Of Namur we are reminded by the grave of General William Seymour (1728) in the Nave, who took an honourable part in the same assault; and of Kane's time at Gibraltar by the name of General Henry



Sir Richard Kane's Monument

Grove (buried 1735, East Cloister), who commanded a regiment of foot there while Kane was Governor, and had likewise fought gallantly throughout Marlborough's campaigns, receiving a severe wound at Malplaquet. The latter victory is again recalled by the burial (1731), in the Duke of Ormond's vault, of Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, who was made a major-general for his gallant behaviour on that battle-field. Orrery, whose name survives as that of an astronomical instrument called after him by the inventor (Graham), won his spurs originally in a struggle of wits, not of swords. He took a leading part against Bentley, supporting Dean Atterbury in Swift's famous "Battle of the Books," and only entered the army after the conflict of pens was over.

The bust of Lieut.-General Percy Kirk (1741), not far from Kane's, is another memento here of the Spanish war, and of the disaster of Almanza, where he was amongst the English taken prisoners. His regiment, like Kane's, had formed part of the Canadian expedition of 1711. His father was Colonel of the notorious "Kirk's Lambs," so called on account of their cruelties at the time of Monmouth's rebellion; they had also fought at Tangier after Fairborne's death, and lost their Colonel at Breda, 1691. The younger Kirk entered the 4th King's Own at the early age of three, and therefore on his death, aged fifty-seven, had been in the army over half a century. His niece and heiress, Diana Dormer, who erected his memorial, is buried in his grave (North Transept).

E. T. MURRAY SMITH.

(To be concluded next month.)





(THIRD ARTICLE.)

I.

OBEDIENT to a deep-rooted instinct of nursery economy, I have reserved for the last of my articles the most important branch of my subject. Having glanced at the material conditions and methods of the American theatre, and said something of the treatment accorded in America to European, and especially English plays, I now proceed to give some account of the condition and prospects of the native American drama. The most important question that can be asked about the stage of any country is clearly this: How far is it successful in mirroring the social and spiritual life of that country, castigating its foibles, voicing its ideals?

The American dramatist, as we have seen, is still more heavily handicapped than the English dramatist by foreign competition. In the first place, American managers are even prompter than their English brethren to snap up French and German novelties, while the American public interests itself more readily than does the English public in undisguised and unadapted pictures of foreign life. For example, two of the chief successes of New York last winter were a French play, *Zaza*, and a German play, the *Gasthaus zum weissen Röss'l*, neither of which has yet been seen in England; while the most popular play "on the road" was *Cyrano de Bergerac*, which no English manager has yet (October 1899) plucked up courage to produce. Then, as though French and German competition were not enough, the American playwright has also English competition to reckon with. Not only our best plays, but our worst, find ready acceptance. During almost the whole of last winter, *The Great Ruby* occupied the stage of what used to be the leading theatre of New York, and engaged the rare talent of Miss Ada Rehan. At the Castle Square Theatre, Boston, the handsomest playhouse I discovered in America, I found a crowded audience absorbed in *The Idler*, by Mr. Haddon Chambers. At Detroit, I stumbled upon *The Span of Life*, by Mr. Sutton Vane, —a wonderful production in which three acrobats knit themselves together to form a living bridge across a yawning chasm, and so enable the heroine to escape from the villain. English musical farce, too, is extremely popular. For instance, the success of *A Runaway Girl* in America almost balances that of *The Belle of New York* in London; and *A Runaway Girl* is only one of a host of invading "skirt-pieces."

So much for the difficulties against which the American dramatist has to contend. Let us see, now, if he has any allies.



BRANDER MATTHEWS.
From a photograph by PRINCH,
New York.

Yes, one, of the first importance—the increasing national and local self-realisation of the American people. It may be objected that the American people has at no time been deficient either in self-consciousness or in self-esteem. But by self-realisation I mean something more than self-consciousness. The temper of mind which (if travellers' tales are to be trusted) used to impel



WILLIAM GILLETTE.
From a photograph by PACH BROS.,
New York.

Americans to ask foreigners scarcely landed on their shores, "What do you think of America?" was self-consciousness properly so called. Americans were not yet quite at their ease as to their status among the nations, and some of them,



DAVID BELASCO.
From a photograph by THORS,
San Francisco.

perhaps, masked their hesitancy in over-emphasis of assertion. This frame of mind was hostile to self-study and self-realisation. Moreover, the incalculable rapidity of material progress, and the continual changes it involved in even the most superficial aspects of life, rendered it difficult for men to settle down, so to speak, to the study of their environment. They them-



JAMES A. HERNE.
From a photograph by MINER.
New York.

selves were preoccupied, the environment was never a moment the same, and the art of the literary snap-shot was as yet uncultivated. But the stabilisation and consecration of the national self-consciousness in the Civil War soon brought

about a change. Social conditions in the Eastern states became comparatively permanent, and people began to study themselves and their surroundings with keen sociological and psychological intelligence. From the standpoint, too, of a settled and highly-developed civilisation, they began to take an interest, sharpened by the sense of contrast, in the wild life

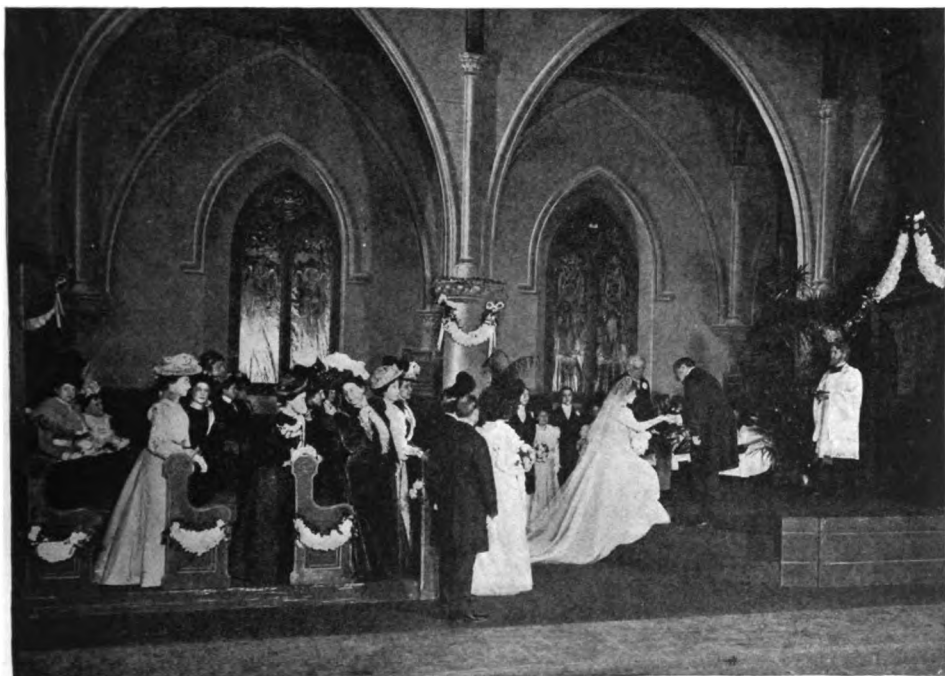


AUGUSTUS THOMAS.
From a photograph by DAVIS & SANFORD,
New York.



CLYDE FITCH.
From a photograph by SARONY.
New York.

of the frontiersman, and the primitive existence of rural populations vegetating in the remoter valleys and on the more inaccessible headlands. Thus there has grown up within the last thirty years (and mainly within the last twenty) a perhaps unexampled literature of what may be called local observation, in which every district of the country and every phase of social life has found its recorder, its interpreter. You shall scarcely point to an individual throughout the length and breadth of the United States, from the New York railway king to the Apache of Arizona, who has not his more or less accurate counterpart in fiction. No country in the world, certainly, has attained a more comprehensive self-realisation in literature than the America of to-day. Comprehensive, I say: not necessarily profound; that is another question. American fiction is like a complete ordnance-

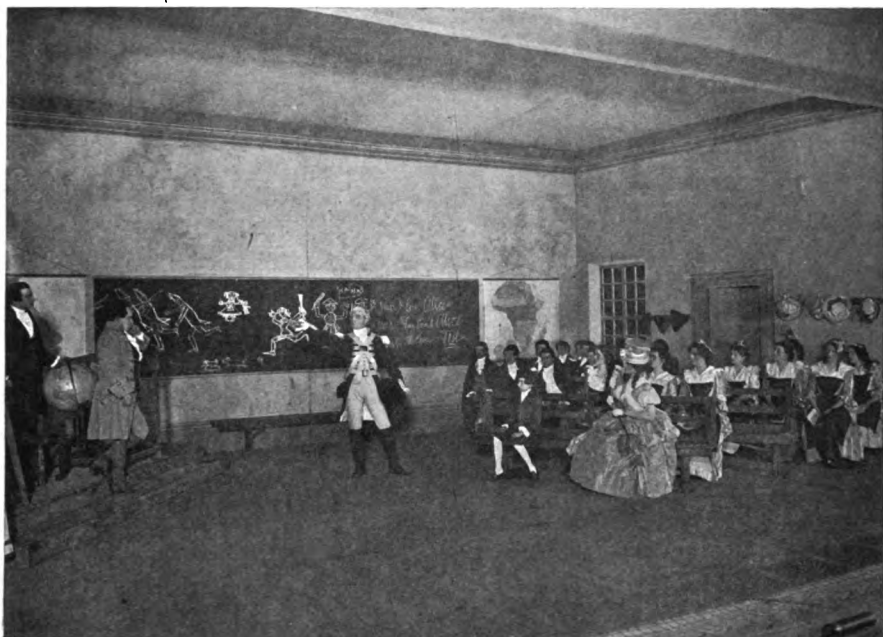


"THE MOTH AND THE FLAME."

(THE FASHIONABLE WEDDING.)

survey of the spiritual surface of the land, already all-embracing, and becoming year by year more minute in its detail.

In this movement the stage has certainly taken no lead, but it has made a spirited attempt to follow. That way its dignity and independence lie, and I trust the public will presently awaken to the fact. As yet they are scarcely alive to the merit and importance of the native school of drama. Their instinct for what is sober, sincere and national, is sufficiently strong to secure great popularity for some of the plays which are most clearly abreast of the literary movement; but they are apt to be ashamed of this instinct, and to speak of it apologetically; while it certainly meets with scant encouragement from the press. The tendency both of press and public, I believe, is to discriminate against native plays and in favour of foreign. *Cyrano de Bergerac* is a wonderful piece of work, and in its right place—on the French stage, in the French language—no one admires it more than I do. But it sickened me to see all America crowding to



"NATHAN HALE" (Act I.)
(THE SCHOOLROOM)

it, while a noble and moving American drama, like Mr. James A. Herne's *Griffith Davenport*, was played to the most meagre houses

II.

THE strictly national movement in American drama is characterised by an almost entire abandonment of French technique. But there are several able dramatists in America who had been bred up in French methods before this movement set in, and who continue to practise them with ability and success.

Mr. Bronson Howard is almost as well known in England as in his native country. He is a dramatist of great versatility and skill. It was in his *Saratoga* (renamed *Brighton*) that Mr. Charles Wyndham made his first great hit. His *Banker's Daughter* (renamed *The Old Love and the New*), founded the managerial fortunes of Mr. Wilson Barrett; his very interesting plays *Young Mrs. Winthrop* and *The Henrietta* have been acted in London with marked success. Several of his ablest works, however, have not been seen on this side of the Atlantic. *Aristocracy*, a vigorous satire upon the mania of some rich Americans for forming alliances among foreign nobility, is perhaps not sufficiently finished as a work of art to attract audiences for whom its theme is of no immediate interest. On the other hand, from what I hear of his *Shenandoah*, a drama of the Civil War, I cannot understand why it has not been produced in England. It seems to be a very human and attractive, as well as a picturesque play, and I am sorry to have had no opportunity of seeing it. Both as a theatrical and as a literary craftsman, Mr. Howard takes high rank among the dramatists of the English-speaking countries.

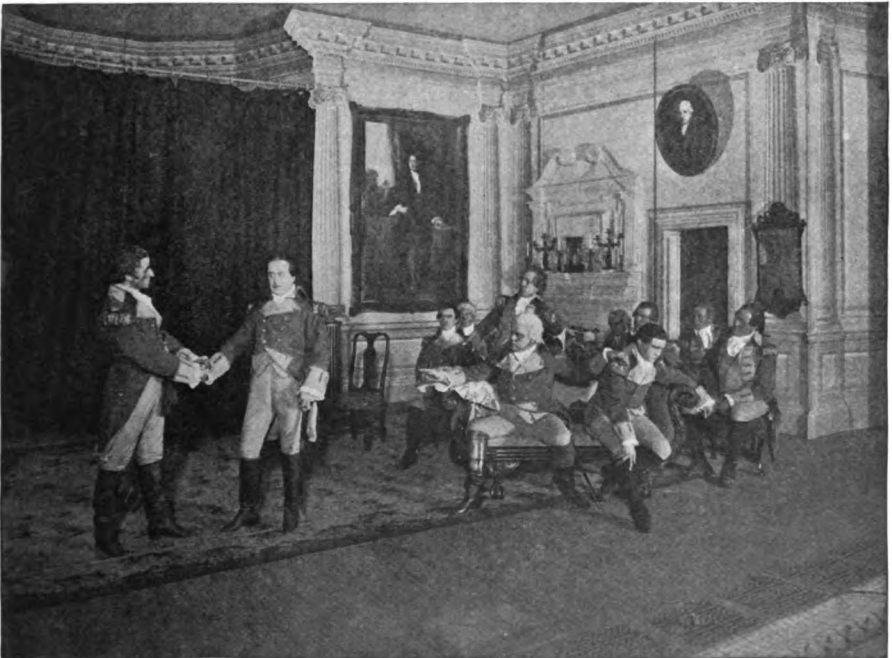
Professor Brander Matthews, well known as a novelist and critic, is also a successful playwright. Two or three of his plays, and notably *The Gold Mine*, hold the stage at the stock-company theatres, which are now an institution of all

American cities; and his sparkling comediettas *The Decision of the Court* and *This Picture and That* have been acted with much success. To Professor Matthews, as a critic, I owe a personal debt of gratitude for his *French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century*, which not only delighted but influenced me deeply, just at the time when I was serving my apprenticeship to criticism. No one understands more thoroughly than Mr. Matthews the principles of the "well-made play"; yet he is by no means bigoted in his devotion to them.

Of Mr. William Gillette I need say little, for his principal works, *Held by the Enemy* and *Secret Service*, have been almost as popular in England as in America. Mr. Gillette adds to a thorough knowledge of the stage, a strong inventive faculty, humour, literary skill, and a pleasantly subdued strain of sentiment. *Secret Service* is probably the best play of its kind ever written. Without any sacrifice of the elements of popularity, it raises military melodrama almost to the plane of literature.

Mr. David Belasco, author of *The Heart of Maryland*, *The Girl I left Behind me*, *Man and Woman*, and many other plays, shows much less distinction of workmanship than Mr. Gillette, but is a competent and popular playwright. His *Heart of Maryland*, a ridiculous sensation-scene apart, is a really powerful melodrama. The Spanish War, by the way, gave the popular dramas of the Civil War (*Shenandoah*, *Held by the Enemy*, *Secret Service*, *The Heart of Maryland*, *Chattanooga*, etc.) what may almost be called a new lease of life; thus proving that the military spirit is an instinct which demands gratification in the abstract, irrespective of the concrete occasion which calls it forth.

Mr. Clyde Fitch has recently leapt into fame through the success of his patriotic play *Nathan Hale*. His talent, though unquestionable, is as yet an undetermined quantity. He is an eclectic, a free lance, owning no definite literary creed or



"NATHAN HALE." (Act II.)

(THE COUNCIL OF WAR.)



Nathan Hale and Alice Adams.
MR. NAT GOODWIN AND MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT
in "Nathan Hale."

From a photograph by MORRISON, Chicago.

of the American side, who, undertaking a dangerous piece of "secret service," was caught by the British and hanged. The play opens in the school-house of New London, Connecticut, where Hale, the schoolmaster, makes love to his beautiful and coquettish pupil, Alice Adams. Mr. Fitch's audacity in opening a play of necessarily tragic issue with an act of unmixed comedy has been a good deal criticised; to me it seems entirely justified. Even the second act is kept in a comedy key, though it closes with the acceptance by Hale, now an officer in the Continental Forces, of the mission which leads to his death. The third act ends with another audacity on the author's part: a scene which, if we did not know to the contrary, would make us believe that Hale had finally outwitted, and escaped from, the British. Thus to trifle with our feelings for the mere sake of a lively act-ending seems to me neither artistic

ideal, whether French or American. His theatrical instinct is strong; he excels in details of scenic invention; but he shows, as yet, no very penetrating eye for character, no very wide or serious outlook upon life. His *Beau Brummell*, written for Mr. Mansfield, I have not been able to see or read. The earliest of his plays known to me is *The Moth and the Flame*, which owed its success mainly to the exceedingly adroit way in which a "society" wedding, with its frou-frou and tittle-tattle, was placed on the stage in the second act. I have never seen a more convincing stage-picture than this presentation of "St. Hubert's Chapel." Unfortunately, the drama which led up to and down from it was a crude piece of very unreal realism. *Nathan Hale* is a much more mature and artistic composition. It may not be quite superfluous to inform English readers that Nathan Hale is a historical hero of the Revolutionary War, the Major André



MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT in "Nathan Hale."

From a photograph by MORRISON, Chicago.

nor judicious. The fourth act contains an original and effective touch, in the shape of a silent parting between Hale and Alice, before his execution. The play ends with a tableau showing Hale under the fatal tree; and the curtain falls on his historic last words, "I only regret I have but one life to lose for my country."

The scheme of this play is evidently conditioned to some extent by the artists (Mr. Nat Goodwin and Miss Maxine Elliott) for whom it was written. It is a really clever piece of popular drama, but it somehow gives one no assurance of underlying solidity of talent. The same may be said of *The Cowboy and the Lady*, which contains several happy scenic inventions (notably the end of the first act), but shows little definite grip either of character or of situation. Mr. Fitch, however, is young, and has the future before him. Having now gained a firm footing on the stage, he may be able to take a larger view of his art, and subordinate momentary and superficial effect to depth of conception and solidity of execution.

In the plays of Mr. Augustus Thomas, a man of original and delicate talent, we come upon a distinctively American technique, though still influenced, to some extent, by French methods. Mr. Thomas's most successful and characteristic works are two comedies: *Alabama* and *In Mizsoura*. The very titles indicate that, consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Thomas is taking his part in that artistic ordnance-survey of which I have spoken above. There is some sort of a plot, no doubt, in each of these plays, but in neither is it of any real importance. The writer's aim has simply been to draw a quiet, leisurely, life-like picture of local character and manners, in the South and in the West. *Alabama* is a delightful idyll, full of sympathetic humour, and steeped in a golden haze of Southern languor. Squire Tucker and Colonel Moberly are character-types which carry their attestation of truth in the very ease and finish of their draughtsmanship; the other personages are clearly and gracefully sketched; and though the story is a trifle romantic, we leave the theatre with a sense of enlarged experience, of genuine and novel insight into a curious phase of life. Mr. Thomas gives an amusing account of the way in which the Southern atmosphere was produced on the first night. At the dress-rehearsal, an unpleasant smell of paint or size was found to proceed from some of the new scenery. "What shall we do?" asked the stage-manager. "Oh," replied Mr. Thomas, "get some magnolia essence and sprinkle it freely around." So said, so done; and on the morning after the production the critics were full of praise for the exquisite art with which Mr. Thomas had evoked the very atmosphere of the South, so that one



MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT.

From a photograph by SARONY, New York.



MR. NAT GOODWIN as *Jim* in "*In Mizzoura*"
From a photograph by MORRISON, Chicago.

could almost imagine that the scent of the magnolias was wafted over the footlights!

Very different is the atmosphere of *In Mizzoura*—a much more nipping and eager air—but the picture is equally vivid and lifelike. One little extract will suffice to indicate the tone of the piece. Jim, the hero, Sheriff of the county and a noted man of his hands, brings in with him a little dog which has had its leg run over by a stage-coach. He has tried in vain to get it set at the drug-store:—

"JIM: Clark said he wasn't a dog-doctor.

JOE: Wouldn't tend him, eh?

JIM: No; but I'll square it with him. He's up for coroner. I told him that a man what'd see a little dumb animal suffer ought to be drummed out of the Democratic party. Is Dave there?

JOE: Yes.

JIM: Well, we'll splinter this leg ourselves.

TRAVERS: Why don't you kill him, and put him out of misery?

JIM: Kill this little dog, that took a fancy to me, and followed the stage when I got in it?

TRAVERS: Yes. Why not?

JIM (*after an appealing look to others, then back to Travers*): Why, I never killed a man!"

This character of Jim, the Sheriff, is one of Mr. Nat Goodwin's most popular parts.

Mr. Thomas has this season produced a third "State" play, *Arizona*, which seems to have been highly successful. He is certainly a notable observer, humourist, and craftsman.

III.

WE come now to the absolutely home-grown American drama, which does not even borrow its structure from abroad. The fanatics of the well-made play may hint that its Americanism lies in dispensing with structure altogether; but this is to mistake a different law for no law.

All through the history of the American stage (as one learns from Mr. Laurence

Hutton's interesting studies), plays written round a single marked type of national character have been very popular. As a rule, however, they were incredibly crude productions. Such a play—to name only one out of many—was *The Mighty Dollar*, in which the late Mr. John T. Raymond was so amusing as Colonel Mulberry Sellers. In course of time the melodramatic setting, which was at first considered essential to these character-studies, was found more and more tedious, and a class of play came into vogue of which *The Old Homestead* may be regarded as the type. This is a picture of rural life in New Hampshire, as nearly as possible devoid of plot, and centring round the figure of a farmer, named Joshua Whitcomb, acted by a delightful comedian, Mr. Denman Thompson. Whether Mr. Thompson himself wrote the play I cannot tell: no author's name appears on the playbill. But as a matter of fact it is scarcely written at all—it seems

rather to have "growed." The chief scenes are a farmyard and a farmhouse kitchen, peopled with well-observed though slightly caricatured rustic types. The realism is so far from being pedantic that every now and then a "double quartette," dressed as harvesters or what not, strolls upon the scene and regales us with part-songs about "The Old New Hampshire Home," and so forth. During two acts the scene is shifted to New York, whither Joshua betakes himself in search of a ne'er-do-well son; and here the play degenerates into sheer farce, though of a genial and inoffensive kind. Uncle Josh, being entertained at the



Uncle Nat and Helen.

JAMES A. HERNE AND MISS HERNE in "*Shore Acres*."

From a photograph by J. K. STEVENS & SONS, Chicago.



MR. AND MRS. HERNE in "*Griffith Davenport*."

From a photograph by MINER, New York.

house of a wealthy relative, inquires on his arrival in the evening "whether they have milked yet." A statuette of Venus in the drawing-room does not shock him personally, but he asks, "What do you do with it when the minister comes?" Seeing a Salvation Army detachment marching down Broadway, he wants to know "what the milishy is out to-night for"; and he violently assaults a postman whom he sees clearing a letter-box, under the impression



Miss JULIE A. HERNE as *Emma West*
in "Griffith Davenport."

From a photograph by MINER, New York.

thought of authorship. It was at his wife's suggestion that he one day set about pulling into shape a play by some amateur author, which contained good stuff in an unworkable form. Finding that he had the gift of dramatic writing, he turned out several plays of a rather old-fashioned type, in all of which, however, he was vaguely struggling towards a new form. At last he wrote a play called *Margaret Fleming*, so intensely and sombrely realistic, that no manager would look at it. It was produced, however, in a little hall in Boston, and made a profound impression. Mr. Howells, Mr. Hamlin Garland, and other leaders of the literary movement, championed it warmly, and it was put on for a few nights in New York; but it was scarcely conceivable that it should hold the stage. It is a powerful, painful, absolutely simple domestic picture, not at all unlike

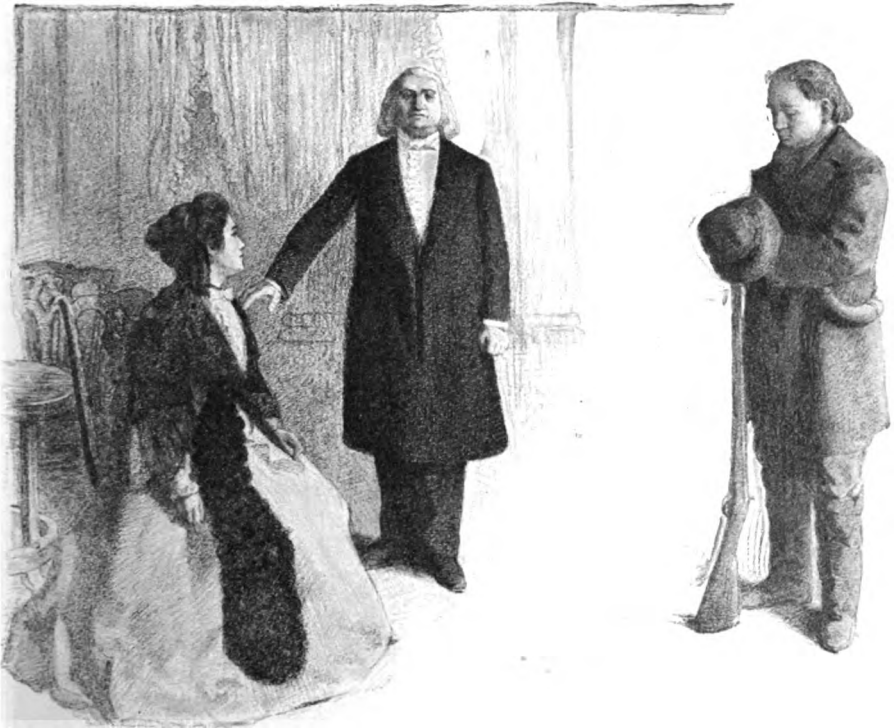
that he is "robbing the mail." All this is highly unsophisticated; but the fact remains that the attraction of the play lies entirely in the presentment of character and the (more or less) faithful reproduction of rural life. Of melodrama there is not a trace, and even the touches of caricature rest upon a basis of observation. Other plays of the same type, such as *The County Fair*, have met with some success; but *The Old Homestead* is the most popular of all, and has held the stage uninterruptedly for years.

On a much higher artistic plane stands *Shore Acres*, by Mr. James A. Herne, one of the most remarkable figures in the theatrical life of America. Mr. Herne is far from a young man—I should guess him to be over sixty. He has been an actor from his youth upwards, and he was a noted stage-manager before he ever



Miss CHRYSAL A. HERNE as *Sus Hardy*
in "Griffith Davenport."

From a photograph by MINER, New York.



GRIFFITH DAVENPORT, MRS. DAVENPORT, AND "LENGTHY PATTERSON" (MR. ROBERT FISHER).

some of the plays which M. Antoine was about the same time producing at the Théâtre Libre.

Very different was the fortune of Mr. Herne's next venture, *Shore Acres*, a play of rural life on the New England coast, which became, and still remains, enormously popular. Owing to an unfortunate mistake, I missed my one opportunity of seeing it, so cannot say how far Mr. Herne succeeded in achieving the marvellous effects of external realism promised in his stage directions; but from what I saw of his stage-management, in *Griffith Davenport*, I am willing to believe him capable of almost any feat. The scene of the first act is a farmyard. There are "rows of square bee-hives with bees working": "A sandy road, well-defined, runs from behind the barn, curves down stage and off R. I. E. This is so arranged that the dust will rise and revolve with the wheels of passing vehicles." Hens, cocks and chickens stray around. "The dog comes and goes at will during the act." A long stage-direction closes as follows:

"At rise and during act, the wind gently sways the foliage with just a motion and slight rustling sound. Birds sing and flit to and fro. The sound of multitudinous insects is the one distinct colour of the scene, a perfectly grand effect if properly given. The Bay is calm, quite so, but in the distance a small yacht or cat-boat is occasionally seen sailing lazily, appearing and disappearing among the islands. A steam launch, very tiny, appears once, about the middle of the act, and is seen no more. Sound of a blacksmith at work at his anvil is heard R. U. E. till scene is well opened, and then ceases. A mowing machine is heard at work in the distance off L. H.; it stops, turns, goes on again, while the voice of the driver is heard guiding his horses with 'Whoa! Stiddy! Get up! Whoa Bill!' etc., etc. (all this must be very distant), continuously

until HELEN rings the bell on the post ; it ceases when they are supposed to get to the end of a swath—must not stop off suddenly.

“NOTE.—These effects are new and striking ; they require perfect stage-management and attention, else better be dispensed with, but they *can* be realised.”

To some austere theorists, this “real pump” realism may seem childish ; but it is the appropriate setting of Mr. Herne’s literary art and of his exceedingly subdued, ultra-natural acting. The story of *Shore Acres* is the simplest possible. A girl marries against her father’s will a man whom the old farmer regards as an atheist. She leaves home with her sweetheart, returns in time to save her father from ruin through a rash building speculation—and that is all. There is one act of melodrama—a lighthouse scene ; but it is a sheer interpolation, and has practically nothing to do with the real action of the play. Mr. Herne’s own part is that of

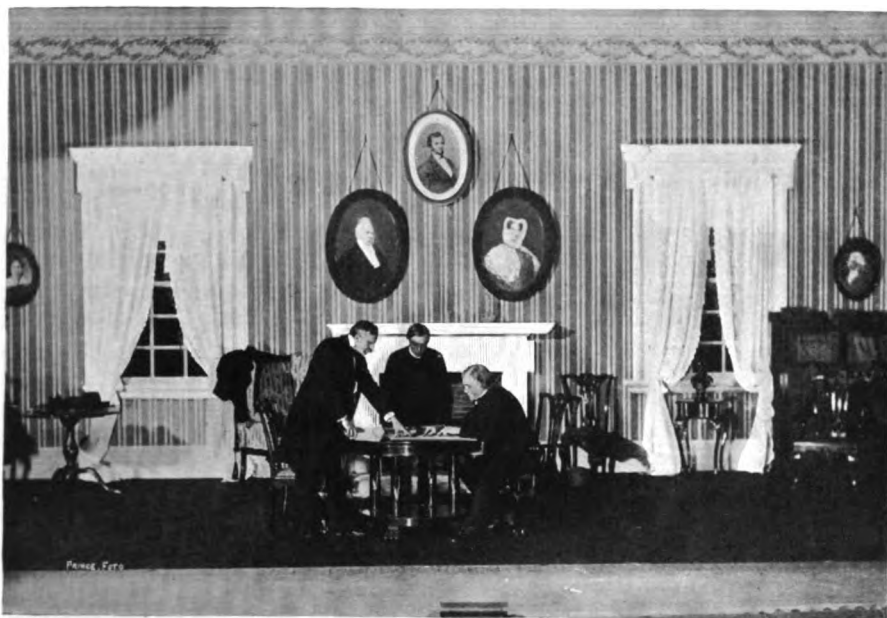


“GRIFFITH DAVENPORT.” (Act II.)

Roy Davenport (MR. BERT YOUNG), and Sue Hardy (MISS CHRYSAL HERNE).

Uncle Nat, a kind-hearted veteran of the Civil War, who aids his niece in her love affair, and tries to restrain his brother’s speculative fever. The second act presents in great detail a silver-wedding dinner-party ; in the last, we see Uncle Nat putting his brother’s children to bed on Christmas eve, telling them stories of Santa Claus, and filling their stockings with toys. Everything is absolutely simple, unemphatic, sincere. There is plenty of humour, but no caricature. The play, in short, is a genuine and original work of art.

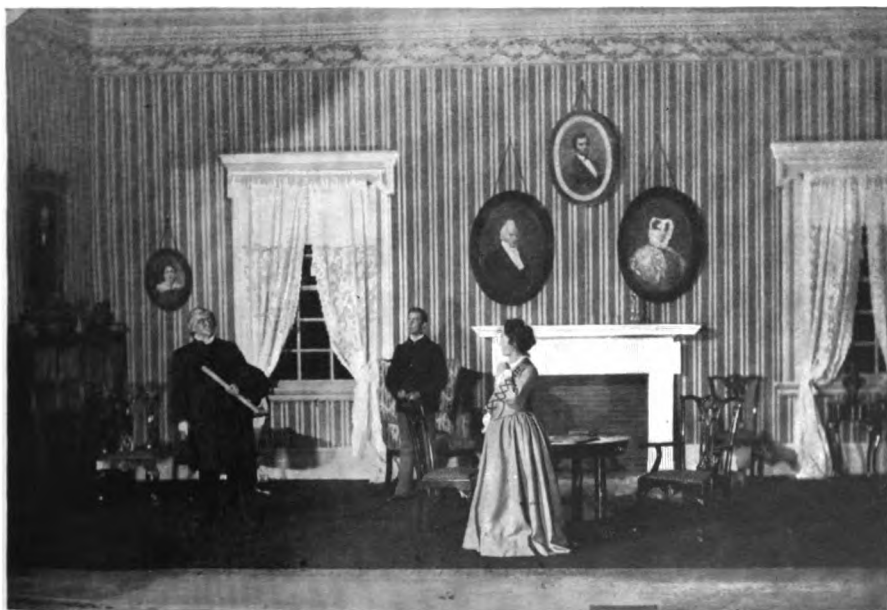
In his latest play, *Griffith Davenport*, founded upon a novel by Miss Helen H. Gardener, Mr. Herne takes a higher flight. It is a drama of the Civil War, yet not a military drama. The Rev. Griffith Davenport is a Methodist “circuit-rider” in Virginia. Both he and his wife are Virginians by birth, and both own slaves ; but while the wife is quite content with the institution of slavery, the



"GRIFFITH DAVENPORT." (Act IV.)

Griffith Davenport, Roy Davenport, and Governor Morton, studying map of Shenandoah Valley.

husband has become a convinced abolitionist. In the first act, April 1860, Abraham Lincoln, an Illinois lawyer, is vaguely mentioned as a possible President. In the second act, a month later, news is brought of his nomination. In the third act, in November, he is elected. These three scenes, amid charming domestic



"GRIFFITH DAVENPORT." (Act IV.)

THE PARTING OF GRIFFITH DAVENPORT FROM HIS WIFE.



"GRIFFITH DAVENPORT." (Act V.)
MR. AND MRS. HERNE.

episodes and illustrations of negro life, give us a strangely impressive sense of the irresistible march of history. The contrast between this placid, almost idyllic household, and the giant forces that are sweeping it to destruction, is admirably brought out. Griffith, having emancipated his slaves, has become so unpopular in the neighbourhood that he determines to leave it. His wife and one of his sons go with him to Washington; the other son casts in his lot with the South. The scene in Washington is the gem of the play. Governor Morton of Indiana comes to Griffith with an order from Lincoln that he, as a man familiar with every inch of the ground, is to guide the Federal troops through the Shenandoah valley into Virginia. Griffith recoils. He is all for the Union, but he

cannot guide hostile troops into the heart of his own country. As he thinks of it, however, he gradually comes to see that it is his duty, and consents. Then he has to tell his wife of his determination; and this leads to a scene of great nobility and beauty. At first she is horror-struck, but it does not take her long to realise that he must do as his conscience bids him; only in that case she, too, must help the side on which her heart is engaged—she must return to their Virginian home and tend the Confederate wounded. In the last act, Griffith is brought, a prisoner, to his old home, and narrowly escapes being shot as a spy. He is sent South as a prisoner of war, but before going is allowed to take leave of his wife; and the curtain falls on the old couple sitting lover-like on the steps of their deserted home, while he quavers to her a verse from the ditty of "Jeannette and Jeannot"—

"If I were King of France, or, still better, Pope of Rome,
I'd have no fighting men abroad, no weeping maids at home.
All the world should be at peace; or, if kings must show their might,
Then let those who make the quarrels be the only men who fight."

A more touching and beautiful ending could not have been devised. It is not a "happy ending." The war is in full blast; Griffith is being led off to the dreaded "Libby"; one of their sons is a Confederate officer, the other is with Grant at Vicksburg. The outlook is gloomy and precarious enough; yet the love, courage, and faith of the husband and wife, even though they themselves are divided in their sympathies, sheds a glow of serenity over the close. On the

hither side of psychology—for the character-drawing is all absolutely simple—*Griffith Davenport* is as strong and human a play as any modern stage can show.

And it is admirably acted. Mr. Herne's Griffith Davenport, kindly, humorous, intrepid, imperturbable, is a figure not to be forgotten. Mrs. Herne plays Mrs. Davenport with a mingled sweetness, dignity, and serenity of expression, that is nothing less than perfect. Though I have seen her only in this one part, I cannot but think of her as a great actress. The Misses Herne, two young ladies scarcely out of their teens, act with delightful freshness; and every single member of the very large company was not only competent, but admirable. Mr. Herne evidently possesses an almost unique faculty for training and inspiring his fellow-workers. He is a great stage-manager, and a very remarkable playwright. One day, perhaps, this noble and moving picture from national history may be recognised as the corner-stone of a national drama.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

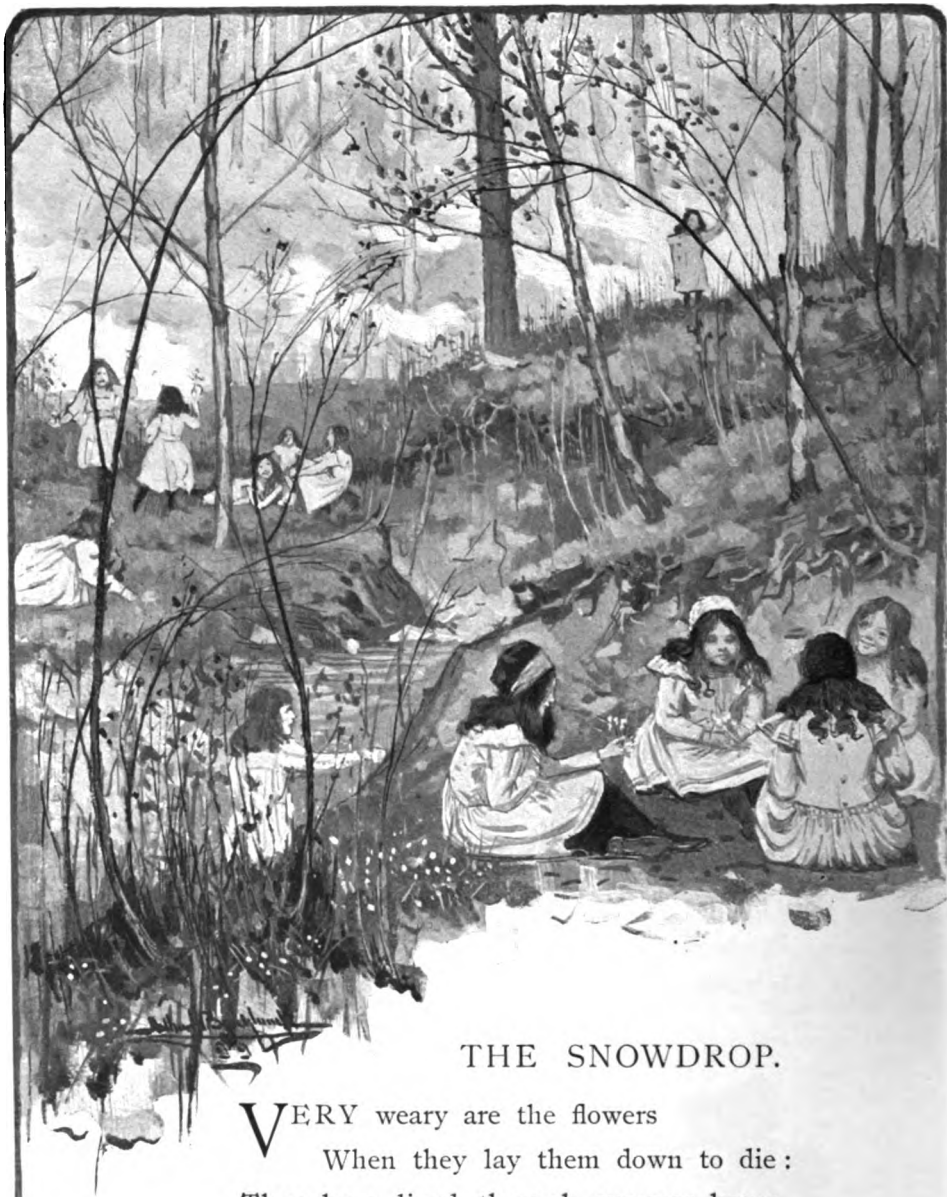


A PORTRAIT.

HERE, in the whitest of baby-frocks,
Is one of the early saints, I think.
Some one has crowned her shining locks
With bloom of the crab-apple, white and pink
And softly her dimpled arms embrace
A snow-white lamb with a meek brown face.
(Have you missed it, shepherd, among your flocks
That stray all day by the water's brink?)
Perchance this child with the angel face
Is sweet Saint Agnes of virgin grace.

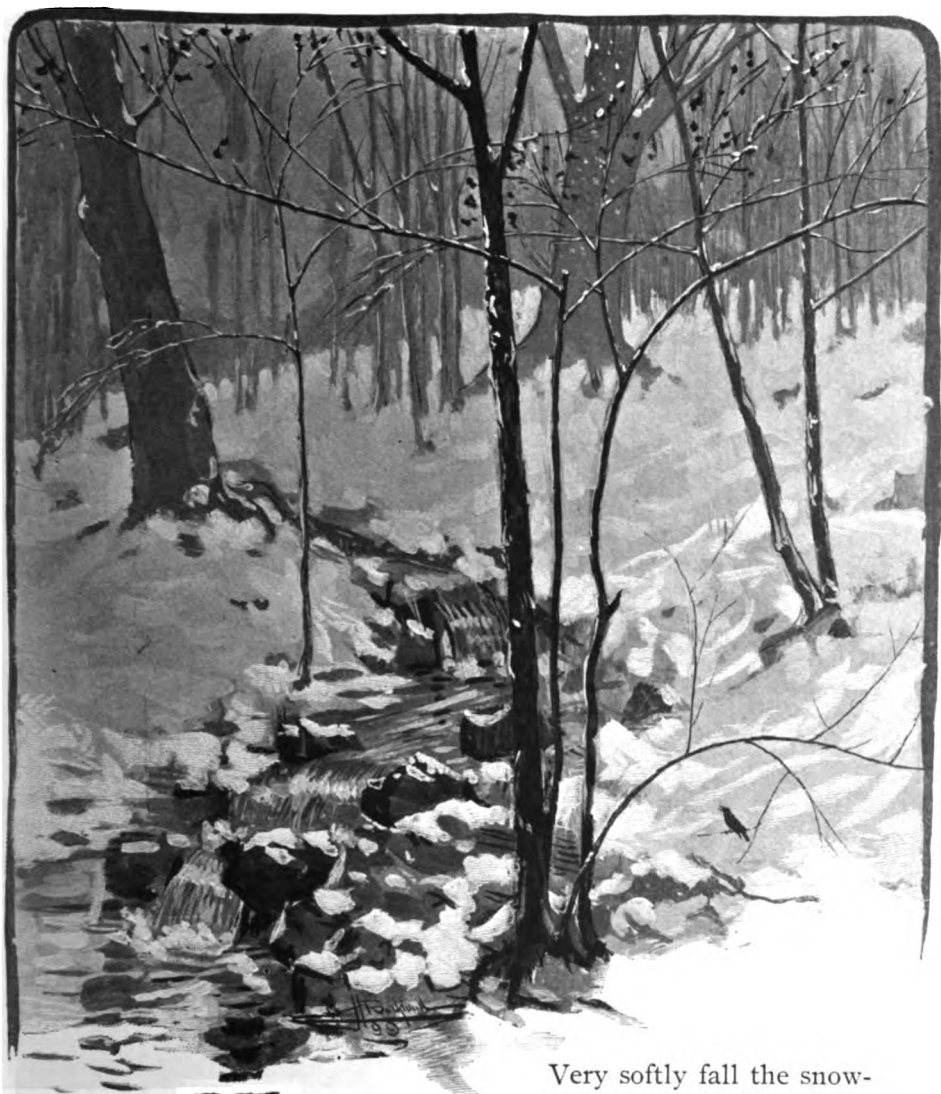
H. A. G.





THE SNOWDROP.

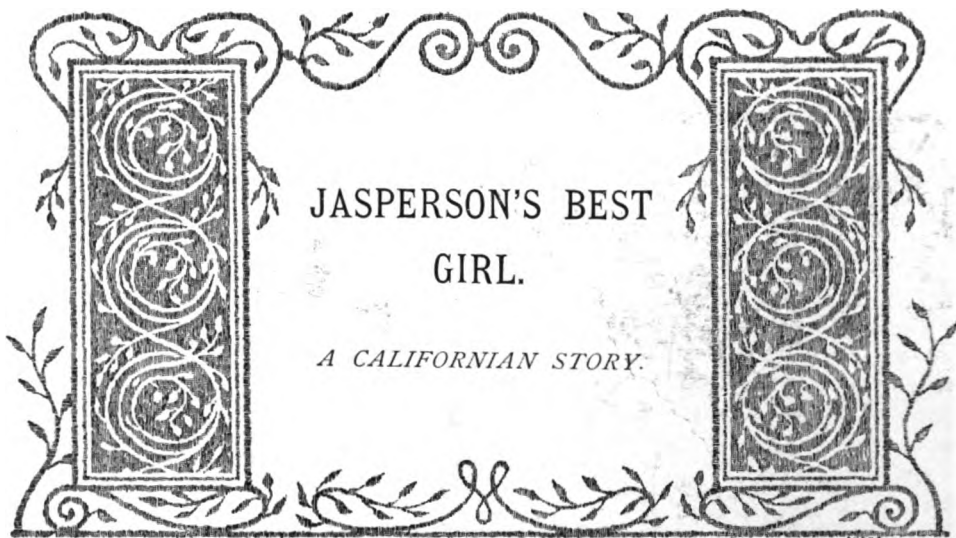
VERY weary are the flowers
When they lay them down to die :
They have lived through summer hours,
Kissing sun, and cloudless sky.
Now they say, " We go a journey
To the sad in other lands :
We have other eyes to gladden—
Must be plucked by other hands."



Very softly fall the snow-
flakes,

And the East Wind makes her moan ;
But the robin still sings blithely,
For he calls the flowerets home.

And he sings so very sweetly
That he charms the frozen snow—
Changing all her flakes to flowers ;
And the trembling snowdrops grow.



JASPERSON came to the ranch, as hired man, last year, at the time of the March branding; and it was well understood between the contracting parties—my brother Ajax and I of the first part, and Jasper Jasperson of the second part, all of San Lorenzo County, in the State of California—that the said Jasperson came to us as a favour, and, so to speak, under protest. For he had never worked out before, and was possessed of moneys in bank and some four hundred acres of land, good arable land which, he carefully explained to us, he was unwilling to farm himself. Indeed, his appearance bespoke the man of independent means, for he wore a diamond collar-stud—his tie was always pulled carefully down so as not to interfere with this splendid gem—and two diamond rings. In Jasperson's hot youth he had come into violent contact with a circular saw, and the saw, as he admitted, had the best of the encounter—two fingers of his left hand being left in the pit. A man of character and originality, he insisted upon wearing the rings upon his maimed hand, both upon the index finger; and once, when Ajax suggested respectfully that the diamonds would shine to better advantage upon the right hand, he retorted reasonably enough that the mutilated member "kind of needed settin' off." He seized the opportunity to ask Ajax why we wore no jewellery, and upon my brother replying that we considered diamonds out of place upon a cattle ranch, he roundly asserted that in his opinion a "gen'leman couldn't be too dressy."

During the first month he bought in San Lorenzo a resplendent black suit, and an amazing dress shirt with an ivy pattern, worked in white silk, meandering down and up the bosom. To oblige Ajax he tried on these garments in our presence, and spoke hopefully of the future, which he said was sure to bring to his wardrobe another shirt and possibly a silk hat. We took keen interest in these important matters, and assured Jasperson that it would afford us the purest pleasure to see once more a silk hat. Then Ajax indiscreetly asked our hired man if he was about to commit matrimony.

"Boys," he replied, blushing, "I'd ought to be engaged, but I ain't. Don't give me away, but I ain't got no best girl—not a one. Surprisin', yes, sir, considerin' how I'm fixed—most *surprisin'*."

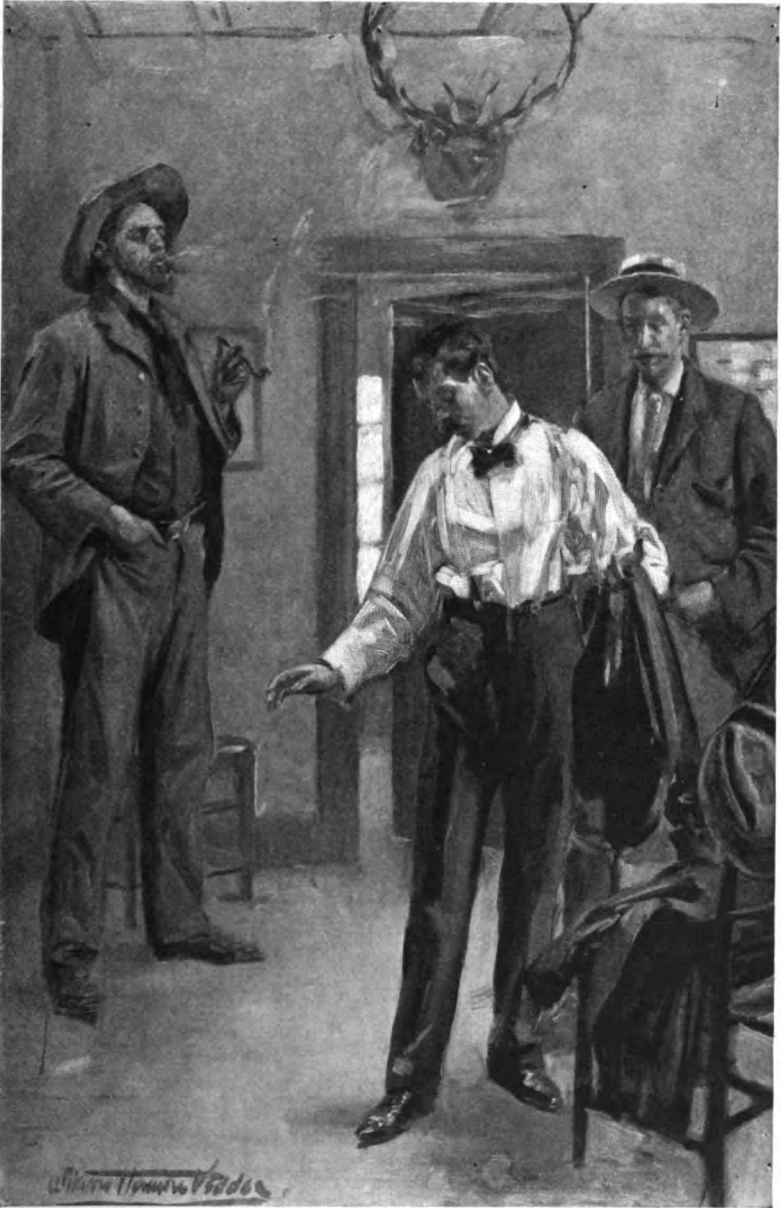
He took off his beautiful coat, and wrapped it carefully in tissue paper. We were sitting on the verandah after supper, and were well into our second pipes. The moonlight illuminated the valley, but Jasper's small, delicate face was in shadow. From the creek hard by came the croaking of many frogs, from the cowpasture the shrilling of the crickets. A cool breeze from the Pacific was stirring the leaves of the willows and cotton-

woods, and the wheat, now two feet high, murmured praise and thanksgiving for the late rains. When nature is eloquent, why should a mortal refrain from speech?

"Boys," continued Jasper; "I'm a-goin' to tell ye something; because—well, because I feel like it. *I've never had no best gurl.*"

"Jasper," said Ajax, "I can't believe that. What! you, a young and——"

"I ain't young," interrupted the man of independent means. "I'm nigh on to thirty-six. Don't flim-flam me, boys. I ain't young, and I ain't beautiful, but fixed up I am—dressy, an' that should count."



"To oblige Ajax he tried on these garments in our presence."

"It does count," said my brother, emphatically. "I've seen you, Jasperson, on Sundays, when I couldn't take my eyes off you. The girls must be crazy."

"The gurls, gen'lemen, air all right; the trouble ain't with them. It's with me. Don't laugh: it ain't no laughin' matter. Boys—I'm bashful. That's what ails Jasper Jasperson. The gurls," he cried scornfully; "you bet they know a soft snap when they see it, and I am a soft snap, an' don't you forget it!"

"I left my own land," he continued dreamily, in a soft, melancholy voice, "because there ain't a lady within fifteen miles o' my barn, and here there's a village, and——"

"Her name, please," said Ajax, with authority; "you must tell us her name."

"Wal," he bent forward, and his face came out of the shadows; we could see that his pale blue eyes, red-rimmed and short-sighted, were suffused with tender light, and his pendulous lower lip was a-quiver with emotion; even the hair of his head—tow-coloured and worn *à la Pompadour*—seemed to bristle with excitement, "Wal," he whispered, "it's—it's Miss Birdie Dutton!"

In the silence that followed I could see Ajax pulling his moustache. Miss Birdie Dutton! Why, in the name of the Sphinx, should Jasperson have selected, out of a dozen young ladies far more eligible, Miss Birdie Dutton? She was the village schoolmistress, a tall, dark, not uncomely virgin of some thirty summers, well equipped, physically and mentally, to control and teach the turbulent boys of the district. But, alas! one of her eyes was fashioned out of glass; her nose was masculine and masterful; and her chin most positive. Jasperson's chin was equally conspicuous—negatively. Miss Birdie, be it added, was a frequent contributor to the columns of the *San Lorenzo Banner*, and Grand Secretary of a local temperance organisation. She boarded with the Swiggarts, of whom mention has been made elsewhere; and Mr. Swiggart, better known as Old Smarty, told me in confidence that the "school-marm wouldn't stand no foolishness"; and he added, reflectively, that she was something of a "bull-dozer." I knew that Old Smarty had sold his boarder an aged and foundered bronco for fifty dollars, and that within twenty-four hours the animal had been returned to him and the money refunded to Miss Birdie. Many persons had suffered grievously at the hands of Mr. Swiggart, but none, saving the schoolmistress, could boast of beating him in a horse-deal.

Presently I expressed surprise that Jasperson had the honour of Miss Dutton's acquaintance.

"I was interdooced last fall," said our friend, "at a candy-pullin' up to Miss Swiggart's. Not that Miss Birdie was a-pullin' candy. No, sir; she ain't built that a way, but she was settin' there kind of scornful, but smilin'. An' later she an' me sung some hymns together. Mebbe, gen'lemen, ye've heard Miss Birdie sing?"

I shook my head regretfully, but Ajax spoke enthusiastically of the lady's powers as a vocalist. He had previously described her voice to me as "a full choke, warranted to kill stone-dead at sixty yards."

"It is a lovely voice," sighed Jasperson, "strong, an' full, an' rich. Why, there ain't an organ in the county can down her high B!" Then, warmed by my brother's sympathy, he fumbled in his pocket, and found a sheet of note-paper. Upon this he had written a quartrain that he proposed to read to us *au clair de la lune*. The lines were addressed: "To My Own Blackbird."

"She's a pronounced brunette," explained the poet; "and her name is Birdie. I thought some of entitlin' the pome: 'To a Mocking Bird'; but I surmised that would sound too pussonal. She has mocked me, an' others, more'n once."

He sighed, still smarting at the memory of a gibe ; then he recited the following in an effective monotone :—

“ Oh ! scorn not the humble worm, proud bird,
As you sing i' the top o' the tree ;
Though doomed to squirm i' the ground, unheard,
He'll make a square meal for thee.”

“ It ain't Shakespeare,” murmured the bard, “ but the idee is O.K.”

My brother commended the lines as lacking neither rhyme nor reason, but he questioned the propriety of alluding to a lady's appetite, and protested strongly against the use of that abject word—worm. He told Jasperson that in comparing himself to a reptile, he was slapping the cheeks of his progenitors.

“ But I do feel like a worm when Miss Birdie's around,” objected the man of acres. “ It may be ondignified, but that there eye of hers does make me wiggle.”

“ It's a thousand pities,” said I softly, “ that Miss Dutton has only one eye.”

Mr. Jasperson wouldn't agree with me. He replied, with ardour, that he would never have dared to raise his two blue orbs to Miss Dutton's brilliant black one, unless he had been conscious that his mistress, like himself, had suffered mutilation.

“ I'm two fingers short,” he concluded, “ an' she's lackin' an eye. That, gen'lemen, makes it a stand-off. Say, shall I send her this yere pome ? ”

“ Most certainly not,” said Ajax.

“ Then for the Lord's sake, post me.”

I touched Ajax with my foot, and coughed discreetly ; for I knew my brother's weakness. He is a spendthrift in the matter of giving advice. If Jasperson had appealed to me, the elder and more experienced, I should have begged politely, but emphatically, to be excused from interference. I hold that a man and a maid must settle their love affairs without help from a third party. Ajax, unhappily, thinks otherwise.

“ Miss Dutton,” he began, tentatively, “ is aware, Jasperson, of your—er—passion for her ? ”

“ She ain't no sech a thing,” said the lover.

“ Yet her eye,” continued Ajax, “ is keen—keen and penetrating.”

“ It's a peach,” cried the enthusiastic poet. “ There ain't another like it in the land, but it can't see in the dark ; an', boys, I've not shown my hand—yet ! ”

“ You've made no advances directly or indirectly ? ”

“ Not a one. By golly ! I—I dassn't. I jest didn't know how. I ain't up to the tricks. You air, of course ; but I'm not.”

My brother somewhat confusedly hastened to assure Jasperson that his knowledge of the sex was quite elementary, and gleaned for the most part from a profound study of light literature.

The poet grinned derisively. “ You ain't no tenderfoot,” he said. “ I reckon that what you don't know about the gurls ain't worth picklin'.”

“ Well, if you mean business,” said Ajax didactically, “ if nothing we can say or do will divert your mind from courtship and matrimony—if, my dear Jasperson, you are prepared to exchange the pleasant places, the sunny slopes, and breezy freedom of bachelor life for the thorny path that leads to the altar, and thence to—er—the cradle, if, in short, you are determined to own a best girl, why, then the first and obvious thing to do is to let her know discreetly that you're in love with her.”

"As how?" said Jasperson, breathlessly. "I told ye that when she was around I felt like a worm."

"You spoke of wiggling," replied my brother; "and I suppose that heretofore you have wiggled *from* and not *to* the bird. Next time, wiggle up, my boy—as close as possible."

"You're dead right," murmured the disciple; "but look at here: when I call on Miss Birdie, she sez, 'Mister Jasperson,' or, mebbe, 'Mister Jasper, please be seated, an' let me take your hat.' Naterally, boys, I take the chair she p'int's out, an' then, dog-gone it! she takes *another*."

"Do you expect this young lady to sit down in your lap, sir? Maids, Jasperson, must not be lightly put to confusion. They must be stalked, and when at bay wooed with tender words and languishing glances. Now listen to me. Next Sunday, when you call upon Miss Dutton, take the chair she offers, but as soon as a suitable opportunity presents itself, ask to see the album. Thus you will cleverly betray a warm interest in her by showing a lively interest in her people. And to look over an album two persons must——"

"You bet they must," interrupted the poet. "They must nestle up. That's right! What kind of a chump am I not to have thought of that before! Yes, boys, she's got an album, a beaut', too: crimson plush an' nickel. And, of course, the pictures of her folks is inside. By gum! I'll give the homeliest of 'em sech a send-off as——"

"You will not," said Ajax. "Remember, Jasperson, that a burning black eye indicates jealousy, which you must beware of arousing. Don't praise too wantonly the beauty of Miss Dutton's sisters and cousins; but if the father is well-looking, pay your mistress the compliment of saying that the children of true lovers always take after the father. In turning the leaves of the album you might touch her hand, quite accidentally. No less an authority than Mr. Pickwick commends a respectful pressure."

"I'll do it," exclaimed Jasperson, "I'll do it, sure!"

"Has she a pretty hand?" I asked.

"Has she a pretty hand!" echoed the lover, in disdainful tones. "She has the hand of a queen! The Empress of Roosia ain't got a whiter nor a finer hand! Teachin' school comes easy on the hands. Miss Birdie ain't done no harder work than smackin' a kid that needs it."

"I've heard," said I, "that she can smack—hard."

"An' I'd be a liar if I denied it," replied Jasperson. "Miss Birdie knows her dooty. Wal, gen'lemen, I'm obligated to ye. Next Sabbath I'll wade right in."

Upon the following Sunday our hero rose betimes, tubbed himself, shaved himself, perfumed his small person with bergamot, and then arrayed it in the ivy-bosomed shirt and the \$75 suit of broadcloth. His toilet occupied just two hours and seventeen minutes. Ajax decorated the lapel of his coat with a handsome rosebud, and then the impatient swain tied round his neck a new white silk handkerchief, mounted his horse, and betook himself at a gallop to the village church. Ajax remarked with regret that the pace was too hot at the start, and feared that our colt would finish badly. As we walked back to the verandah, I told my brother that he had assumed a big responsibility; for I was convinced that Miss Dutton, albeit possessed of many admirable qualities, was not the woman to make little Jasperson either happy or comfortable. She, doubtless, being a wise bird, would greedily snap up this nice worm who had waxed fat in the richest soil. But how would the worm fare when swallowed up and absorbed?

At five that afternoon the amorous poet rode slowly up to the corral. As he sat limply upon his sorrel horse, smiling dismally at Ajax, we could see that the curl was out of his moustache and out of the brim of his sombrero; upon his delicate face was inscribed failure.

"Boys," said he, throwing one leg over the horn of the saddle; "I didn't get there. I—I mired down!"

Later, he gave us some interesting details. It transpired that he had met his sweetheart after Sabbath-school, and had sat beside her during the regular service; after church he had accepted a warm invitation from Mrs. Swiggart to join the family circle at dinner. At table he had been privileged to supply Miss Birdie with many dainties: pickled cucumbers, cup-custards, and root beer. He told us frankly that he had marked nothing amiss with the young lady's appetite, but that for his part he had made a sorry meal.

"My swaller," he said plaintively, "was in kinks before the boolyon was served."

"You say," murmured Ajax, "that Miss Dutton's appetite was good?"

"It was just grand," replied the unhappy bard. "I never seen a lady eat cup-custards with sech relish."

"We may infer, then," observed my brother, "that Miss Birdie is still in happy ignorance of your condition; otherwise pity for you would surely have tempered that craving for cup-custards."

"I dun'no', boys, about that. Me an' Miss Birdie sung out o' the same hymnbook, and—and I sort o' showed down. I reckon she knows what ails Jasper Jasperson."

Ajax unwisely congratulated the lovelorn one upon this piece of news. He said that the Rubicon was now passed, and retreat impossible. We noted the absence of the rosebud, and Jasperson blushing confessed that he had presented the flower to his best girl after dinner, an act of homage—so we presumed—in recognition of the lady's contempt of danger in mixing pickled cucumbers with cup-custards.

"After that," said Jasperson, "I thought of the album, an' 'twas then my feet begun to get cold. But I up and as't to see it, as bold as a coyote in a hen-roost. Then she sez, kind of soft an' smilin': 'Why, Mister Jasper, what d'you want to see my album for? you don't know my folks.'"

"A glorious opportunity," said Ajax. "What did you reply, my buck?"

"Dog-gone it! I'd ought to have sailed right in, but I sot there, shiverin', an' said: 'Oh! because . . .' jest like a school-girl. And I could see that the answer made her squirm. She must ha' thought I was the awflest fool. But to save me that's all I could stammer out—'Oh, because . . .'"

"Well," said Ajax, encouragingly, "the best of us may be confounded in love and war."

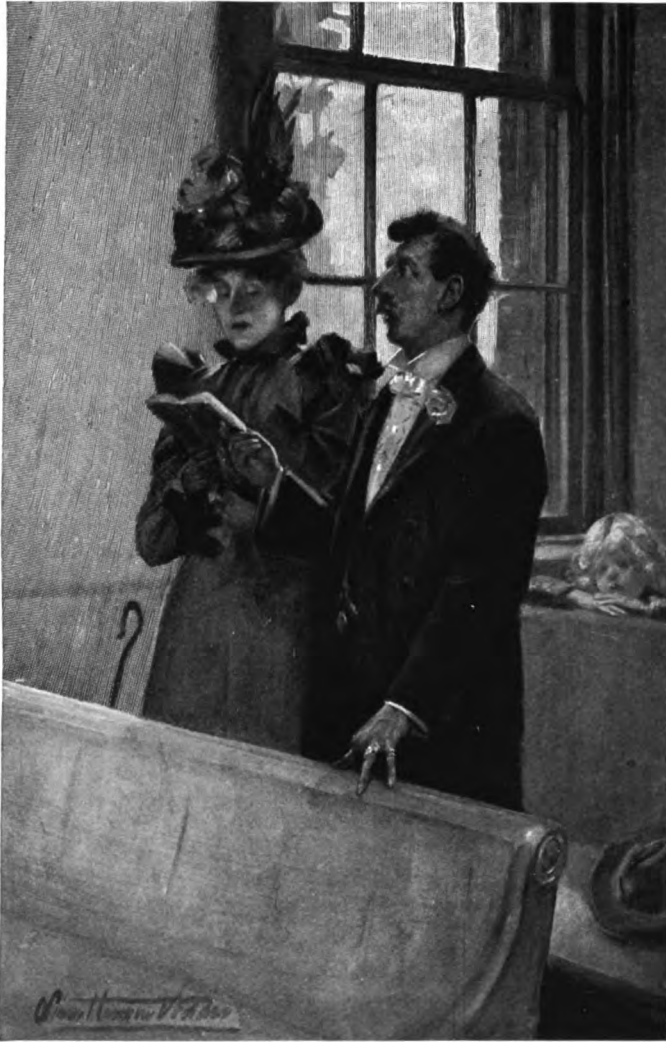
"You do put heart into a man," murmured the little fellow. "Wal, sir, we sot down an' looked through the album. And on the first page was Miss Birdie's father, the mortician and arterialist."

"The what?" we exclaimed.

"Undertaker and *em*-bammer. He's an expert, too. Why, Miss Birdie was a-tellin' me——"

I ventured to interrupt him. "I don't think, Jasperson, I should like an undertaker for a father-in-law. Have you considered that point?"

"I have, gen'lemen. It might come in mighty handy. Wal, he was the homeliest critter I ever seen. I dassn't ring in that little song an' dance you



"'Me an' Miss Birdie sung out of the same hymnbook. "

give me. And on the nex' page was Mis' Dutton." He sighed softly and looked upward.

"The mother," said Ajax briskly. "Now, I dare swear that she's a good-looking woman. Nature attends to such matters. Beauty often marries the b—— the homely man."

"Mis' Dutton," said Jasperson solemnly, "is now a-singing in the heavenly choir, an' bein' dead I can't say nothing; but, gen'lemen, ye'llunderstand me when I tell ye that Miss Birdie never got her fine looks from her maw. Not on your life!"

"Doubtless," said Ajax sympathetically, "there was something in the faces of Miss Dutton's parents that outweighed the absence of mere beauty: intelligence, intellect, character."

"The old man's forehead is kind o' lumpy," admitted Jasperson, "but I didn't use that. I sot there, as I say, a-shiverin', an' never opened my face. She then showed me her cousins: daisies they were and no mistake; but I minded what you said, an' when Miss Birdie as't me if they wasn't beauties, I sez no—not even good-lookin'; an', by golly! she got mad, an' when I tetched her hand, obedient to orders, she pulled it away as if a tarantula had stung it. After that I made tracks for the barn. I tell ye, gen'lemen, I'm not put up right for love-makin'."

Ajax puffed at his pipe, deep in thought. I could see that he was affected by the miscarriage of his counsels. Presently he removed the brier from his lips, and said abruptly: "Jasperson, you assert that you showed down in church. What d'you mean by that? Tell me exactly what passed."

The man we believed to be a laggard in love answered confusedly that he and Miss Dutton had been singing that famous hymn, "We shall meet in the sweet

By-and-by." The congregation were standing, but resumed their seats at the end of the hymn. Under cover of much scraping of feet and rustling of starched petticoats, Jasperson had assured his mistress that the sweet By-and-by was doubtless a very pleasant place, but that he hoped to meet her often in the immediate future. He told us that Miss Birdie had very properly taken no notice whatsoever of this communication; whereupon he had repeated it, lending emphasis to what was merely a whisper by a sly pressure of the elbow. This, too, the lady had neither approved nor resented.

Upon this Ajax assured our friend that he need not despair, and he said that the vexed question of the fair's appetite had been set at rest: a happy certainty was the sauce that had whetted her hunger. Jasperson listened with sparkling eyes.

"Say," said he; "if you'll help me out, I'll write a letter to Miss Birdie this very night."

I frowned and expostulated, in vain. Within two minutes, pens, ink and paper were produced, and both Jasperson and my brother were hard at work. Between them the following composition was produced. Jasperson furnished the manner, Ajax the matter.

TO MISS BIRDIE DUTTON.

DEAR FRIEND,—

Since leaving you this afternoon, *more abrupt than a gentleman could wish*, I have taken up my pen to set forth that which is in my heart, but which cannot leave my trembling lips. Dear friend, there is too much *at steak* for me to be calm in your presence. When I sat by your side, and gazed with you at the noble faces of your parents, reading there, dear friend, the names of those great qualities which have been inherited by you, *with queenly beauty thrown in*, then it was that a sudden sinking inside robbed your lover of his powers of speech. And how could I see the loveliness of your cousins when my eyes were dwelling with rapture upon the stately form of her I trust to call my own? Be mine, dear friend, for I love you and hope to marry you, to part neither here nor in the sweet By-and-by.

Yours respectfully.

JASPER JASPERSON.

P.S.—*Important*. The ranch is four hundred and three acres, *paid for*. And there's money somewheres to build a nice residence, and to furnish it according to Hoyle. We'd keep a hired girl.

P.P.S.—*And a pianner*. J. J. (*A true lover*).

This *billet doux* was sealed and despatched, and in due time brought an acceptance. The engagement was formally ratified at a banquet given by the Swiggarts, and the health of the high contracting parties was enthusiastically drunk in pink lemonade. The marriage was arranged to take place upon the dismissal of the village school for the summer vacation, and Pacific Grove was selected as the best spot in California for the honeymoon.

Thus smoothly for a season ran the course of true love. But three weeks later, when the landscape was wearing its imperial livery of lupin and eschscholtzia, when the fields at night were white with moonflowers, when a glorious harvest was assured, and all beasts and birds and insects were garrulous of love and love's delight—upon May-day, in short—was disclosed a terrible rift within poor Jasperson's lute.

He had escorted his sweetheart to the annual picnic, and returning late at night found Ajax and me enjoying a modest nightcap before turning in. We asked him to join us, but he refused with some asperity, and upon cross-examination confessed that he had promised Miss Dutton to take the pledge at the next meeting of the lodge. Now, we knew that Jasperson was the pink of sobriety, but

one who appreciated an occasional glass of beer, or even a mild cocktail; and we had heard him more than once denounce the doctrines of the Prohibitionists; so we were quite convinced that meek submission to the dictates of the Grand Secretary of Corona Lodge was both unnecessary and inexpedient. And we said so.

"Birdie knows I don't drink," stammered our hired man, "but she thinks I'd ought to take the pledge as an example."

"An example," echoed Ajax. "To whom? To *us*?"

"She said an example, gen'lemen, jest—an example."

"But she meant us," said Ajax sternly. "Our names were mentioned. Don't you deny it, Jasperson."

"They was," he admitted reluctantly. "She as't me, careless-like, if you didn't drink wine with your meals, and I said yes. I'd ought to have said no."

"What!" cried my brother, smiting the table till the decanter and glasses reeled. "You think that you ought to have lied on our account. Jasperson—I'm ashamed of you; I tremble for your future as the slave of Miss Dutton."

"Wal—I didn't lie," said Jasperson, defiantly; "I up and told her the truth: that you had beer for supper, and claret wine, or mebbe sherry wine, or mebbe both for dinner, and that you took a toddy when you felt like it, an' that there was champagne down cellar, an' foreign liquors in queer bottles, an' Scotch whisky, an' *everything*. She as't questions and I answered them—like an idiot! Gen'lemen, the shame you feel for me is discounted by the shame I feel for myself. I'd ought to have told Birdie that your affairs didn't concern her; I'd ought to have said that you was honnerable gen'lemen whom I'm proud to call my intimate friends; I'd ought to have said a thousand things, but I sot there, and said—nothin'!"

He was standing as he spoke, emphasising his periods with semaphoric motions of his right arm. When he had finished he sank quite overcome upon the big divan, and covered his flushed face with a pair of small hands. He was profoundly moved, and Ajax appeared less solidly complacent than usual. I reflected, not without satisfaction, that I had done what I could to keep Jasperson and the Grand Secretary apart.

"This is very serious," said Ajax, after a significant pause. "I—I feel, Jasperson, that this engagement was brought about by—me."

"It's a fact," assented our hired man. "And that's what makes me feel so mean right now. Boys, I love that woman so that I dassn't go agin her."

Ajax rose in his might and confronted the trembling figure upon the divan. It has been said elsewhere that my brother's nickname was given to him at school in virtue of his great size and strength. Standing now above Jasperson, his proportions seemed even larger than usual. The little dandy in his smug black garments, with his diamond stud gleaming in the ivy-bosomed shirt (his rings had been given to Miss Birdie), with his features wilting like the wild pansies in the lapel of his coat, dwindled to an amorphous streak beneath the keen glance of my burly brother.

"Do you really love her?" said Ajax, in his deepest bass. "Or do you *fear* her, Jasperson? Answer honestly."

The small man writhed. "I dun'no'," he faltered at last. "By golly! I dun'no'."

"Then I do know," replied my brother, incisively: "you've betrayed yourself, Jasperson. You're playing the worm. D'you hear? The *worm*! I once advised you to wiggle up to the bird, now I tell you solemnly to wiggle away, before it's too late. I've been a fool, and so have you. For the past three weeks I've had my eye on you, and I suspected that you'd fallen a victim to an ambitious and unscrupulous woman. You've lost weight, man; and you've no flesh to spare.

Marry Miss Dutton, and you'll be a scarecrow within a year, and require the services of the mortician within two! I got you into this infernal scrape, and, by Heaven! I'll get you out of it."

"But what will the neighbours say?" stammered Jasperson, sitting upright. At my brother's words his pendulous nether lip had stiffened, and now his pale blue eyes were quickening with hope and vitality. He arranged his white satin tie, that had slipped to one side, and smoothed nervously the nap of the broadcloth pants, while Ajax clad in rough grey flannels took a turn up and down our sitting-room.

My brother and I had lived together for many years, years of fat kine and years of lean, but I couldn't recall a single instance when he had considered the opinion of Mrs. Grundy. In coming to California, to a rough life on a cattle ranch, we had virtually snapped our fingers beneath the dame's nose. I mention this because it sheds light upon what follows.

"The neighbours, Jasperson," replied Ajax, "will say some deuced unpleasant things. But I think I can promise you the sympathy of the men, and your ranch is fifteen miles from a petticoat."

"I dassn't break it off, gen'lemen, not by word of mouth; but—but we might write."

"And lay yourself open to a breach of promise case and heavy damages. No—I've a better plan than that. We'll make Miss Dutton release you. She shall do the writing this time."

"Boys," said Jasperson solemnly, "she'll never do it—never! Her mind is sot on merridge. I see it all now. She hypnotised me, by golly! I swear she did! That eye of hers is a corker."

"What night are you to be initiated?" asked Ajax, with seeming irrelevance.

"Next Toosday," replied the neophyte nervously.

"You have never, I believe, been on a spree?"

"Never, gen'lemen—never."

"They tell me," said Ajax, softly, "that our village whisky, the sheep-herder's delight, will turn a pet lamb into a roaring lion."

"It's pizon," said Jasperson, "jest pizon."

"You, Jasperson, need a violent stimulant. On Tuesday afternoon, my boy, you and I will go on a mild spree. I don't like sprees any more than you do, but I see no other way of cutting this knot. Now mark me, not a word to Miss Dutton. It's late, so—goodnight."

Between May-day and the following Tuesday but little transpired worth recording. Miss Dutton sent the convert a bulky package of tracts, with certain scathing passages marked—obviously for our benefit—in red ink; and we learned from the little postmistress that the initiation of Jasper Jasperson was to be made an occasion of much rejoicing, and that an immense attendance was expected at Corona Lodge. The storekeeper asked Ajax outright if there were truth in the rumour that we were to be decorated with the blue ribbon, and my brother hinted mysteriously that even stranger things than that might happen. Jasperson complained of insomnia, but he said several times that he would never forget what Ajax was doing on his behalf, and I don't think he ever will. For my part I maintained a strict neutrality. Ethically considered, I was sensible that my brother's actions were open to severe criticism; at the same time I was certain that mild measures would not have prevailed.

The Grand Secretary, as I was passing the school-house, during recess, invited me quite informally to participate in the opening exercises, and to assist at the banquet: the benediction, so to speak, of the secret rites. She said that other

prominent gentlemen would receive invitations, and that she was certain the "work" would please and edify. She expressed much chagrin when I tendered my regrets, and amazed me by affirming that Ajax had cordially consented to be present. This I considered an outrageous breach of good manners upon his part: if he kept his promise, a number of most worthy and respectable persons would consider themselves insulted; so I advised Miss Birdie not to count upon him.

"I like your big brother," she said, in her hard, metallic tones; "he is such a man: he has made quite a conquest of me; for mercy's sake don't tell him so."

I pledged myself to profound secrecy, but walking home the remembrance of an uncanny gleam in her bold black eye put to flight my misgivings. I decided that Ajax was justified in using 'pizon.'

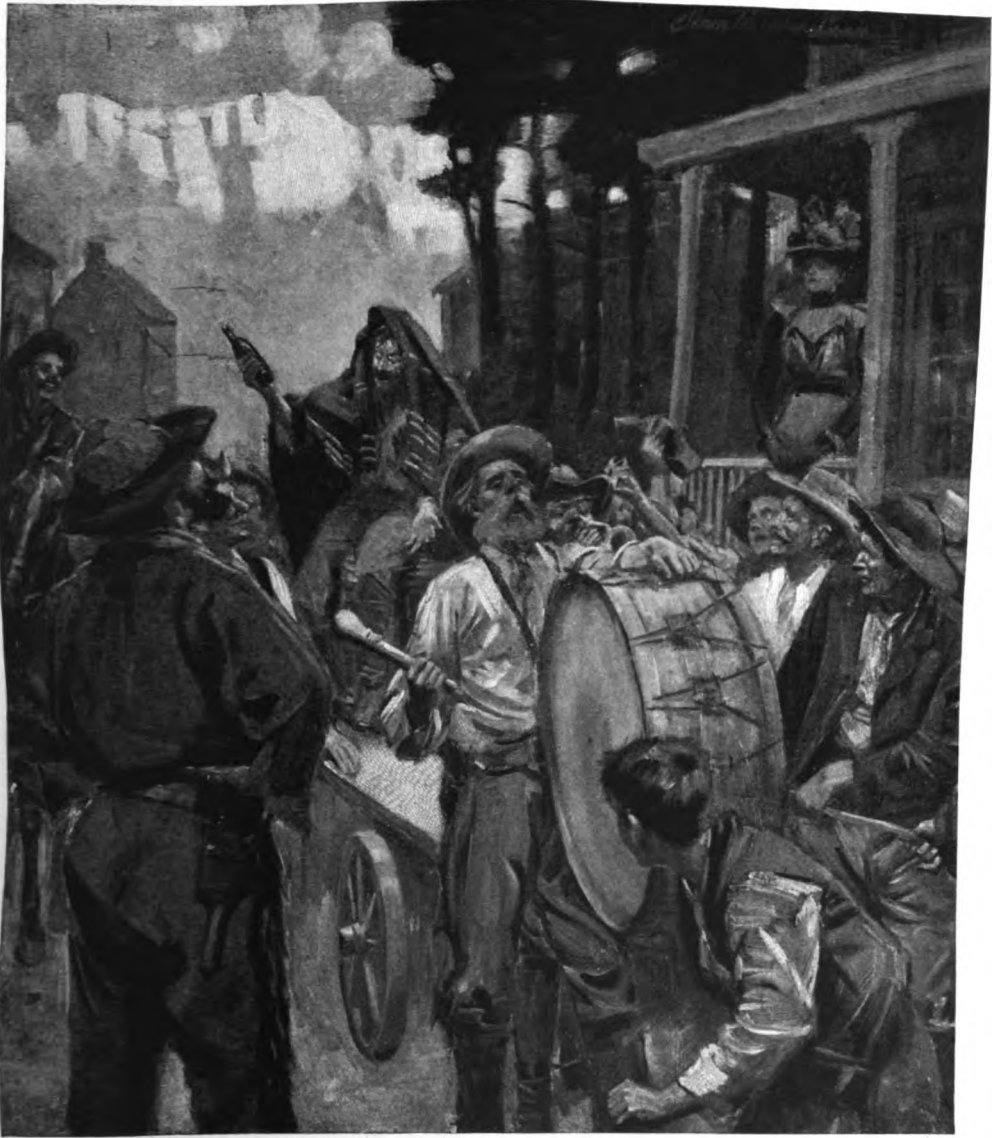
Upon Tuesday afternoon I deemed it expedient to remain at the ranch-house. About five, Jasperson, arrayed in his best, accompanied Ajax to the village. The lodge was to open its doors at 7.30; and at ten my brother returned alone, breathless and red in the face, the bearer of extraordinary tidings. I shall let him tell the story in his own words.

"The whole village," said he, "has been painted by Jasperson a lovely pigeon-blood red!" Then he sat down and laughed in the most uncontrollable and exasperating manner.

"By Jupiter!" he gasped; "I knew that whisky was wonderful stuff, but I never believed it could turn a worm into a Malay running amok." Then he laughed again till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

Between the gusts and gurgles of laughter a few more details leaked out. I present them connectedly. The kind reader will understand that allowance must be made for my brother. He is a seasoned vessel, but no man can drink our village nectar with impunity.

"Of course," he began, "I knew that, this being his last day, the boys would ask Jasperson to celebrate. So, mindful of your precious reputation—I don't care a hang about my own—I kept in the background. Upon inquiry you'll find that it is generally conceded that I did my best to prevent what has happened. And Jasperson was foxey, too. He hung back, said he was going to join the lodge, and wouldn't indulge in anything stronger than Napa Soda. He had three rounds of that. Then he was persuaded by Jake Williams to try a glass of beer, and after that a bumper of strong, fruity port—the pure juice of the Californian grape. That warmed him up! At a quarter to six he took his first drink of whisky, and then the evil spirits of all the devils who manufacture it seemed to possess him. In less than half an hour he was the centre of a howling crowd, and none howled louder than he. He set up the drinks again and again. I tried to drag him away, and failed miserably. I'll be hanged if he didn't get hold of a six-shooter and threatened to fill me with lead if I interfered. He told the boys he was going to join the lodge. That was the dominant note. He was going to join the lodge. He had come to town on purpose. How they cheered him! Then that scoundrel Jake Williams was inspired by Satan to ask him if he was provided with an initiation robe. And he actually persuaded Jasperson to remove his beautiful black clothes and to array himself in a Sonora blanket. Then they striped his poor white face with black and red paint, till he looked like an Apache. Honestly, I did my level best to quash the proceedings: I might as well have tried to bale out the Pacific with a pitchfork. At a quarter-past seven the Swiggarts drove into town, and I wish you could have seen the Grand Secretary's face. She had no idea, naturally, that her Jasper was the artist so busily engaged in decorating the village. But she knew there was an awful row



"The catechumen was seated upon an empty beer-barrel."

on, and I fancy she rather gloried in her own saintliness. Presently the lodge filled up, and I could see Miss Birdie standing on the porch looking anxiously around for the candidate. Finally I felt so sorry for the girl, that I made up my mind to give her a hint, so that she could slip quietly away. She greeted me warmly, and said that she supposed Mr. Jasperson was around "somewheres," and I said that he was. Then she spoke about the riot, and asked if I had seen a number of brutal cowboys abusing a poor Indian. She told me that her brothers and sisters inside the lodge were very distressed about it. And as she talked the yells grew louder, and I was convinced that the candidate was about to present himself. So I tried to explain the facts. But, confound it! she was so obtuse—for I couldn't blurt the truth right out—that, before she caught on, the procession

arrived. The catechumen was seated upon an empty beer-barrel, placed upon a sort of float dragged by the boys. They had with them a big drum, that terrible bassoon of Uncle Jap's, and a cornet; the noise was something terrific. Well, Miss Birdie's a good plucked one! She stood on the steps and rebuked them. That voice of hers silenced the band. Before she was through talking you might have heard a pin drop. She rated them as she scolds her infant class, and all the good people in the lodge came out to listen and applaud. I was jammed up against her, and couldn't stir. At the end she invited them to come into the lodge to see a good man—I quote her verbatim—an upright citizen, a credit to his country and an ornament to society, take the pledge. When she stopped, Jasperson began, in that soft, silky voice of his. He thanked her, and said he was glad to know that he was held in such high esteem; that he cordially hoped the boys would come in, as he was paying for the banquet, and that after supper they might expect a real sociable time!

"That's all, but it was enough for the Grand Secretary. She gave a ghastly scream, and keeled over, right into my arms."

"And where," said I, "is Jasperson?"

"Jasperson," replied Ajax, soberly, "is being removed in a spring-waggon to his own ranch. To-morrow he will be a very sick man, but I think I've got him out of his scrape."

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

HOW OLD AM I!

I THINK when tiny things go by
How old am I!
Five times the hedges in the lane
Have waked and gone to sleep again,
And this, I think, must make it plain
How old am I!

When love is strong and hope is high
How old am I!
I am a man to do and dare,
A man to strike and to forbear,
(Seeing one loved face everywhere).
How old am I!

Yet, as the stealthy seasons fly
How young am I!
The mountains stooping to the sea,
Whose sombre shades envelope me
Look backward on Eternity!
How young am I!

Men call me old, and I comply,
Yes, old am I:
And yet how young when every sense
Yields to its first experience,
Waiting in faith and confidence
A By-and-by!

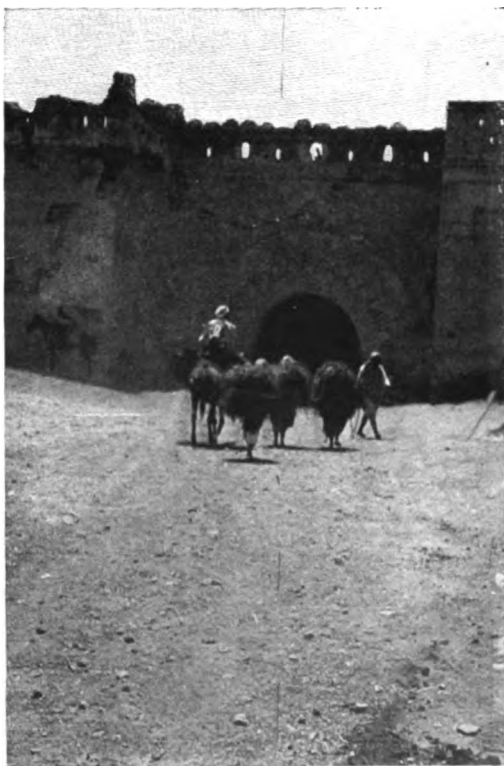
ALICE CHANDLER.



Fording a Stream.

MOROCCO, THE IMPERIAL CITY.

MARAKESH, otherwise known as Morocco City, lies, surrounded by red walls, in the midst of a burning plain that glares at the feet of the Atlas Mountains. The turmoil of this home of a hundred thousand sons of Ham and Shem is a sharp and sudden contrast to the deathly stillness of the country around, for the traveller encounters few signs of human habitation until he reaches one of the many gates. True, he sees for many hours the growing stature of the old Koutbeia, grandest mosque in all the empire, twin-sister of Seville's Giralda. To Marakesh this mighty tower is what the Leaning Tower is to Pisa, San Sofia to Constantinople, the Peak to Teneriffe. Most landscapes worth remembering own some such excrescence to bid the traveller welcome or speed him on his way. Yet the Koutbeia is, for all its height and beauty, less glorious, I think, than a certain well that adjoins the dwelling of Sidi Boubekr el Ganjawi, a yellow old Moslem of great wealth and unfathomable powers of intrigue who was at one time British Agent. And now, in the evening of his day, he sits in his doorway, bemoaning the loss of the only son he ever loved,



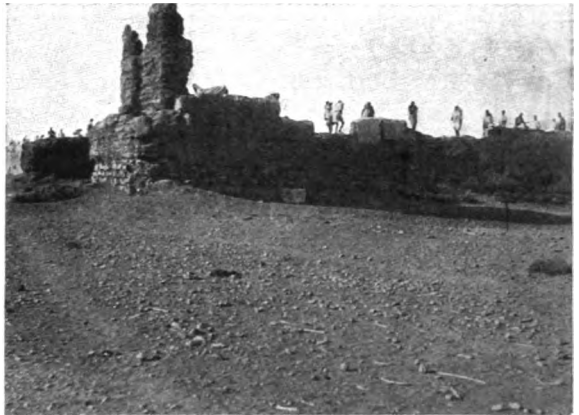
A Gate, Marakesh.



Amizmiz, City of Almonds.

fair-haired Fezman who sells smoking kabobs; the fanatical old greybeard who recites the Writings and spits in his beard at the passing infidel; the saint with flaming locks and not an inch of raiment; many others of fantastic appearance that soon ceases to attract notice.

Camels, too, and mules and asses and horses; in such number that collision is frequent and recrimination comes from the heart. Outside the red battlements the camels are in strings of great length, steering a cautious mean between moat, aqueduct and fence of prickly pear, and having ample room wherein to swing from side to side their awkward freight of fir-planks from the icy north destined to season under a tropical sun, perchance in the wonderful palace of the Vizier even now rising on five hundred meaner sites.



The Great Tank.

Grave storks rear their chattering brood above the gateways, and fly to and from the marshes in the gardens without.



Sacred Guests.

Riding each morning short distances from any of the gates, the traveller may meet with quaint native types. Maidens with unveiled face fill their *barradas* with water from the deep wells or with clearer draughts from the aqueducts. Lepers pass on

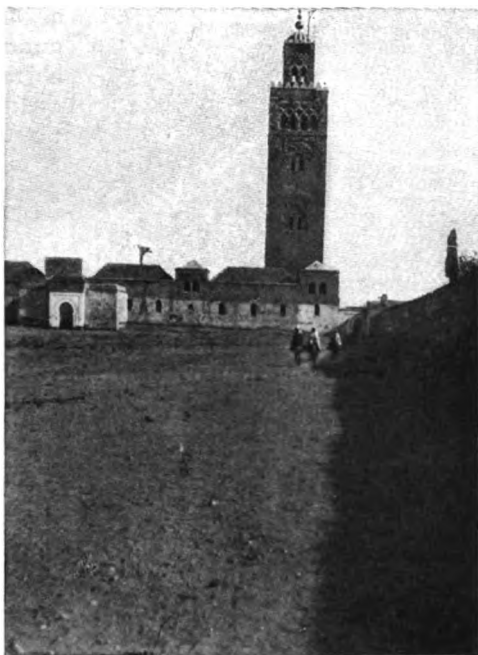
the other side with broad-brimmed hats and hidden features. Jews ride on asses, freed from the restrictions of a city wherein, unless protected by a Christian state, they must go afoot or stay indoors.

At every gate there enter asses and mules laden with firewood, the cheapest commodity in a land of cheapness. True believers regard economy with loathing. They would rather miss the Friday mosque than plant trees that will not give shade in their time; and they would almost rather plant new trees than spare a stick of those already standing if there is money to be had for the cutting of them. And so it is that we ride for half a day without finding enough shade for a locust; and as we ride, we also curse.

Outside the Bab Dukala are the great drill-plain, where the descendants of Saladin's army are taught to fight as machines; and the old tank in which, in person or by proxy, the city's hundred thousand wash their many-coloured raiment, singing rhythmically as they stamp the water from their rags.

Such a morning ride, too, gives glimpses of the crude and unaffected methods of husbandry in vogue. That Morocco would ever become, under any administration, a land flowing with milk and honey, is more than doubtful, for its milk is the milk of underfed goats, and its honey is black and harsh in taste. Yet so grateful is its wondrous soil for small favours that it throws up, scratched with the merest travesty of a ploughshare, thousands of acres of wheat and barley and maize.

The bird-life of these rides is in itself so varied and interesting that it might well form the subject of separate notice. Even the untrained eye will note the storks that chatter raucously amid the crops, or feed their fledglings on the gate; the brilliant, noisy rollers that fight on every ruined wall; the pigeons softly cooing by the watercourse and in the orchard; the white cattle-birds flying silently from pasture to pasture; the birds of prey, great and small, that wheel over the shadeless plain and help the jackals carry on the cleansing work of the sun.



The Great Koutbela.



Ships of the Desert.

In the city itself memory

*A Country Girl.*

must find its pictures with no aid from the camera, for, in addition to the widespread objection to that *Shaitanieh* (that casts the spell on those whose image it locks in darkness), there is a general preference on the part of saints, beggars, soldiers and other interesting subjects, for lounging in the darkest corners.

One characteristic encounter will not soon be forgotten, in which my horse got wedged between a dullard of a camel and a blind beggar, and, to make matters worse, a stark-naked saint, desiring to solicit alms from the accursed, ran his shoulder against my spur,—

“ . . . struck the chord of self and trembling
passed in music out of sight,”

and fled, raining curses on me, into the sanctuary of a neighbouring gateway.

Scarcely was this episode enacted, with various satisfaction to the parties concerned, than my soldier, who had just been busied in keeping from my path a dozen donkeys bearing faggots and all under the guidance of one wrinkled hag, turned a corner and dismounted

suddenly from his horse. There came round the corner an imposing cavalcade, the bodyguard of Sid Said, brother of the Vizier and Commander-in-Chief of the Sultan's army, a most courteous soldier, who bowed to the mane of his splendid horse as he gave stately greeting.

In the shade of the Vizier's palace nestles the crowded Jews' Quarter, and there are times at which the protection is no idle one. Entered by a covered bazaar, the “Mellah” soon broadens to wider thoroughfares that converge on the market-place, beyond which lies the mountain of rubbish that overlooks the peaceful burial-ground. In this quarter of Marakesh there is courteous greeting for the stranger, agreeable contrast to the thinly-veiled hostility of the “Medinah,” or Moorish town. Here, too, the Jews may enjoy a somewhat circumscribed liberty, furnishing all the skilled workmen of the imperial city, the fashioners of bronze, the carvers of wood, the tin-smiths and court jewellers. Treated rather worse than the Arab treats his dogs, they yet manage to turn to good account those who, at sight of their gabardine, spit in their beard.

Water, the sight of which keeps life in those who journey in the tropics, is present in many of the scenes on which memory most fondly dwells. In summer it is low in Moorish landscape, for

*In Narrow Streets.*

the rains are fleeting, and the clear rivers wander in half-hearted fashion beneath their bridges or past uncovered boulders. An hour or so of rain, however, will bring about chameleon colour-changes, the erst limpid waters clouding deep red and hiding the fish and tortoises, dashing from the mountains to the sea in



An Oasis.

impetuous haste, and bearing very much débris. Fording a river at its normal summer ebb is tame excitement compared with the struggle against long odds when winter rains have lent their strength to the waters, which may swallow man and beast, so that those who survive thank their stars and murmur *Bismillah!* and proclaim that Allah is all-wise in His choice.

Close to the ocean, of course, as where the Um Erbeyya flows broadly past the



Shad Fishers, Azimur.

white walls of Azimur, the caprices of the seasons matter little, and the brackish flood is always mighty. It must be confessed that the "Mother of Pastures," as the Azimuri quaintly name their river, is not as clear as could be wished; but she furnishes at any rate very admirable shad, which we, watching from our camp in a pomegranate garden, saw netted for our evening meal.



A City Well, Marakesh.

Besides its rivers, Morocco contains little water, for great lakes there are none. But here and there, in the oases, are small sheets of water haunted by wildfowl and much loved by travellers of many nationalities and by horse, mule, ass, camel, aye, and sheep.

* * * *

All this the old Koutbeia may see, its brow meeting no rival height before the lower

spurs of the Atlas. Away to the south-west, just as the great range lifts itself above the burning plain, lies Amsmiz, the city of almonds, nestling amid its groves of perfume and colour, and showing on its battered barbicans traces of political differences with the dynasty, or with some robber tribe from the hills. History is not my theme, and I care not which. But the remains of the struggle are picturesque.

Four days and nights, near six thousand feet above the ocean, I journeyed in the mystic mountains behind Amsmiz, yet found no trace of the *udad* or "moufflon" which I sought. Once, indeed, I came near to its haunts, but duty called me to the ship that lay at Suera, (known as "Mogador" to those who prefer tobacco to *kief*), and I had to content myself with a trophy of the wild sheep's horns given me at parting by the Kaid of Giudafi.



A Scavenger Spared.

Not thrice the number of pictures selected at random from my album would give more than a suggestion of all that was beautiful and curious, repaying the discomfort of riding all day and camping all night, the burning kiss of the sun, the clammy embrace of the planet of night, the insects, and the risks of epidemics. Yet, for all these drawbacks, the balance remains to the good. The land of the African Sultan may politically leave something to be desired, but for quaint interest and absolute distinctness from all else Eastern, it is a delight to those who worship not the commonplace.

F. G. AFLALO.



Udad Horns.



THE STAKES.

IT was seven o'clock before the girls began to swarm out from the gates of the big mineral-water factory; for July was sweltering, and the demand for soda-water had been enormous. That was the reason why Emmamarier was working overtime at the factory—which, again, was the reason of the subsequent friendship of Maggots for young Alf. One thing leads to another, and you can never tell what the other thing will be. In this case, the general thirst at Ascot, at Henley, and in the home counties generally, led up to the first great crisis of Emmamarier's life, as well as to the friendship of young Alf and Maggots.

Seven o'clock had struck, and at last the girls began to dribble from the big gates, then to spout in a generous stream.

Emmamarier was among the first, a girl of not more than sixteen years of age, but strong and well-developed; her dark hair and eyes accentuated the whiteness of her skin; and were it not for the preposterous mode of hair-dressing, which nothing but the Salvation Army can eradicate from the Lambeth girl, her face would have been quite attractive.

A long day's work had not tamed the exuberant spirits of the girls, who slapped and pushed one another, and chased their assailants about the roadway, until the policeman, who was strolling by, turned and said,—

"Now then,—easy on!"

Emmamarier took no part in the sport; and when one of the girls ran past, slapped her on the back, and shouted "Maggots!" Emmamarier simply said "Be'ave, can't yer," and, linking her arm in that of her companion, walked on. Emmamarier had weightier matters whereof to think.

"Come on, Annie," she said, "else I shall be late for Alf."

"You settled whether you're goin' to walk with Alf or Maggots yet?" asked Annie.

Annie was shorter than Emmamarier, and of feebler physique.

"I ain't quite sure in me own mind," said Emmamarier. "I shouldn't 'esitate a minute, on'y Alf ain't no good evenin's."

"E got a reg'lar job?" asked Annie.

"Not as I know of," replied Emmamarier.

"You fink Alf's workin' on the crooked?" said Annie, dropping her voice.

Emmamarier pulled out the pin which fastened her hat, dug it into her dark hair again, and fanned herself with the hat.



"Emmamarier had weightier matters whereof to think."

"I don't arst no questions, and I shan't be told no lies," said Emmamarier, fanning herself languidly.

"S'posin' Alf was to meet you with Maggots?" suggested Annie presently.

Emmamarier's face brightened.

"Wouldn't be over an' above 'ealthy for Maggots," said Emmamarier. "I say, Annie, 'ow'd you like to be fought for, like them lidies in books?"

"I couldn't a-bear it," said Annie.

"Oh, but, Annie, don't you remember that story-book, 'ow the gen'l'man left his rival layin' in his gore, an' ketched up the lidy on 'is 'awse, an' throwed 'er over 'is pummel, an' kerried——"

"Over 'is what?" said Annie.

"What you 'ave on a 'awse," said Emmamarier impatiently; "an' kerried 'er away to his kip."

"But gen'l'men don't 'ave a kip," objected Annie.

"His was a castle kip," explained Emmamarier.

"But that was in ancient times," said Annie. "They was different then, like David and—and them."

Annie's stock of historical instances gave out.

"It'd be fine, I think," said Emmamarier. "Oh, well, come on."

"Nice to be you," remarked Annie.

"What you mean?"

"Well, being able to pick and choose like . . . I s'pose I ain't pretty enough be 'alf, not to——"

"Oh, you're awright," said Emmamarier carelessly, as they walked on. "'Ello! what's up?"

The girls had reached Vauxhall Station, and under one of the railway arches a small crowd had gathered. It was only a horse down, a horse that lay calmly awaiting such time as his harness should be removed, and he would have to cease pretending to be dead; meanwhile the puddle formed by the water-cart was cool, and the rest was grateful.

The girls stood on the outskirts of the crowd, watching the operation, and did not see the approach of a youth of seventeen or thereabouts, who came up and stood behind them. His features were good, but pallid; his eyes were dark, shifty, and seemed to work all round his head, like the eyes of a bird; as he fixed them on Emmamarier, they gleamed ominously. He wore a coat and trousers of a dingy brown, about his waist a leathern belt; his unbuttoned coat disclosed a jersey which should have been whiter than it was; upon his head a cloth cap. But the most remarkable thing about him was his gait, which was easy, swift, silent. He walked with shoulders slightly hunched, and arms hanging by his side, never turning his head, but glancing this way and that way with mobile eyes as he went. He walked as though eggs would not crack beneath his feet. You would conclude that, if by any chance young Alf had decided to work on the crooked, he started with several points in his favour.

"Wot cher?" said young Alf.

"Oh, you give me a start," said Emmamarier, turning round; "creepin' up soft like that."

"Didn't fink you was going to see me, did yer?" said young Alf, looking obliquely at Emmamarier.

"Why, I was waitin' for you, Alf, if it was me last word," she said.

Young Alf was somewhat mollified. He stuck his hands into his trouser pockets, which were slung very high, and said,—

"'Ow 'bout a cooler?"

The horse had struggled to its feet, shaken itself, and bowed, as it were, to its audience. Emmamarier thought a cooler would come in handy.

"Annie want to come too?" said young Alf generously, looking back as he led the way across the road to the barrow which stood by the kerb at the corner. And Annie came too, arm-in-arm with Emmamarier.

For a minute or so the coolers were enjoyed in silence. Then young Alf said suddenly,—

"What about the Canterbury last night?"

"*What* about the Canterbury last night?" said Emmamarier.

"From what I'm given to unnerstand," said young Alf, "you was seen there wiv anuvver boy."

"Meanin'——?"

"None o' that. You know 'oo I mean."

Emmamarier pinned her hat on, looked young Alf in the face, and laughed. Young Alf stuck his hands in his pockets and glared at her.

"Well, seposing I was?" said Emmamarier. "I don't mean to say I was, nor yet I wasn't; but seposing?"

"Question is," said young Alf, "are you walking wiv me, or ain't you?"

"I can walk with who I like. Me feet's me own," said Emmamarier.

"Oh, don't play the silly, Emmamarier," interposed Annie; "what's the use of——"

"I've more'n 'arf a mind to clip yer ovver the jore," said young Alf.

Emmamarier stepped back, for young Alf's hand was as quick as his temper. She stepped back upon some one's feet, and a voice behind her said,—

"Now then, cheese it!"

She leapt aside, and saw that young Alf and Maggots were face to face.

"Anything wrong?" asked Maggots, looking from young Alf to Emmamarier. "Gettin' a bit lively, seems to me."

"Nothink out of the ordinary," replied Emmamarier. "On'y my young man's arstin' me to go with him to a 'all, and I thought it was too stuffy like."

Emmamarier crossed her arms, and swept her dark eyes round the group, ending up with a wink at Annie. Annie was paler than ever.

"Oh, your young man," said Maggots. "That's it, is it? And what price coming to Battersea Park, like what you said?"

"Oh, I can't be bothered," said Emmamarier. "Come along, Annie." She caught Annie's arm.

"Them that wants me can try for me," she called over her shoulder, as she turned the corner of Auckland Street.

Young Alf and Maggots stood by the barrow facing one another for half a minute or so without speaking; and young Alf looked his rival critically up and down. Maggots was a pleasant, fresh-looking boy, his hair light, and inclined to red; also he was a bit taller than young Alf. These facts young Alf noted. Then he spat once upon the ground, and looked Maggots in the eyes.

"I reckon I'm as good a man as what you are," he said.

"What in?" asked Maggots. "Tea-leafin' or——"

"In anyfink," broke in young Alf.

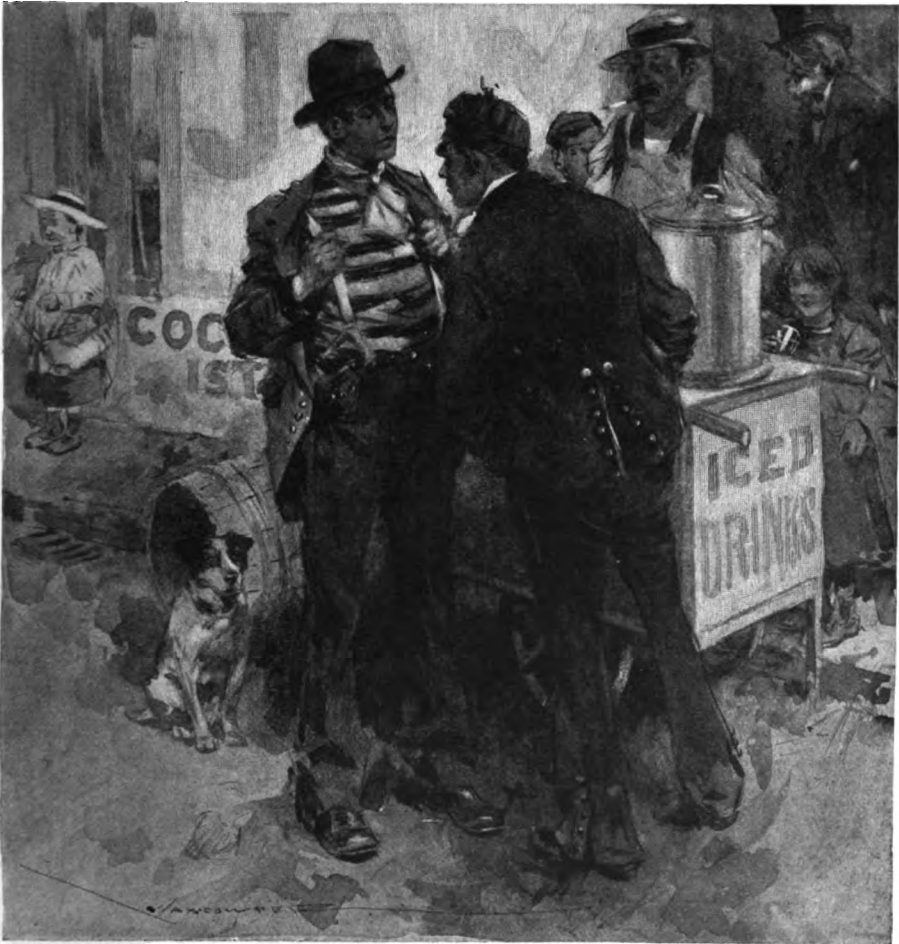
"Sepose you mean fightin'."

"Anyfink, I said, didn't I? You ain't deaf."

Emmamarier peeped round the corner of Auckland Street. She saw that a small knot of boys was gathering around the pair who stood by the barrow. Meliaropkins was there too. That would teach Meliaropkins not to set such store by herself. Emmamarier walked towards Tyers Street with a great joy at her heart. For she was desired of men; and by the morning every girl at the factory would know it.

Ten minutes later Emmamarier was seated at the open window of the room in Tyers Street which she shared with her mother. Her mother was not at home, nor was she likely to come home until the most tolerant of barmen led her out

and banged the door behind her. Emmamarier felt a little lonely as she sat and sucked her orange—for Annie was obliged to go and collect her younger brothers and sisters, who were playing round and about the Walk, Annie's father being a widower with loose views as to the responsibilities of parentage. Emmamarier began to be almost sorry she had not made the choice at once between Maggots and young Alf. There was not much doubt in her own mind which she would choose. If it came to that, there was no one like young Alf. Only—there was something more that she wanted: she was not given to self-analysis, but every girl



"Young Alf and Maggots stood facing each other for half a minute without speaking."

longs for a touch of romance in her wooing. And as she leaned over the window-sill to catch the faint breath of air which struggled from the river up the street, it was probably the passion for romance which made her sigh. At all events a couple of the slippiest boys in the Walk were quarrelling about her, and that was something more than Meliaropkins could say, the sneaking hussy.

Emmamarier had sucked her orange dry, and was about to pitch it from the window, when she was aware of young Alf coming alone up the street, and held her hand. Was he coming to fetch her? Could she resist him if he called for

her? Yes, she would stand firm this one night. Young Alf should be made to understand that she had more than one string to her bow. But young Alf was passing without looking up. That decided her. She flung her orange at him as he came beneath her window. It fell at his feet, and young Alf looked up.

"Ello!" said Emmamarier, pressing her hand to her side to stop a certain flutter at her heart. "I was thinkin' it was almost too 'ot to be indoors."

Young Alf stuck his hands into his pockets.

"It'll be a damn sight 'otter in less than no time, wiv no error," said young Alf.

"What you mean?" asked Emmamarier.

"I'm going to snuff Maggots," said young Alf.

"You goin' to scrap—to-night? Reely? No kid?"

Young Alf nodded. "Round Burton's stables."

Emmamarier leaned still farther out of the window, and her eyes gleamed.

"Mind yourself," said young Alf.

"Oh, Alf, lemme come and see it."

"Awright,—on'y you got to look slippy."

"And Alf—if you snuff 'im, I'll b'long to you; straight, if you'll take me, I will."

"Sepose I don't?" said young Alf.

Emmamarier hesitated a moment, as she leaned from the window-sill and looked into young Alf's eyes.

"Oh, you can beat his 'ead off," she said. "Soon as look at 'im."

Young Alf turned and walked on up the street, his hands hanging by his sides and his shoulders slightly hunched. The women who stood cooling themselves in the doorways in the regulation attitude, their hands beneath their aprons, and recounting what "she says" and what "I says," paused a moment in their conversation to glance at him, and wonder what young Alf was up to now; for every one in Tyers Street knew quite well that young Alf was about as slippy with his hooks as any boy in Lambeth.

Emmamarier's heart beat fast as she smoothed out her hair with her hands in front of the little looking-glass which hung by a nail in the corner over by the bed, caught up her hat, pinned it on more carefully than was her wont, and ran downstairs into the street. At the turning where Tyers Street twists into Lambeth Walk she met Annie, who was dragging a small and vociferous brother.

"Alf and Maggots' goin' to scrap," she said. "All over me."

"Oh, Emmamarier!" said Annie, while the small brother ceased his tumult and listened. "It's flyin' in the face of—"

But Emmamarier was already out of earshot, hurrying to her triumph.

Everybody about the Walk knows Burton's stables, though no one knows Burton. They lie under the arches that carry the South-Western trains from Waterloo to Vauxhall. They are chiefly notable for being always unoccupied, so that one may imagine Burton to have bought stables and then to have forgotten all about them. Lambeth is so full of people that it is no easy matter to find a spot where one may settle a personal difference without the certainty of interruption; and when one Lambeth boy arranges to scrap with another it is generally understood that the affair shall come off in Burton's stables.

Emmamarier was guided to the particular stable by the sound of voices. The dusk was falling, and when she pushed the door open she saw only a confused blur of figures. Standing by the door, and peering into the dim stable, she felt herself caught round the waist, and a voice—it belonged to Mat Mullins—said: "Lemme 'old the stakes."

"Keep yer distance," said Emmamarier, shaking herself free. "Ugly!"

Emmamarier stepped round to where the ladder led to the loft above, climbed a rung or two, and seated herself. As her eyes became accustomed to the gloom, she saw that, besides Mat Mullins, the stable contained Sparkey Evans and another boy whom she did not recognise, as well as Maggots and young Alf.

"Now then, Emmamarier," said Mat Mullins, "you b'long to the winner; no goin' back."

Emmamarier nodded, being too excited to speak, for even now young Alf and Maggots had leapt together, and were fighting in desperate earnest. Emmamarier leaned forward from her perch, grasping the ladder with her hands, and watched the pair of figures, stripped to the waist, who were fighting for her,—all for her. It was fine to think of that. And how lovely young Alf looked! Good thing, too, to walk out with a boy that was some class in scrapping. Lord! Maggots has knocked young Alf over; and Emmamarier nearly tumbles from the ladder. But he is up again. Suppose Maggots should win? Should she belong to Maggots? The possibility flashed across Emmamarier's mind as she sat with her eyes fixed on the struggling forms below, and she determined that none but the best boy should have her, even if the best proved to be Maggots. But, oh, if it were Alf!

Emmamarier had seen many fights; but she had never before had so uninterrupted a view, nor had she ever sat aloft as the victor's prize. What price Meliaropkins now?

Maggots is down. And he stays there. Young Alf watches him for a few seconds. Then he draws his arm slowly across his mouth, steps over to the other corner and picks up his coat and jersey. Emmamarier comes down from the ladder, and stands expectant, while young Alf performs his toilet. Perhaps this is the happiest moment of her life.

There was silence for a few moments; for Mat Mullins and the rest were watching Maggots as he lay speechless, while Emmamarier was watching young Alf as he struggled into his coat.

In a few seconds Maggots opened his eyes and sat up, looking round him in a dazed sort of way.

"You're awright," said Mat Mullins.

Maggots's eyes fell on Emmamarier, and wandered to young Alf.

"Knock-out, I reckon," he said. Then, after a pause for reflection, "Gal's your'n."

There was an awkward pause. Emmamarier felt the situation slipping from her grasp. For young Alf was standing over in the other corner and digging the dirt from between the cobble stones with the toe of his boot.

"Not me," said young Alf presently, looking over at Maggots as he sat up and rubbed his eyes. "I took yer on, an' I snuffed yer—what?"

"Fair ole knock-out," said Mat Mullins.

"On'y I ain't gbin' to 'ave nuffink to do wiv a gal that wants to be fought for. See? You can 'ave 'er."

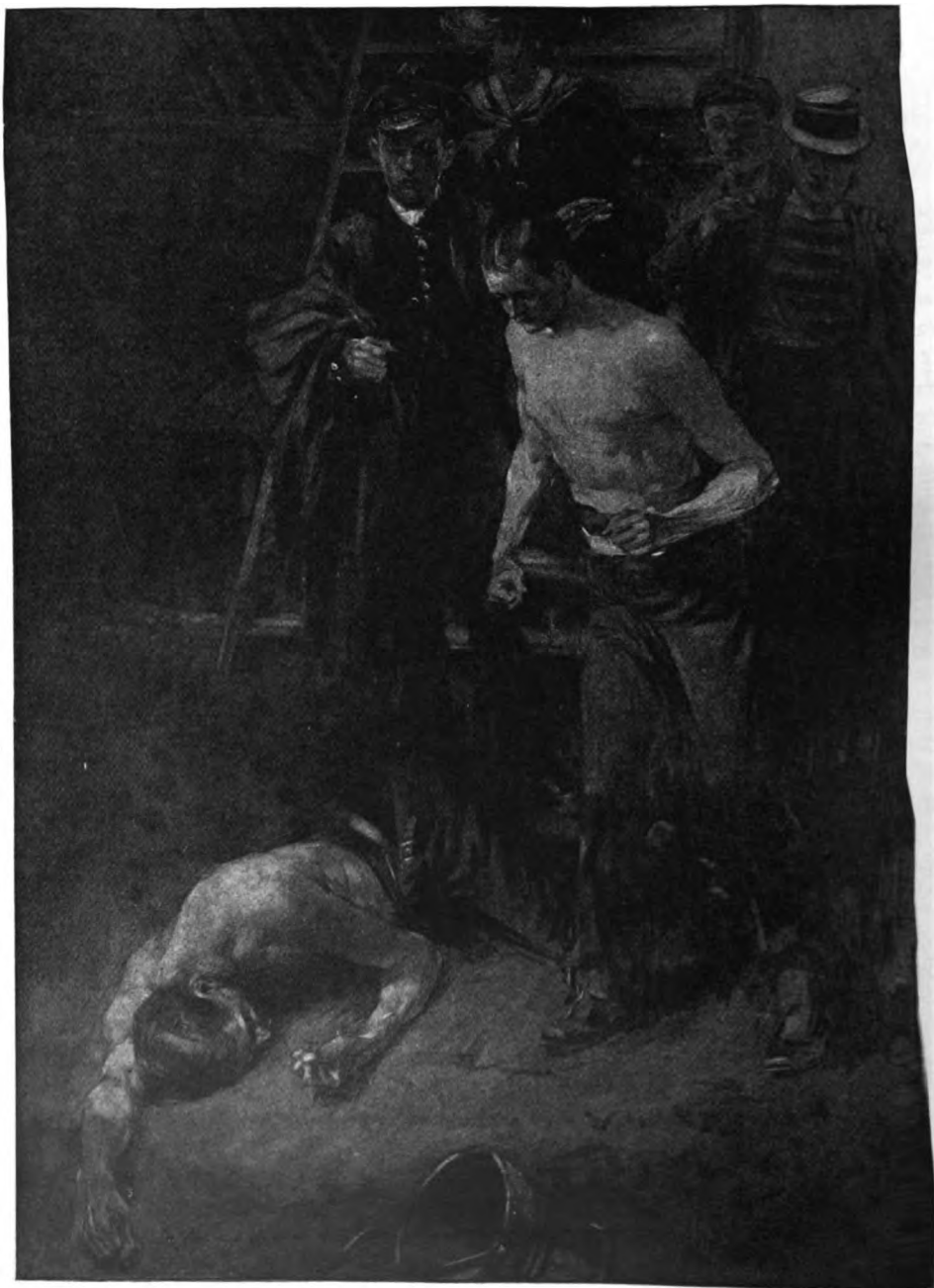
Maggots rose to his feet.

"Well, I made a fair fight of it," he said, "but damme if I'm goin' to take any chap's leavin's."

"You won't take 'er!" exclaimed young Alf, tugging at his coat again. "Then I'll——"

"Oh, Alf, I b'long to you," said Emmamarier.

Young Alf shifted into his coat again, looked at Emmamarier and considered



"Maggots is down. And he stays there."

a moment. Then he dug his hand into his trouser pocket, and pulled *out* a coin.

"Look 'ere, Sparkey, you go an' get some beer. See?"

"But Alf, I b'long to you, don't I?" repeated Emmamarier.

Young Alf stuck his hands into his pockets.

"I give yer to Maggots," he said. "You ain't my sort."

"Same 'ere," said Maggots, swaying a little on his feet. "No leavin's for me."
 "You clear," said young Alf. "Go where you're wanted. See?"

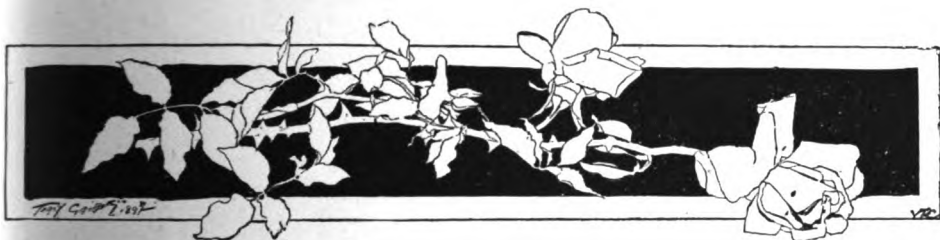
Sparkey Evans had left the door open; and through it Emmamarier felt herself propelled. The door was slammed behind her.

It was growing dark now in the yard, and Sparkey Evans, returning swiftly with the beer, did not even see her in his hurry.

Presently Emmamarier came back to the stable door, and stooped down at the keyhole. The boys had lighted a lantern, and she could see young Alf and Maggots drinking out of the same jug.

It was quite dark now, and Emmamarier was thirsty.

CLARENCE ROOK.



NIGHT-PIECE.

THE moon between the deodars,
 The rising moon, benign and bright,
 Came with her train of shining stars
 And looked on me to-night. . . .

Beneath the high, the dusky boughs,
 Her golden face bent fair and mild—
 Even as it were my mother's house
 And I once more her child.

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.



Groote Schuur, from the front.

NOTABLE HOUSES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

“**A**FRICA,” said a South African to me once, “is either a famine or a feast,” and nowhere do you see this instance of extremes more than in the contrast between the uncultivated state of the land there and the *fin-de-siècle* civilisation in the residences of its most important men, whose private houses or public offices can boast every modern improvement and luxury, though possibly the view from the windows may suggest how Africa looked before the desecrating hand of man ever attempted to make the wilderness blossom like the rose. Even when they do not build anew, but prefer to take some Dutch house which is a hundred years old or so, they generally add the conveniences of hot and cold water and electric light; but to Anglicise the house inside is one thing, to produce in Africa the appearance of an English park, or even an English garden, is generally beyond the hope of attainment.

The houses themselves, however, could hardly be improved upon. On the whole, I am inclined to think that the old Dutch knew how to build comfortable homes adapted to the climate better than the modern Briton: their walls were frequently three and a half feet thick, they beamed their ceilings and tiled their floors; and the consequence is that the older Dutch houses in Cape Colony are cool in summer, and warm and dry in the winter rains, which, in spite of the supposed warmth of the South African climate, produce a very chilly and damp atmosphere indeed! Mr. Rhodes’ original house at Rondebosch—Groote Schuur, which some people translate as the “Great Barn,” and others as the “Great Tear,” from a break in the mountains round about—was most unfortunately burnt down within the last few years, and many of its most valuable accessories were lost. But the shell of the house remains, and it has been added to and restored after the

old Dutch style in which it is built—a style traceable to Moorish architecture, and transmitted from the Moors into Spain, and from the Spaniards into Holland. No trace of the disastrous fire at Groote Schuur remains, save in the regretful memories of those who knew the house before. It is a big two-storied building, flanked with wings, and somewhat floridly ornamented with scroll-work. The house being painted white, after a fashion which is usual in the Colony, adds to the glare of the sunshine, and contrasts with the dark brown of the shutters and window frames. A more original or characteristic house in appearance Cecil Rhodes could not have: you emerge from the avenue rather suddenly, and find yourself with a blaze of flower-garden on either hand, while in front of you is the great brown and white house, with its huge wooden balcony looking like the deck of a ship, and running from wing to wing over the Stoep. A corresponding balcony runs the whole width of the house at the back; on close examination it proves to be tiled, and is railed in by iron posts and chains. There is another bright-hued garden below, with a flight of broad white steps leading up to an uncultivated piece of meadow-land. When the garden is a blaze of blue and red, the brown and white of the house make an emphatic background, and the whole picture is distinctly foreign to English eyes in its vivid outlines and colours. The careless look of the waste land immediately beyond the garden brings to mind my first sentence—"Africa is either a famine or a feast," for the uncultivated veld seems to have pushed its way up to the very walls of civilisation. At a little distance from the house and garden is a large square white building, open on one side to all the winds of heaven, which is known as the Summer-house. I have also heard it called the Band-stand, from the fact that it has a flat roof and a shallow flight of steps leading up to it; on this roof rumour says the old Dutch families used to have a slave band to play to them while they sat comfortably inside in the cool, indifferent to the fact that the niggers were exposed to the heat of the sun



Groote Schuur, from the back.

overhead! Groote Schuur is characteristically Dutch inside, down to the smallest detail; and though much of the old furniture was lost in the fire, it has been carefully replaced as soon as duplicates could be discovered, and a stranger sees nothing incomplete in the panelled rooms with their narrow-paned windows and arched ceilings. Mr. Rhodes' own bedroom is over the billiard-room—on your right as you stand facing the back of the house—and shares with it the bay window and the lovely view of mountain and open land behind the house. It is a thorn in the flesh to him that all the teak with which the house is now panelled and wainscoted is new, and he infinitely regrets the old wood sacrificed in the fire. After the house was restored, the chimneys took to smoking, and threatened disaster to the newly furnished rooms. "Never mind," said Mr. Rhodes grimly, "let them smoke! It will tone down the wood a little and colour it!" The warm brown teak, however, does not give the impression of mushroom growth



The Presidency, Pretoria.

that new oak would do, and probably it is only an eyesore to the owner. On the Stoep, both back and front of the house, stand old wooden chests—the trousseau chests of the Dutch girls of long ago. Some of these chests are handsomely bound with brass, and all of them are of an awe-inspiring size. The Dutch bride of those days brought a goodly supply of gear with her from Holland: six feet long and four feet high is no size for a trousseau chest.

President Kruger's house at Pretoria is too unassuming to ask for much description. It is the usual bungalowed building, with the hideous zinc roof which one sees throughout the Colony; and though doubtless comfortable, it cannot be termed beautiful. The Stoep, where Oom Paul is said to conduct so many interviews, runs straight along the front of the house, and there is the inevitable flight of shallow steps widening in a generous outward sweep as they reach the ground, which one may see in nine houses out of ten in the Cape. Below the

steps, on each side of the entrance, are the stone lions which Barny Barnarto presented to the President—one hopes with no intention of sarcasm, but the effect of Paul Kruger's house guarded by a possibly British lion is inevitably suggestive. These handsome stone beasts are the only unusual addition by which to distinguish the Presidency from a score of other buildings like it. There is certainly no ostentation about Oom Paul in a choice of residence.

Mr. Lionel Phillips' house in Johannesburg is a type of most millionaires' houses, and chosen from half a dozen others is fairly representative. It possesses a billiard-room which, however, is said to be unsurpassed in the Colony, and a conservatory wherein certain kinds of Swiss ferns have been induced to grow which cannot be grown elsewhere in Johannesburg. The house is not really the sole property of Mr. Phillips any longer, but, after a custom in the Colony, has become the property of the firm. The big firms have a way of thus "taking



Mr. Lionel Phillips' House at Johannesburg.

over" the houses originally belonging to some prominent member, which is confusing to those unaccustomed to such general laws of property. Mr. Fitzpatrick, the present resident, has lately built a magnificent underground grotto to add to this South African palace.

Government House in Cape Town does not make a good photograph: the fine oak trees which throw a welcome shade across it in summer are rather detrimental in a photograph, for they obscure the front view. It is neither a conspicuous nor imposing building in itself, being nothing but a long low pile which gives the impression of having been added to as occasion arose until it has gained a rather undignified irregularity. The reception-rooms, too, have the reputation of being inconveniently small, and a good deal of the entertaining is consequently done at the summer residence at Newlands, where the big grounds can accommodate the overflow even if visitors prove too much for the house. Neither of the Governor's residences are particularly imposing, and it seems strange that the representative of the Queen should be less handsomely housed than many a

private gentleman. Without building a new Government House, it would be quite possible to procure a more suitable residence than the present one at Newlands, one would suppose : Groote Constantia, the Government wine farm, for instance, used to be a pleasure house for the Governor, and it is said that Sir Alfred Milner would fain have regained the old place for a country seat. The house, which is named after Constance, the wife of the Governor Van der Stel, was built in 1684, and is perhaps the most perfect specimen of an old Dutch house in the Colony. The floors are all tiled, and the ceilings beamed with old oak, while the lofty rooms, with their deep window-seats and small panes of glass, are the most delightful places to live in, not only for their picturesqueness, but for the solid comfort of their thick walls and generous allowance of air and space. Between the house itself and the great wine-cellars at the back are the slaves' quarters—



Government House, Cape Town.

dark holes dug out of the earth and supported on stone pillars—such stabling as we should not give our cattle nowadays ! The portion of the building devoted to the making of the best wine in the Colony is a series of vast dark vaults, with beamed roofs, where rows on rows of enormous casks testify to the flourishing state of the wine trade of Constantia. There is a solemn, musky flavour about these old vaults, and a cool damp in the atmosphere, which somehow impresses one with the dignity of vine-growing. The gardens of Groote Constantia are like a beautiful wilderness. They have been allowed to run wild, but so luxurious is Nature in this corner of the Colony that it is a wealthy tangle. The vines are kept within bounds, of course, and carefully attended to, but the other garden stuff goes its own sweet way. There is a wonderful open-air bath in the garden, made by Van der Stel for his own especial ablutions. A great governor was Van der Stel, and many reminiscences has he left behind him in the way of architecture. His

bath does not look inviting now—it is 'green and slimy, and the god out of whose mouth the water trickles' has a lugubrious and woe-begone appearance. Perhaps in Van der Stel's day this deep stone basin sunk in the ground may have seemed the height of luxury; but it remains a question of taste as to whether it is desirable to have one's bath-room some five minutes' walk from the house, in a lonely corner of the grounds. One pictures Van der Stel trailing all across the kitchen garden in the pyjamas of the period, and quite thankful to sit down to his buttered mealies in the old dark dining-room, or possibly in the great double room which runs along the back of the main building, and is divisible by sliding doors, and his wife Constance looking across the breakfast-table and making trenchant remarks on the probable results of a chill!

There is at Wynberg an old thatched farmhouse known as Waterloo Green—though whether the name refers to the house itself or the little patch of grassplot



Government House, Newlaqa.

on the other side of the road, I could never discover—which is said to have sheltered the Duke of Wellington when he landed at the Cape on his way home from the West Indies. Beyond an appearance of extreme age, and a general Dutch character, the place is not remarkable; but it is always pointed out as a landmark and a spot of British interest. Rumour, grown frivolous, also asserts that the Iron Duke played at bowls on the little strip of green grass opposite his own front windows! If the green was as uneven as it is now, he must have found it a trial to his temper.

There are many old houses in the Cape said to be haunted, and some boast quite respectable ghosts. I know of one in Hof Street, Cape Town, in which the owners hear heavy footsteps for which there is no accounting, and see doors opened by no earthly agency. This old Dutch house—Waterhof by name, which means Water-garden—was the scene of a ghastly murder, but, so far as I know, the

crime is not re-acted by the ghostly visitors. The main building of the house was erected in 1784 by a Boer named De Wet, but was afterwards added to by Advocate Hofmeyer, the ancestor of the present leader of the Bond party. The house came into the possession of the present owner, Mr. T. B. Bennett, in 1873, and it was through him that I learned the story. This Advocate Hofmeyer would seem to have been unpopular with his slaves, of whom some sixty were at one time kept at Waterhof and housed in the building at the back, where one can still see the teak pegs on which they were wont to hang their belongings. One cold winter night, when the master was sitting with his wife in the centre room of the house, there came a knock at the window opening on to the Stoep, and one of the slaves was heard calling "Master! master! we have found the man who ran away!" Thinking that some runaway slaves had been recovered, the old Dutchman opened the window, whereupon his slaves rushed in and murdered him and his wife also.



Groote Constantia, the Government Wine Farm.

Only one servant appears to have remained faithful to the family, and risked her life to save the baby girl to whom she was nurse, hiding both herself and the infant in the big oven, the remains of which are still to be seen. This baby afterwards grew up to be the grandmother of the present Hofmeyer. I have no photograph of Waterhof, which is a wonderful old house with a garden which boasts thirty different kinds of fruit. It is a very good and curious specimen of an old Dutch Tuin, and is made in terraces supported by massive stone walls; one goes down three flights of steps before one gets into the garden proper, which is full of rare specimens, amongst others the gigantic Prickly Pear on the leaves of which visitors used to write their names with any pointed instrument. In course of time the leaves were covered with hundreds of names—amongst others Sir Bartle Frere's; and Colonel Rubley of the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders made a sketch of the plant, which appeared in the *Graphic* of March 10th, 1883. These inscriptions last as



Waterloo Green, Wynberg.

long as the plant itself, and that means a very long time indeed. The Stoep in front of the house is of the oldest type,—it is broad and stone-paved, covered with a vine trellis as old as the house itself and supported on square stone pillars roughly hewn. A tangle of creepers and climbing stuff make the old house a perfect bower of green, and until lately the roof was picturesquely thatched. The thatch became so old, however, that it literally broke away, and had to be replaced with a more modern roofing; but in spite of this regrettable alteration Waterhof remains a typical haunted house both in appearance and reputation.

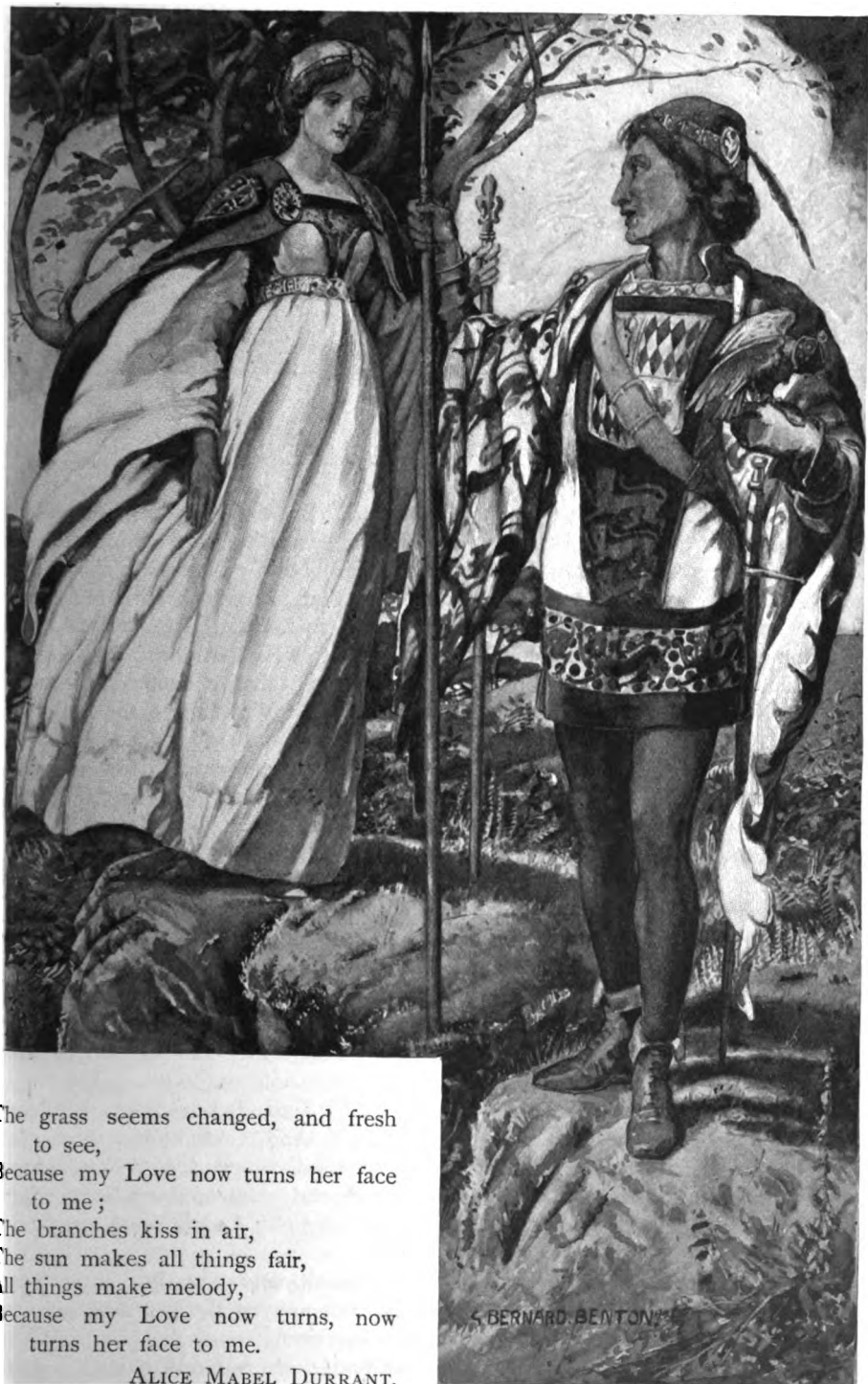
DOLF WYLLARDE.





A LOVE SONG.

THE grass looks green with jealousy
 Because my Love has turned her
 back on me :
 The trees are stern with grief,
 The sun brings no relief,
 All things speak woe, none glee,
 Because my Love has turned, has turned
 her back on me.



The grass seems changed, and fresh
to see,
Because my Love now turns her face
to me ;
The branches kiss in air,
The sun makes all things fair,
All things make melody,
Because my Love now turns, now
turns her face to me.

ALICE MABEL DURRANT.



A TALE OF THE VELDT.

NIGHT had just fallen upon the veldt. The short dusk had suddenly deepened into a heavy, thick obscurity, impenetrable for a space until there rose the rim of a full moon over the edge of the plain which showed hard and clear-cut against the great disc. The ant-hills, that alone broke the monotonous flatness, flung interminable inky shadows as the cold white glare, electric in its fierce intensity, shone out level across the plains. The sense of loneliness, of utter isolation, was overwhelming; the heavens, sown with fire, seemed so remote, and the bare earth, stretching away into the dim, starry distance, so empty and limitless. It might have been the roof of some dead world.

By the edge of the marsh a transport-waggon had outspanned for the night, and within the circle of firelight, where moon and flame struggled for the mastery, loomed the wavering outlines of the trek-oxen tethered to the disselboom, and now and again the figure of a man.

The only sounds were the crackling chirps of the bull-frogs in the vlei, and the voices of two men who sat leaning back against the kaross of meer-kat skins flung over one of the waggon-wheels.

"No!" repeated the elder man, the transport rider and owner of the waggon, raising his voice; "with us they shall not come—either she or the brat."

"But look, Jakob," persisted the other: "it is now three weeks, four weeks, that we are on the trek, and she has followed all the time, and carried the child too. How the poor girl lives I do not know. Take only the child, Jakob."

"How are we to eat? how is the Vrouw to eat?" demanded the Boer querulously. "Are there not enough mouths to fill already? And God knows how much farther the span can go without water in this accursed country; they have enough to pull as it is. And why should I feed the wife and child of every black schelm that is fool enough to want them? *Verdomte swartzkop!*" And he spat angrily into the fire.

"But the child," persisted Piet; "that is small, and eats but little, not a quarter as much as a dog. Besides, Klaus may run away if the girl falls sick, and he alone knows the road and the drifts across the river."

There was a moment's pause. "Well, the brat, then, in God's name," snapped the other. "The girl can walk, as she has walked these three weeks," he added, and rolled himself in his rug to avoid further surrender.

Piet rose stiffly to his feet; the night breeze was growing chill. He knocked

the ashes out of his pipe, kicked some fuel into the embers of the fire, and went round to the other side of the waggon, where the three Basuto boys were lying.

"Klaus!" he called: "here a moment!"

A grunt from one of the blankets answered him.

"Baas Jakob says the baby may ride with the Vrouw in the waggon,—but the girl must still walk."

There was a sudden movement at his feet, and a dark figure rolled out of the blanket.

"No, boy, no! Not that!" His hand was being covered with kisses. Piet drew it sharply away, and taking a strip of biltong from his pocket thrust it into the Basuto's grasp. "Here, this may help—for the girl; it was all I could get," he said roughly, and turning on his heel went back to where his brother lay sleeping. Baas Piet was as averse to being generous as the transport-rider, though for other reasons.

For a while Klaus lay still.

Presently, carrying the piece of hard sun-dried meat and his own supper of boiled mealies, he crept shivering from his blanket and went slowly out on to the silent veldt, in the direction from which the waggon had come,—as he had gone every night to listen for the signal that told him Betta was there among the ant-hills. Then he would cheer her up, and sit beside her while she ate some of his poor rations, though they were not enough for her and the child.

Betta was a good girl. He knew that when he gave her father two oxen and some wethers, and took her away with him from the old kraal by the waggon-drift across the Krei three years ago. She had been with him ever since, and now, when the trek began, Baas Jacob would not let her ride in the waggon or even come near it.

Klaus grasped the kerrie dangling from his belt at the recollection of the cut across the mouth that the drunken transport-rider had given him with his sjambok when he had asked his permission. Besides, there was the baby, and he could not have left both of them behind, so far from the kraal and her own people. But Baas Jakob was a hard man; he did not understand such things.

Ever since they had left Burghersdorp—many weeks ago—she had walked after them, the baby slung at her back; and there were yet three weeks more, and the desert strip to cross before they reached the Great Belt and the river. But the baby was to ride in the waggon now with the Vrouw, and the girl would not be so tired.

Ah! Baas Piet was a good man—better than Baas Jakob: *he* would help; and later on, he might even be rich enough to buy a few head of cattle and some ponies, and they would all go back to the old place on the Krei, and . . . He started to his feet as the pipe of a honey-bird came faintly out of the distance. Betta was there at last.

The waggon was creaking along under the burning noonday sun; the oxen stumbled lazily with lolling tongues, crawling at snail's pace without fear of the flick of the lash, for every one was asleep except the little voerloper trudging in front of the two leaders, crooning an endless native song to himself. The wind, more burning than the sun, came in ceaseless gusts across the arid veldt, destitute of grass or tree, and catching up great clouds of red dust, whirled them in eddying, choking masses about the waggon, and then swept them away until they vanished in the shimmering heat-haze. Now and then a tortoise dragged his black-and-yellow shell out of the way of the span, and lumbered heavily off the track to a safe distance, there to retire within himself until the unwonted apparition had disappeared

beyond his limited horizon ; or a snake would shoot out a shining head from the shelter of some deserted ant-heap as the rumble of wheels roused him from his nap ; and far up in the clear blue air floated a great vulture, without a tremor of his wide pinions, just as he had floated for many days past, watching and waiting.

Suddenly there was a stir under the tilt ; the curtain was flung aside, and Baas Piet stepped out on to the fore part of the waggon, yawning sleepily.

"Boy !" he shouted, "onsaddle the mare ; I shall ride on to the waterhole beyond the drift. It cannot be far off now."

Klaus appeared from underneath the waggon, where his blanket was slung hammock-fashion in the daytime.

"No, Baas Piet ; the spruit should not be more than one hour's ride now, and the hole is only two, three mile farther."

Presently he brought the mare round from the back of the waggon, where she had been tied up, tightened the girths, and rolled up the rein of the neck-halter. Baas Piet swung himself off the edge of the waggon into the saddle.

"Tell the Baas when he wakes up," he said ; and with a shake of the reins cantered off through the dust.

"It cannot be far off now," repeated Klaus to himself, as he watched him until he became invisible in the midst of the vast brown expanse of sun-scorched hillside.

It was now five days since they had left the last vlei, and he had given nearly all his share of the hot muddy water that the Vrouw served out to the girl for the last few days, but that was very, very little ; and she was sick, too.

For a moment he stopped and looked backwards : there, just topping the last rise, miles and miles away, his keen sight could pick out against the skyline the little black speck that had been behind them for so many weeks now ; faltering on with parched lips through the heat and loneliness of the plains, always dropping farther and farther behind as evening drew in.

He heard the snores of the transport-rider and his Vrouw as they slept comfortably under the tilt. If they could only feel what Betta felt,—yet it was easier for her now that she had not the baby to carry ; and the water was close in front ; and after that only two or three days' trek before the desert ended. And, comforted by the thought, Klaus walked on after the waggon and returned to his blanket.

The baby was certainly the most contented of all, lying in an empty sugar-box under the shade of the tilt, engaged in coiling the soft end of the eighteen-foot lash round and round its chubby arms. It grew fatter and merrier every day ; the Vrouw rather liked it, black as it was, for she had no children of her own.

All at once came a warning shout from the voerloper : they were right on the edge of the drift, and the leaders began to pick their way slowly down the steep bank over the loose rocks and sand. Klaus was busy putting the heavy iron shoe-drag under one of the hind wheels, while Baas Jakob, in a bad temper at having his sleep disturbed, sat upon the front of the waggon swearing at him and the other boys for being lazy.

Now sliding sideways over a smooth shelving rock, now plunging down over a ledge with a jar that wrenched every bolt and wheel-spoke, the heavy waggon crashed down the bank only to come to a dead stop at the bottom, embedded in sand up to the axles. The span were knotted in a tangled mob of clashing horns and twisted yoke-reins, snuffing and pawing up the sand with impatient

hoofs: instinct told them that water was there—but it was far, far below, for the last rains had fallen many months back.

“*Verdomte rooinecks!*” raged the angry Baas, beside himself; “twist their tails; get that iron spike here, Hendrik,—that will make the devils move.”

But it was of no use; the span only became more hopelessly entangled. In vain Klaus dashed in among them, sjambok in hand, kicking here and slashing there, while Hendrik and the voerloper called upon the beasts by name and urged them forward. Water they knew was there, and water they would have.

“The whip! why don’t you take the whip, you schelms? Where is it?” roared the infuriated Boer, rising and glaring about the waggon.

As he went forward he stumbled over the baby and its box, upsetting it, and sending the child rolling across the floor of the waggon, where it lay in a ball on a heap of skins, crowing with delight. People so seldom played games with it.

The Boer thrust the empty box back against the side with his foot, and snatched up the bamboo whip-handle. Poising it carefully above his head in both hands, he gave a little preliminary flourish, but the end was caught in something—the brat again, curse it!

It opened wide eyes of pleasure at him, holding up its dimpled wrists, wound round with the end of the lash.

With a savage oath he kicked it off the end of the waggon into the midst of the struggling cattle, and brought the great whip down upon them with all his force. Again and again it uncoiled and whizzed down with a crack like a rifle-shot, cutting into the steaming flanks of the plunging mob until they bellowed again. Scarred and bleeding, deafened by the report of the whip and the hoarse yells of the men, the maddened beasts straightened out, and with Klaus and the voerloper tugging at the leaders’ heads strained panting up the farther bank of the drift, the waggon creaking through the rocky river-bed behind them; and then trailed wearily forward into the dusk.

And when all was still the lizards came out of the crevices, only to scuttle back with a whisk of their tails. There was water in the drift now,—red water, dripping softly down between the stones and sinking into the thirsty sand. Overhead sailed a vulture in ever-narrowing circles.

And then the night fell.

It was late that evening before Klaus crawled stealthily away from the waggon, taking a full beaker of fresh water from the pool and his supper; the Baas was very angry with him because the waggon had stuck in the drift,—though how could *he* help it if the oxen would not be driven?—and had forbidden him to leave the waggon to see Betta. But no Baas could keep him from doing that, no matter how many hidings he got for it.

He walked back as far as the edge of the drift, and sat there waiting. He could not see far to-night, for there was no moon, only the half-light of the stars, and the bottom of the drift yawned black at his feet. A prowling jackal snarled close by, and at his approach a great vulture, gorged with the remains of some worn-out trek-ox that had fallen there to die, though he did not remember noticing it, had flapped heavily off into the night.

Klaus waited for many hours, but the girl did not come. Of course, having the baby to carry again would make her take longer; for Baas Jakob had told him how he had seen it roll off the waggon that morning trying to reach a big tortoise on the road, and crawl after it unhurt; and how he had watched it there

until Betta had picked it up when she came along. Still, she would catch them up next evening, and he left the water-beaker and the food tied up in a piece of rag under a heap of stones in the middle of the road, so that the aasvogels could not get at them, and Betta might find them there in the morning.

But Betta did not catch the waggon up next evening, or the next.

* * * * *

Four days afterwards they had passed the edge of the desert and outspanned among the shady tamarisks and the willows by the banks of the Great River.

"Never mind, Klaus," said Baas Piet kindly, patting him on the shoulder; "hunger is a bad death, but it is God's will. Besides," he added, with a smile, "there are yet many good girls in Basutoland. But you will stay with Baas Jakob and me yet a bit?"

"I stay with you,—and Baas Jakob," answered Klaus simply; "he treats me as well as any other Baas."

R. POPHAM LOBB.

TWILIGHT.

IN the primrose-tinted sky
 The wan little moon,
 Hangs like a jewel dainty and rare,
 And one fair star of palest gold,
 Gleams and trembles there ;—
 Down in the distant valley the daylight fades away,
 And now the mist-crowned mountains
 Cloak them in purple and grey—
 Then darken the dusky shadows,
 And in the waning light
 Day gathers her robes about her,
 And kisses her sister—Night.

LULU COOKE DON CARLOS.



(TO BE READ FROM THE BOTTOM)

1. A man in a carriage. 2. A man in a suit. 3. A man in a suit. 4. A man in a suit. 5. A man in a suit. 6. A man in a suit. 7. A man in a suit. 8. A man in a suit. 9. A man in a suit. 10. A man in a suit.

FBI

Poverty'd of all that wealth can give,
In style he now begins to live;
His carriages keeps; but yet can spare
A fortune to his son and heir.



191

His friends, relations, uncles, cousins,
To wish him joy, flock in by dozens;
And those who 'guilt him cleave'd their
Obscure head unto the stars. [Exit

RG. 6. 10. 18.5

[8]

And now, behold, how chang'd the scene,
To what it formerly had been ;
No duns to vex,—of gold a hoard,
While wealth & plenty crown his board.

[Gibbs]

[7.]

To BISH he goes, with Prize in hand,
Who pays the Money on demand,
With many thanks for favours past,
And hoping that his luck may last.

[G. 4. 1. 8. 1]

[6]

Not long he waits:—the lucky youth
Who drew the Prize, proclaims the truth
And in his breast "fond hopes arise,
It is a Twenty Thousand Prize!"

Глава 7.1

47

At home arriv'd, he tells his deary,
And anxiously expects to hear
The glorious, heart-inspiring sound,—
'Tis drawn a Twenty Thousand Pound!

[Cobalt]

47

And passing by, he saw the Scheme,
Of universal praise the theme ;
Then went to BISH, a Ticket bought,
In hopes that Fortune he had caught

(344 N. E.)

23

She answered thus: "If you are wise, You'll try at BISH's for a Frise." The thought inspir'd with hope the man, Who off to BISH's quickly ran.

Go to No 4)

41

"My dearest wife, the times are bad,
And as to Cash it can't be had;
In this sad plight, what shall we do?
Or, pray what plan can we pursue?"

[Go to No 2.]

1

A wight, by poverty oppress'd,
By duns and creditors distress'd,
Thus to his dame in endearing said,
While drosses of horror fill'd his head

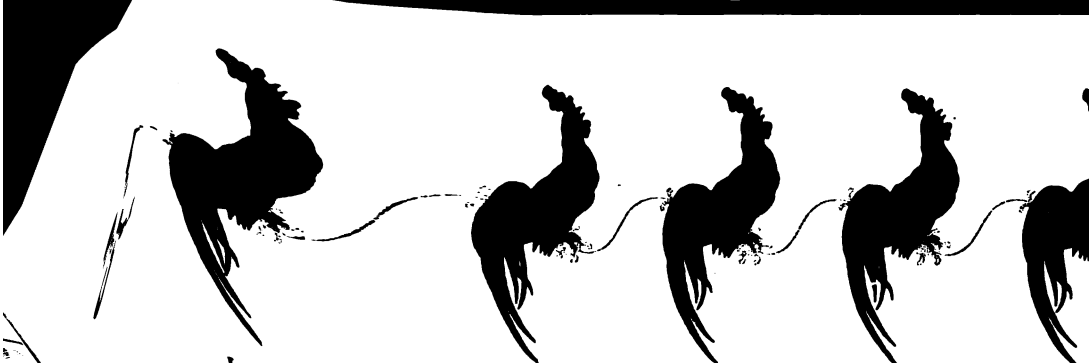
Table No. 21

To be all drawn in Two Days, 5th and 16th OCTOBER.—Two of £20,000.—Two of £10,000, &c.—All Sterling Money.—All the 6,000 Tickets drawn the First Day are sure to be Prizes—Two of £10,000 in the first Fifteen Minutes.—Only 7,000 Tickets.

A VALENTINE

**When the Prizes are
gained without risk.**

Next Wednesday, the Purchaser of a Whole Ticket can only lose Eighteen Shillings, a Sixteenth Two Shillings—other Shares in proportion, and yet have a chance for all the Capitals drawn that day, while Three Prizes of £2,000 each must be drawn. Wheel continues, in Canada & America.



LOTTERIES, LUCK, CHANCE, AND GAMBLING SYSTEMS

II.—LUCK.

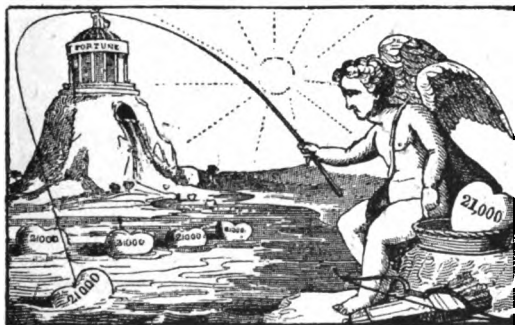
"The law of individual cases is, that there shall be marked differences; of the mass there shall be great approach to uniformity."—DE MORGAN.

THE frontispiece is a reproduction of two curious lottery bills that have been "inlaid" together to form one page of my large collection, from which I have taken the other lottery notices which illustrate these pages. The numbers are numbered 1 to 3 and 5 to 13, and they are left to display their own argument while we discuss Luck.

In Part I. we had a short account of the State Lotteries of this country, and a very remarkable and authentic instance of luck in drawing a £20,000 prize, and the concluding words of Part I. were, "nothing is more likely than that certain people are 'lucky'—whatever be the nature of their ventures."

This statement will probably be scouted by many persons who are convinced that there is nothing in so-called "luck"; and, on the other hand, it will be received by the speculative section of one's readers as a confirmation of their opinion, and as an encouragement to continue their gambling; for it is not difficult to find a gambler who does not believe in his own luck: a gambler who believes in his own luck is essentially unlucky, and who still continues to tempt Fortune, combines a maximum of unreason with his gambling which renders argument addressed to him as futile as it would be if spoken to one of Madame Tussaud's wax-figures.

But I hope to prove to both these sections of readers—*i.e.*, those who believe in luck and those who do not—that, in any community or society one selects, there



Great Chance! Small Risk!
A Whole Ticket for only 18 Shillings!—A Sixteenth for only Two Shillings!
IN THE LOTTERY TO BE DRAWN ON
VALENTINE'S DAY
On which Day, THREE of £2,000 will be drawn in the first Five Minutes.
WHICH THE PUBLIC ARE SURE TO GET FOR NOTHING

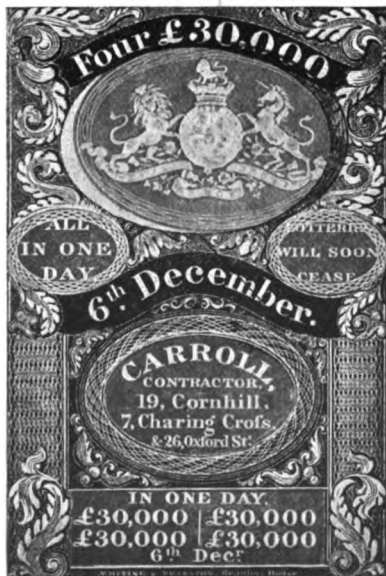
J. & J. SIVEWRIGHT, Contractors, as a mark of gratitude for the patronage they have received, have resolved to present the Public with a new and advantageous Adventure, by which they can have the chance, with scarcely any risk, of all the Capital to be drawn on VALENTINE'S DAY, (14th February);
AND THE PUBLIC ARE SURE OF GETTING AT LEAST
THREE Prizes of £2,000 for Nothing

No. 1.

Copyright by John Holt Schooling, 1899.

must be persons who are constantly lucky, whatever be the nature of their ventures, and that conversely there must be persons who are constantly unlucky. Moreover, I hope to show also, by purely *a priori* reasoning, that between these two extremes of good luck and bad luck lie groups of persons who experience all those shades and varieties of luck which are credited by speculators of all kinds, although the causes stated by these gamblers for the various changes of luck are wholly fallacious and fanciful.

Among these fanciful causes of a change of luck, one includes such common occurrences as turning one's chair round at cards, giving money to beggars on the downs at Epsom, the lucky or unlucky influence of a particular person present at the whist-table, the luck of a beginner at any new venture. The first time I went to a race-meeting knowing absolutely nothing about racing, my companion—a man much older than I—backed for our joint benefit the horses I marked on the card; and we won, I think, six times out of seven. Every one can add to the preceding, other instances of “causes,” purely fanciful, which are, however, implicitly believed in by gamblers as bringing good or bad luck.



No. 3.

Per-
haps the
reason
why
there
are so

many extraordinary and quite unreasonable beliefs in such “causes” of luck as those just named, is that people have from very early days been in the habit of ascribing to observed effects causes of some sort, and with gamblers of all ages any cause has been preferred to no cause, and no cause has been thought too fanciful, utterly preposterous as such ascribed causes have been and are.

But, despite the absurdity of the cause ascribed for this or that piece of good luck or bad luck, the fact remains that luck, luck of all shades, is a substantial reality; and, if possible, I want to make this clear—for two purposes. First, to convince persons who do



No. 2.

not believe in luck that luck exists ; second, to show gamblers, who do believe in luck, something of the way in which luck comes about, and so, by clearing the ground as much as possible of fallacious ideas, to make more easy the arguments

POPULATION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM IN JUNE 1877.	
EVENT]	
No. 1.....	16777216 WIN AND 16777216 LOSE IN 1877
No. 2.....	8388608 WIN AND 8388608 LOSE IN 1878
No. 3.....	4194304 WIN AND 4194304 LOSE IN 1879
No. 4.....	2097152 WIN AND 2097152 LOSE IN 1880
No. 5.....	1048576 WIN AND 1048576 LOSE IN 1881
No. 6.....	524288 WIN AND 524288 LOSE IN 1882
No. 7.....	262144 WIN AND 262144 LOSE IN 1883
No. 8.....	131072 WIN AND 131072 LOSE IN 1884
No. 9.....	65536 WIN AND 65536 LOSE IN 1885
No. 10.....	32768 WIN AND 32768 LOSE IN 1886
No. 11.....	16384 WIN AND 16384 LOSE IN 1887
No. 12.....	8192 WIN AND 8192 LOSE IN 1888
No. 13.....	4096 WIN AND 4096 LOSE IN 1889
No. 14.....	2048 WIN AND 2048 LOSE IN 1890
No. 15.....	1024 WIN AND 1024 LOSE IN 1891
No. 16.....	512 WIN AND 512 LOSE IN 1892
No. 17.....	256 WIN AND 256 LOSE IN 1893
No. 18.....	128 WIN AND 128 LOSE IN 1894
No. 19.....	64 WIN AND 64 LOSE IN 1895
No. 20.....	32 WIN AND 32 LOSE IN 1896
No. 21.....	16 WIN AND 16 LOSE IN 1897
No. 22.....	8 WIN AND 8 LOSE IN 1898
No. 23.....	4 WIN AND 4 LOSE IN 1899
No. 24.....	2 WIN AND 2 LOSE IN 1900
No. 25.....	1 WINS AND 1 LOSES IN 1901

No. 4.

in a later part of this article, which will show the folly of gambling, on a system or otherwise, from the purely material point of view. Is it good enough? The ethics of gambling are quite outside the scope of these remarks, which deal only with the money-making or money-losing part of the matter.

Let us base our discussion of the effective reality of luck, and our *a priori* reasoning about luck, upon a concrete illustration, which may be of assistance in creating a clear idea in the mind as to the existence of luck.

The statement seen in No. 4 is a sort of pedigree of lucky persons, starting with the population of the United Kingdom in June, 1877—33,554,432 persons. This starting-point has been chosen because it supplies us with a number of persons that will be seen to be convenient for our purpose as we follow the steps of No. 4, and which is also a number sufficiently large to enable us to reason with a high degree of probability that our reasoning will not be invalidated on the score of the facts being too scanty.

For the sake of clearness, we will make a few assumptions as to No. 4, which will not vitiate our logic, while these assumptions will take away much complexity from our discussion of luck.

We will assume that the population of the United Kingdom on the 10th of June, 1877 [33,554,432 persons] has been preserved intact up to the present date, and into the year 1901. That is to say, we will assume that no deaths or births, or other cause of decrease or of increase, have occurred among this population. We will assume that on the 30th June, each year, beginning with the year 1877, a public lottery took place, and takes place, in which the prizes are in number equal to one-half the number of persons who each year enter the lottery. Also, for convenience, we will assume that, after each of these yearly lotteries has been decided, the losers abstain from participation in any future lottery, leaving only the winners to take part in the lotteries of future years. No person to have more than one share in any lottery.

FORTUNE'S CARDS.



A Hint to Speculators.

IF you would be *Put* in the way of playing your Cards to advantage, and would gain a *Trump* with little *Hasard*, "I beg" to print out to you a *Speculation*, by which, without a *Brag*, you may win the *Game* of Independence, and divide the honours among you, of *Base*, *Happiness* and *Prosperity*.

You need neither *Beggar* your *Neighbour*, nor injure yourself.

If you are *SMALL*, your Card may turn up a *Trump*, and give you the means of settling comfortably for life.

If you are *MARRIED*, the pleasures of *Abstinence* may be augmented, and your Children amply provided for.

If you are *Low*, it will raise you *High*.

If you are *High*, it will lift you *HIGHER*.

It is a *Game*, calculated to please the *Four Corners* of the World; and is superior to *Piquet*, *Quadrille*, *Whist*, *Leo*, or *Cribbage*.

In short, it is a *Game*, which will make you as rich as a *King*, as happy as a *Queen*, and you may sweep your fingers at a *Knave*. You need never use the *Spade*, may bid defiance to *Clubs*, keep possession of *Hearts*, and be the *Owner* of *Diamonds*, and if you get the *Ace*, the *Deuce* is in it, if you are not contented.

After all this you are, no doubt, anxious to know what it can be; and how you can be *Put* in the way of gaining all these good things. You have nothing else to do then, but *Laugh* and *lay down* a trifle in the purchase of a *Ticket* or *Share*, in the most tempting *Lottery* ever offered to your notice.

The *Trump Cards*, are *All Four*, viz. Two Prizes of 20,000 Guineas, and Two Prizes of 5,000 Guineas; the other *Court Cards* are Forty more Capital Prizes of great magnitude. All *Sterling Money*, and No *Stock* Prizes.

The *Sale* is already immense; you have therefore nothing else to do but *follow suit*, and as there is no *Shuffling*, you need not *Cut*; but angle for the *Golden Fakes* from the *Pool* of *Fortune* on the 21st of this Month (January) when the *Lottery* will commence, and on which Day you may be the *Counter* of enviable Independence.

(City and Palace, Fenchurch, 38, Gracechurch Street.

No. 5.

persons, all of whom have already had three consecutive wins, are eligible for the lottery in 1880. By this time all sorts of funny reasons have been invented by the losers (and by the winners also) to account for a run of luck that has already extended over the three years 1877-79, although, as we see clearly enough, this little run of luck, shared equally by more than four millions out of our original thirty-three millions, is absolutely what is predicted by *a priori* reasoning, and which is certain to occur.

We will not follow every stage of our illustration. Notice, for example, that when the eighth event is decided, in the year 1884, only 131,072 persons are left in to participate in future lotteries. But these 131,072 persons are, in 1884,

We begin with event No. 1, on June 30th, 1877, in which lottery all the 33,554,432 persons have one share. As, by our assumption, the prizes are in number equal to one-half the number of persons who enter the lottery, we find that 16,777,216 win the first event, and that the same number are losers; these losers retire from all further gambling, and sit down to watch the luck of those left in and to assign "causes" for their own bad luck and for the good luck of the others. [N.B.—As a matter of fact, these 16,777,216 losers would probably get up a gamble on their own account; and if unlimited printing space were available, one could trace out, for each set of losers, a statement similar to No. 4.]

The second lottery takes place on June 30th, 1878, and the competitors are the 16,777,216 winners of the year before. Again we may say that one-half of these persons will win and one-half will lose. Thus, in 1878, the 8,388,608 losers retire, and the 8,388,608 winners enter for the lottery of 1879. The result of this third event is that 4,194,304 persons join the ranks of the losers in the years 1877-78, and that 4,194,304

regarded as very lucky, for each of them has enjoyed a run of luck lasting over the years 1877—1884; and as they could not then see the statement in No. 4, at which we are looking in 1899, each one of these 131,072 fortunate winners no doubt thought he was essentially a lucky person, and would remain so. But, alas! the very next year, 1885, broke the luck of just one-half of these lucky ones, and sent 65,536 of them to join previous losers, and to ascribe their "change of luck" to

one or other of the fanciful causes we have already noticed. One of these 65,536 losers in 1885 perhaps married in that year, and so changed his luck; another became a teetotaller perhaps, and so his luck left him; a third broke a looking-glass in 1885, the year when his luck changed; "and, it's a funny thing, but the very year when I broke that looking-glass my luck completely changed," runs the refrain in later years.

When the year 1890 is reached, in which the fourteenth lottery is decided, there remain only 2048 winners out of the original 33,554,432. These winners have had a run of luck for *fourteen consecutive years*, and surely they may regard themselves as men essentially lucky, who are "bound to win" whatever they go for. But this bothersome theory of mathematical probability—upon whose reliability

in actual practice, by the way, are built up all the solid life assurance companies and societies, which are of such great value to the community—quietly steps in and says, in 1891, to just one-half of these 2048 lucky ones: "Your luck has changed. I don't know why—but it has. Please take a seat with that crowd



Good Old English Scheme, containing Three Prizes of £20,000, Two of £10,000, Two of £5,000, Three of £2,000, &c. &c. All Floating—No Stock—No Classes!

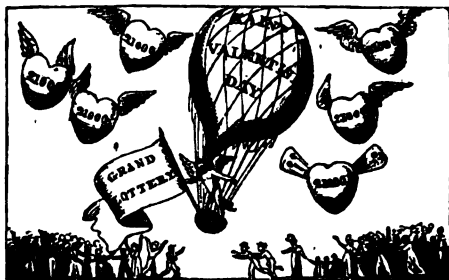
Begins drawing 30th of THIS MONTH, (October).

Tickets and Shares are selling by T. HYSER, Stock-Broker, 4, Cornhill; and 9, Charing-Cross; who sold the largest Capital last Lottery, viz. 4,001 £20,000, besides his usual proportion of minor Prizes

No. 7.

of losers over there, and invent a reason for this unfortunate change in your luck. Good-day."

In the Diamond Jubilee year, 1897, there were left of the original population in 1877, only 16 winners. These persons had been constantly lucky for twenty-one years, and yet in 1898 the good luck of one-half of these sixteen changed, despite their firmly established reputations as people having "the D—I's own luck," (another little fallacy, by the way, for the D—I, as popularly imagined, is a



Great Chance! Small Risk!

A Whole Ticket for only 18 Shillings!—A Sixteenth for only Two Shillings!

IN THE LOTTERY TO BE DRAWN ON

VALENTINE'S DAY,

On which Day, THREE of £2,000 will be drawn in the first Five Minutes! WHICH THE PUBLIC ARE SURE TO GET FOR NOTHING

No. 6.



THE RACE OF FORTUNE.

On the 14th of June Fortune's Race will begin.
Admission: None the Prize to reward those who win.
If of old Fortune Care you would get the whole hand,
You must stop now to hear and do Fortune's command.

So equal her justice, no favour she shows,
On the first at the goal, the reward she bestows,
And as Somebody must win,—Nobody knows who,
And Any-one may, it may chance to be so.

TWO Prizes of £20,000, Consols. besides 3,000 other Prizes, will all be decided NEXT THURSDAY, the 14th of JUNE, for which Day,

J. MERONE, Carver & Gilder, Market-Str. MANCHESTER, is now selling.

No. 8.

distinctly unlucky person). But then, of course, in 1897, there *was* the Jubilee, "and ever since that blessed Jubilee my luck has changed," say these sixteen who lost in 1897, and who had had, prior to 1897, a steady run of luck ever since 1877.

In 1901 there will be left of our original 33,554,432 persons only one person, and he or she will have had *unbroken luck for twenty-five years*; and this new series of State lotteries, which we have invented for our purpose, stops, having served its purpose in proving to us that there are, and must be, good luck and bad luck, lucky and unlucky persons.

Observe, specially, that we have, in this illustration of luck, been mainly concerned in tracing the careers of the *winners*. We have done this in order to be able to get a complete illustration of one part of our subject within small limits of space. If we trace out the losers, on the lines of No. 4, but removing the prohibition against subsequent participation in these yearly lotteries when a loss occurs, we shall find that, just as our winners in No. 4 have various runs of good luck which are later changed to bad luck, so also would our losers—neglected in No. 4—show various runs of bad luck, to be followed by runs of good luck; while at every one of the twenty-five events in No. 4 there would be some persons (in continually decreasing numbers) who would lose continually from the commencement to the end of this twenty-five years' series of events.

If, in addition to removing the prohibition against subsequent participation in these lotteries when a loss occurs, we also dispense with the other assumptions made at the commencement of our examination of No. 4, and so throw open the lotteries to all persons in the country, and let every person in each year enter for the lottery, we introduce complexities which do not admit of being treated with the precision which has been applied to the concrete illustration we have chosen, although the complications so introduced do not affect in the slightest degree the validity of our proof of the existence of lucky and of unlucky persons. This extension of the illustration would, moreover, extend the period of observation from the twenty-five years we have noticed to an unlimited period, and would, as will be evident, also extend indefinitely the period over which a run of continuous good or bad luck would last, bringing in also an infinitely greater variety

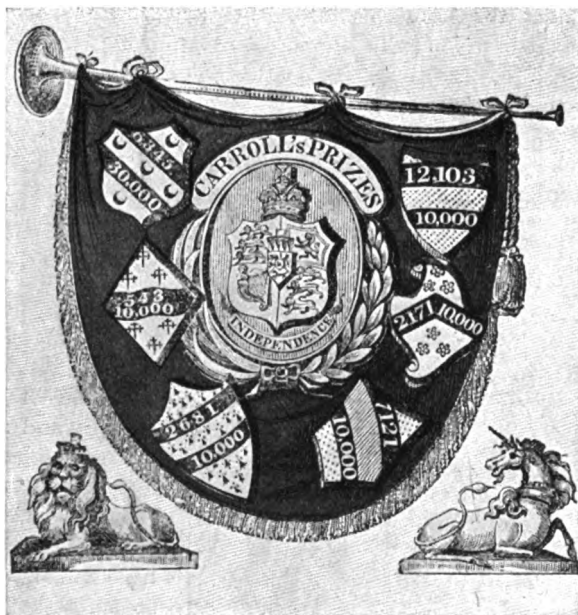


No. 9.

of alternating runs of luck than it has been practicable to include in our illustration.

So far, we have applied our reasoning in No. 4 only to a lottery with prizes that are distributed each year to the winners remaining in from preceding years. Apply now this same kind of reasoning about luck to events other than lotteries—and we shall see, as we have seen in No. 4, that, in those events of life *which are beyond our control*, we experience runs of good or of bad luck just as in these lotteries, although they do not admit of an exact forecast.

For example, instead of a lottery, let the numbered “events” for each year in No. 4 represent the experience of each year as regards the aggregate of all those many things which are of daily occurrence, some of which affect us to our detriment and some to our benefit—all of these occurrences being those which *are beyond our control*. By occurrences beyond our own control I mean such pieces of good or bad luck as may be brought to any one of us by accidental bodily injury, such as the loss of eyesight to a working man who without provocation was blinded by a strange woman the other day, who threw a glass at the man in a public-house; the loss of



No. 10.

one's income by the failure of a bank, such as the City of Glasgow Bank, which ruined a friend of mine, who was merely trustee for two children whose property included a share in the Bank; the Jabez Balfour swindle; marrying a wife with wholly good motives, to find she is a secret drunkard, or a swindler, as that most unfortunate doctor discovered lately, who was sent to prison solely on account of his wife's misdeeds; illness, such as a severe attack of influenza, which causes a man to lose his appointment, failure to pass the medical examination for the

army when a young man has passed all the other tests ; a legacy coming to one at the most opportune moment, a chance meeting which directly leads to benefit, an accidental discovery by a man of science which leads to fame ; getting into the last carriage of a train that smashed up in front, and a host of other things that are beyond our own control, and which in some instances go a long way to make a man lucky or unlucky.

Thus, we substitute for our yearly win or loss in the lottery in No. 4, the *net result*, each year, of all those chance occurrences during the year that come to every one in varying degrees. If the net result of the year, as regards our chance occurrences, be lucky for us, we come under the head of those who win, and if unlucky under the head of those who are ranked in No. 4 as losers in each year.

Following the same line of argument as we have followed for the twenty-five yearly lotteries, we see that we may expect, *a priori*, that some persons will be constantly lucky throughout life, while others will be constantly unlucky throughout life—and that there will be all shades of good and bad luck between these two extremes of luck : we have merely to read each event in No. 4 as being composed of several independent minor events, and as representing a net loss or gain, by luck, on each year.

We may now realise, perhaps, from No. 4 and our consideration of it, not only that some persons are actually more lucky than others to a very high degree, but also we may infer quite logically that for every person's luck to be equal would necessitate a condition of things in actual life as extraordinary and as inconceivable as the existence of conditions in tossing a penny thirty or forty millions of times, which conditions should bring about, during this immense series of tosses, a perpetual and unbroken alternation, head tail, head tail, head tail, head tail, and so on, without a run on either head or tail.

Although I have tried to prove, and perhaps have proved to the satisfaction of my readers, the existence of luck, I should like to say that this has been done for the sake of clearing away mistaken notions about luck ; and one is very far from advocating reliance upon luck, either good or bad. In the first place, it is impossible for any person to know if he or she be destined to receive good luck



No. 11.



No. 12.

or bad luck, and it is also impossible for any person to know for how long an existing run of luck will continue. For example, I know a lady, about forty years of age, who admits that she has never experienced a misfortune or any piece of ill-luck; all those things which are commonly connected with good luck have gone to this lady for forty years. But this lucky winner in life's lotteries is as likely to experience a change of luck as are some of the unlucky ones. There is, of course, the point that continued success and good luck may indirectly minimise a piece of subsequent bad luck; while continued failure and bad luck may tend to magnify subsequent bad luck, and to minimise subsequent good luck. On this score of luck it is important to bear in mind that people often ascribe to good luck results which have nothing to do with luck, but which are the outcome of the energy, skill or foresight of the so-called lucky person. And on the other hand it is easy for most of us to recall instances of "unlucky" persons whose "bad luck" was merely the natural result of the absence in such persons of the qualities just named. Luck of this sort is outside of our subject, although it is often confused with the genuine luck which we have been discussing.

Although, as we have seen, we must all of us be exposed to the risks brought by luck pure and simple, it is worth while to bear in mind that, be our luck good or bad, nothing that we can do can possibly affect our future experience of this curious and important factor of life, which has given rise to so much foolish superstition and also to a shortsighted disbelief in luck. Bearing this in mind, one sees that,

be our luck good or bad, no man can sanely allow his luck to have the slightest influence upon the line of conduct he follows. If we have good luck, so much the better, provided we do not let it influence us, especially in the direction of presuming upon a continuance of good luck—a presumption that brings many people to grief, after the fashion of our winners in No 4 who became losers. Also it is obvious that the proof of the existence of luck which has now been given should have an encouraging and not a depressing influence upon persons who may be now enduring a run of bad luck. In fact, the proof of the existence of luck which has been given impresses one more than ever with the sound good sense of these words of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius: "To her who gives and takes back all, to Nature, the man who is instructed and modest says, Give what thou wilt; take back what thou wilt. And he says this not proudly, but obediently and well pleased with her."



No. 13.



CHANGE PARTNERS.

THE club-doctor had gone away looking very serious, and promising to call again in half an hour, after he had been to see another patient. He was thinking that by that time his patient might have died or recovered consciousness, in either of which cases he would be able to express a more decided opinion about her symptoms. At present they puzzled him, and he contented himself with looking grave, patting John Emanuel on the back and telling him to keep up heart and hope for the best. When he was gone the husband sat and stared at the fire, with his empty pipe in his hand. He had filled it while the doctor was in the bedroom above, but had bethought himself, as he was about to light it, that smoking under the circumstances had an appearance of heartlessness, and had emptied the tobacco back into the jar on the mantelsheff. It was a new sensation for him to sit still without smoking and without hearing his wife bustling about the place, and it added to the feeling of strangeness that hung over him not without a certain pleasurable-ness. There was a certain enjoyment, too, in the knowledge that everybody in the village would soon be talking about his wife's accident.

"Tha naabors 'll mebbe coom in ta see Soosan," he said aloud reflectively; and he put down the empty pipe on the mantelsheff, with its cheap clock that seemed to tick more loudly than usual, and its two pot dogs which smiled as foolishly as ever in spite of the calamity which had come to the house.

There was a gentle tap at the door before he could sit down again, and John Emanuel's face took a shade of deeper gravity and importance as he crossed the room to open it.

"Oh! it's thoo, Cousin Sarah," he said, as a buxom woman of thirty or so entered. "A thowt th' news 'd be getting roond tha plaace."

"It's rare an' sad news," said Cousin Sarah, as she shut the door behind her. "A met th' doctor, as a wor coomin', and he says it'll be th' end o' Soosan. Tell us how it coom abawt. They saa as thee fawnd 'er when thee coom hoam to tha tea."

"Yaas," said John Emanuel, shaking his head slowly, "joost ath' foot o' th' ladder, an' a thowt she wor dead. Hoo long th' poor thing had bean thear a doan't know, but she ha'n't mooved a syllabul since, an' I doan't think she ever will."

"Tha woan't find another like her in a hurry," said Cousin Sarah, who had been skirmishing round the place while she talked, and had just discovered a table-cloth, which she proceeded to lay on the wooden table in a bustling, workmanlike manner.

"A man mun have his vittles, coom what may," she said, in answer to his inquiring glance. "A'll be boond tha's had nowt sin' tha coom hoam."

"A ha'n't thowt on it," said John Emanuel, looking a little brighter, as the bustling woman poked up the low fire and put on the kettle.

"Tha' woan't find another like Soosan in a hurry," she suggested again as she returned to the table; and John Emanuel nodded.

"Oop early and ta bed laate," she went on, "an' haard at it all th' time; she wor a wonderful woman. What wor she dooin' when she toombed off th' ladder?"

"Whiet-washing," said the husband.

"A thowt as much."

"Well! thoo'rt joost such another," suggested John Emanuel, as he watched her bustling about over the meal. "A've often said to mysen', Soosan an' Coosin Sarah are th' only two wimmen as a'd like ta see abawt ma plaace. 'If Soosan shood be took,' a've said to mysen' agaañ and agaan, 'Cousin Sarah's th' lass as a shood maak Missis Smith.'"

The woman stopped in the act of carving a huge slice of bread.

"Tha doan't mean it, John Emanuel!" she said, staring at him.

"A do that," said John Emanuel, with determination; "but of coorse there's Patrick in tha way naw."

"Of coorse," said Cousin Sarah, going on with her bread-cutting, and her tone became more conversational again. "Patrick coom with me as far as th' hoose," she said. "He sad he'd stop an' smoak in th' garden. He's no good in time o' trubble, ain't Patrick."

"He's noa nearer marryin', I spoase?" said John Emanuel thoughtfully. Cousin Sarah shook her head.

"Patrick's bone-idle, a think."

"Then why doan't thee give him oop?" said the man, looking down at his boots.

"Give Patrick oop? Whatever foer?" said Cousin Sarah, with an excess of innocence; and the man still stared at his boots as he answered:

"Why, ta marry me, of coorse. A shall want somebody ta fend an' to do for me when Soosan's goan."

Cousin Sarah put down her knife again to stare across at him.

"Dost ta mean it, John Emanuel?"

"A do," said he.

"Then a'll goa and tell Patrick that a caan't keap coompany wi'm any longer," she said briskly; and she opened the cottage door to put her plan into execution as she spoke.

John Emanuel looked meditatively into the fire when she was gone. The kettle was beginning to sing. The cheap American clock seemed to tick more cheerfully.

"A wonder whaat Patrick 'll saa," he remarked to himself aloud, and then he stared into the fire again.

Cousin Sarah came back just as the kettle was beginning to boil, and she made a dash for it with the teapot in her hand.

"Tha's not taaken long abaat it," said John Emanuel "Whaat does Patrick saa?"

"Oh! he doan't mind."

"Has he goan hoam?"

"Noa; he's taalking ta that Mary Emily Quipple next door ovver th' hedge."

"A'm glad he taakes it kind," said the man, as he began his tea. "Tha's not

a woman in these parts a'd like ta see in Soosan's plaace but tha, Cousin Sarah. Tha's maade this tea joost as she does, an' three loomps o' sugar too."

"A spoase you'll be burying Soosan on tha Sunday?" said Cousin Sarah, who had been following a train of thought of her own. "Tha' better get th' coffin maade in Yoark. It'll coom cheaper than if tha give it ta Tompkins ta do. He's rare an' dear. Whaat's tha matter, John Emanuel?"

For the man was staring with a white, scared face towards the narrow, ladder-like steps that led up to the room above. As she spoke, she too heard the sound of steps descending, and they both sat with mouths ajar, staring.

The next moment they started simultaneously as a well-known voice said querulously:

"Here's a fine to-do! Me lying in ma bed till all tha daalight's goan, an' th' outhoese not haalf doon yet, joost because a've had a bit of a fall off th' ladder. It's like thee, John Emanuel, laain' me there in th' best clean sheats wi' my dirty shoos and cloase on. Why, whaat's tha to do now, that tha looks as if tha'd seen a boggle?"

Ten minutes later Cousin Sarah called her former *fiancé*, who was still conversing with a pretty pink-gowned country girl over the hedge that divided the front garden from the next.

"A maade a mistaake, Patrick," she said, in a businesslike tone: "we'll goa on as we have been dooin'."

Patrick shook his head.

"Noa, Sarah; it's too laate," he said. "A've just asked Mary Emily Quipple to be ma wife. an' sha's said 'Yaas.'"

HERBERT FLOWERDEW.





I SPIED Love play his pipe one day,
A monotone, methought, for hours !
And down the silent woodland way
He becked and bowed to birds and flowers.
Anon, he stilled his finger-tips,
And kissed his maiden on the lips ;
Then laughed, and to his pipe again !
I pondered through an afternoon
To find a music in his strain,
Monotonous and slow of tune !

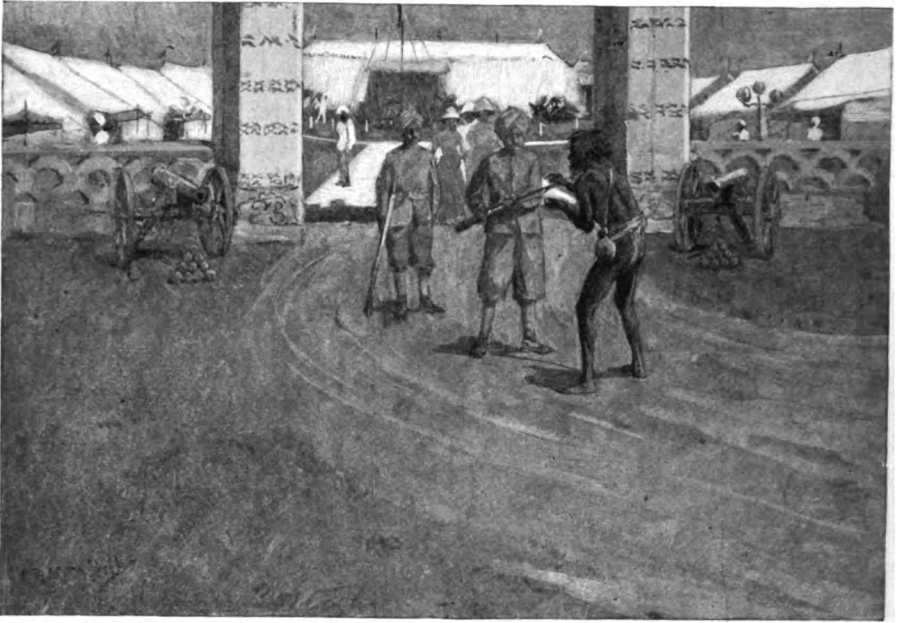


But, one sly day within the south,
Love pushed his pipe within my hand !
I frowned, I smiled, I pursed my mouth
To mock his moaning through the land.
His note I blew ; it flew, -it flew
Into a thousand echoes,—through
The thousand throats of busy birds ;
And timid trees and roses blown
And hushing grasses mingled chords
To match Love's eager monotone !



Ah me! I piped it with a will,—
And, save me, but I pipe it still!

A. BOYD SCOTT.



THE HOSTS OF THE LORD.



CHAPTER VII.

THE WORLD'S DESIRE.

THE Viceroy's camp was no longer a city of dreams. Its silence had gone, lost in that indefinable sense of sound which seems to come from the heart-beats, even, of unseen humanity; and the whiteness, the purity of it, was stained and smirched by the scarlet-as-sin coatees of the innumerable orderlies, who bustled about from tent to tent with huge files of references, or lingered at the tent doors extorting shoe-money from the native visitors who came in shoals to plead for patronage from one or another of the bigwigs belonging to the Hosts of the Lord-sahib. Groups of these petitioners, awaiting their turn for an interview, were to be seen at most tents; but they stood in shoals round one, in which the Commissioner of the Division was making the final arrangements for the coming *darbar** in consultation with the Under-Secretary to Supreme Government. It was a difficult task, involving as it did the classification of the aristocracy, plutocracy, and democracy of India in one generally satisfactory Court-guide.

"It can't be done in this wurld," remarked the Commissioner, in one of those

* Levee.

suave, plastic, Cork brogues, which might be made of Cork butter from the softness and lack of friction they bring to the English language. "An' what's more, the Archangel Gabriel couldn't do it in heaven, though he'd have a better chance, for the Cherubim wouldn't be wanting seats at all. We are bound to displease somebody, so let's cast lots before the Lord; it's Scriptural, annyhow."

The Under-Secretary looked a trifle shocked, being unacquainted with the Commissioner's methods.

"But we must" he began.

The other's keen face looked up from the lists for a second. "Of course we must—we govern India practically, by cane-bottomed chairs. Ye remember old Gunning? No!—before your time, I expect. Well, he kept two hundred miles of north-west frontier as quiet as the grave, for five years, by the simple expedient of awarding thirteen seats in his divisional *darbar* to each of his districts, and only taking twelve chairs with him into camp. The *mâlîks*, you see, never could tell which would be chosen odd man out, an' the fear of it kept 'em like sucking doves."

"Indeed!" remarked the Under-Secretary, fidgetting with his lists resignedly, for he was under the impression that time was being lost. "I'm afraid that sort of thing wouldn't answer nowadays."

The elder man looked at him gravely; just one short glance, as he dipped his pen in the ink and went on writing, revising, referring.

"Not a bit of it! They'd send down to Whiteway Laidlaw's and get Austrian bent-wood chairs by value-payable parcel post! The Teuton, sir, is ruinin' British prestige by cheapenin' the seats of the mighty. There! that's done—block A's beautiful entirely. Now for block B. Who's your favourite, and why are you backing him?"

Once more the junior appeared a trifle shocked. "With reference to Roshan Khân," he began, "His Excellency desired me to ask whether it might not be possible to give him a step for being, as it were, in his own division. He belongs to Eshwara, I believe."

"The very reason why he can't get an inch more than his due. But you can tell His Excellency that I've settled it. I've asked Dering to put him on duty, an' when he is in uniform there's no mistaking his place. And then we'll ask him in to the reception afterwards with the *sahib logue*. Who's your next—Dya Ram! what, the little pleader? Why the blazes should he come to *darbar*? Attorneys don't go to St. James'."

"Mr. Cox, the member of Parliament—perhaps you may remember him?"

"A little red-haired fellow, was he? who wrote a book about India on the back of his two-monthly return ticket?"

"Mr. Cox is a man of great influence with his party, and he supports Dya Ram's—"

"Pestilential little fool!" interrupted the Commissioner impartially, impersonally. "It wouldn't be bad, though—stop his scurrilous tongue for a bit. Favour does, you know. But I can't see my way to it. Old Hodinaggur would be refusing his *atta* and *pan** again. He did it once, ye know, when some low-caste fellow was within sight of him. Said he didn't eat with sweepers; and if Crawford—he was Commissioner at the time—"

"Yes," said the Under-Secretary still more resignedly. He had not yet grasped the fact that his coadjutor talked while he worked.

"—hadn't been six foot four and broad in proportion," went on his tormentor

* The ceremonial hospitality offered at levees.

imperturbably, "so that the—let us call them the subsequent negotiations—diplomatic negotiations: it sounds well—didn't reach the eye of His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, the Thakoor—one of our best men, let me tell you—would have got into trouble; more'd have been the pity."

"Yes," assented the man of Secretariats; "but about Dya Ram——"

"Dya Ram, is it now? Could we put him in under the head 'benevolence,' think you? Did he ever vaccinate a baby, or breed a horse, or give anything to a female hospital? No! Then the devil fly off with him for complicating the problem of British rule in India! Why should he want to come to *darbar* at all? When people change their dress they should change their desires; but the only effect our civilisation has upon some men I know, is to make them want to keep their hat and their boots on at the same time! Well, that's done! I've found a place for him where Hodinaggur can't see the tail end of him unless he squints. Now—who's your next?"

While this sort of thing was going on inside the tent, Dya Ram and the Thakoor of Hodinaggur were in full view of each other, outside it. The former, having scorned the sinful scarlet coatees, even to the point of refusing to have his patent leather shoes dusted, was walking up and down in English fashion. The latter, in a wonderful parcel-gilt coach, was awaiting the effect of his ten-rupee tip with perfect patience and serenity; while his retinue, which consisted of a dozen ragged retainers, carrying lances festooned with tinsel and yaks' tails, stared contemptuously at the two sentries pacing up and down below the flagstaff; who, to tell truth, seemed so monotonously part of the general show, as to suggest that they also were under the charge of the two yellow-legged policemen who stood on either side of the rose bed.

It was high noon, and the various departmental gongs had begun to give their version of the meridian, with that unbiassed disregard for that of their neighbours which makes the time of day an absolute uncertainty in a big camp. But it was calling time evidently, for two superb red coats, blazoned with gold, appeared in company with two big books and a silver inkstand, and disappeared with them into the *darbar* tent. And shortly afterwards an aide-de-camp sloped over to it, yawning.

Both Dya Ram and the Thakoor knew that this meant preparation for those who, having the entrée to Government House, had the right to put down their names in those big books; but the fact itself affected their two types very differently. The old Rajput's visit of ceremony was of another sort. He, obeying definite orders, would come at a specified time, and get his specified salute with his compeers. But Dya Ram was like the wild tribes in one way,—he was unspecified. He was neither fish nor fowl, flesh nor good red herring.

So, as he watched a young Englishman drive up in a bamboo cart, dash into the tent, and dash out again as if the place belonged to him, he felt aggrieved. He even went so far as to formulate his grievance in mental words, and then these appeared to him so apposite to a leading article, that he took out a note-book and, after some corrections, stored away for future use the assertion that "*the time will come when the colour of the hand which holds the pen will be no bar to its writing its name in the Book of . . . ?*" He did not feel sure of the qualitative noun, and trying Fate, Fame, Life and Lord, left a blank instead.

Meanwhile carriages and dogcarts of sorts had begun to drive up, their occupants disappearing into the tent for a second or two, then coming out with the smile of the elect on their faces. Father Ninian was one of the first, resplendent in a new *soutane* and sash, with Akhbar Khân in his orderly's get-up,

oscillating between a palsy of delighted servility and a catalepsy of dignity; the one for his superiors, the other for his equals.

And, after a while, in one of those mysteriously nondescript four-wheeled vehicles that defy classification but may be said to come under the head "*phitton*" (phaeton) of which mission people seem to have a monopoly, came good Mrs. Campbell and her niece Erda Shepherd; the former full of indignant, yet meek alarm, because Dr. James, having come across an old friend farther down the avenue, had bidden her go on and write his name as well as her own.

"I ken weel how it will be," she asserted to her niece, "for I havena brought my specs, an' a body canna but be nervous with a young man in a scarlet coat glowering at them. I shall put the doctor into the wrong book; for, you see, I canna write the two names ane after the ither like a marriage lines, for there is one big bookie for the women and one for the men folk, like a Puseyite chapel! ay! an' for the matter o' that, like a divorce court—and I so'ud never hear the last o't if I evened the doctor to myself!"

"Let me do all three, auntie," said Erda with a laugh, as she got out of the carriage—"really there's no need for you to come—I'll be back in a minute."

The blaze of sunshine blinded her for the darkness of the tent, and she could scarcely tell whose hand it was which stretched itself frankly, eagerly, for hers as she entered. Yet, even through her glove she knew the touch, before Lance Carlyon's voice said joyfully,—

"Come to write your name? I've just written mine. Funny our hitting off the same time, isn't it?"

The tone of his voice, joined to that startling recognition of his touch which she could not conceal from herself, made her shrink, as if from actual intrusion. "I have to write my uncle and aunt's first," she said coldly; "there was no use in us all coming in."

She walked on, as she spoke, to where the two books lay on a sort of lectern, while the aide-de-camp, seeing the visitor was a lady, came forward politely to assist.

"Not that book, Mansfield," remarked Lance coolly; "Miss Shepherd wants—Miss Shepherd, will you allow me to introduce Captain Mansfield?—to write her uncle's name first."

She looked back at him almost angrily, full of resentment at his persistence, but even in the semi-blindness which was still hers, his face showed too kind for that, and as, at that moment, another lady came in with a flutter of laces and ribbons to appropriate Captain Mansfield's ready services, Erda had to allow Lance to find her a pen.

"That's right! Now for the other book," he said.

The aide-de-camp had by this time gone to see the laces and ribbons back to their carriage, so the two were alone.

"Your aunt's first, you know." There was a suspicion of friendly chaff in his tone this time, but it was gone in a minute as he went on quickly—"Erdmuth?—is that your name?—why! it means Earth-mood—or, say—world's desire, doesn't it?"

She felt herself flush. "I did not know you were such a German scholar," she replied sarcastically. "Yes! my name is Erdmuth Dorothea. I was called so after—after some one you most likely know nothing about: Countess Zinzendorf—though she was famous enough." She paused, feeling savagely desirous of snubbing him. "But I daresay you never even happened to hear of Jean Ziska, Mr. Carlyon?"

He smiled suddenly, broadly. "Jean Ziska!" he echoed: "rather! We had a pony called Ziska at home—a Hungarian—used to eat thistles like a donkey." He stopped to laugh, and she was about to turn and rend him, when he continued half-apologetically, "Of course I have!—Only the name, you see, brought back such jolly old times. Ziska was the beggar who had his skin made into a drum when he was dead. "I don't expect it's true, but it's a fine tale. The 'drum ecclesiastic' with a vengeance, and no mistake!"

"Oh! but it is," interrupted the girl, forgetting her annoyance in her eagerness. "My grandfather—we are really Moravians, you see, and our name should be Schaeffer—saw it when he was a child. He used to tell me that people said, if it was beaten everybody must"

But Lance's attention had wandered. He was looking at her signature with a curious, almost wistful smile. "Erdmuth!" he repeated thoughtfully, then turned to her: "I say, you really ought to come to the ball with that name,—do!"

He was simply, she told herself, the most distractingly irrelevant, yet at the same time the most appallingly direct, person she had ever come across! "Really, Mr. Carlyon," she began, with such heat that the aide-de-camp, returning, stared; until Lance coolly asked him if he didn't think Miss Shepherd very unkind not to come to the Bachelors' ball? Whereupon he, having by this time had enough of laces and ribbons, and begun to recognise a distinct charm in the glistening coils of hair half-hidden by a wide hat, promptly asked her for the pleasure of a dance.

Erda looked from one to the other aghast, and, to her own intense surprise, fell back upon the woman's all-embracing excuse: "I—I really haven't a dress." It seemed the simplest and easiest.

"Oh, anything does for a fancy ball," persisted Lance argumentatively, as he followed her out. "A tailor in the bazaar would run you up a Greek dress in no time, and it would do awfully well. All white, don't you know" his voice slackened and grew soft, as if he saw what he described, and the sight made him glad—"all straight folds, with a little edge of red-gold, like"—he paused, then went on boldly—"like the sunshine on your hair—and red-gold bracelets high up on your arms, and a red-gold apple in your hand—the World's Desire. . ." He stopped abruptly, with a quick catch in his breath, startled at his own words.

And she, too, held her breath before the vision; for she saw it also—saw herself as he had described her, and the glamour of it, the desire of it, assailed her, body and soul. Yet she made a desperate, a passionately resentful effort to ignore it.

"I didn't know you were so well up in *chiffons*, Mr. Carlyon," she said, with a forced laugh. "Did you ever think of setting up a milliner's shop? One is badly needed in Eshwara."

But the glamour of it had come to Lance Carlyon like a revelation, and the blood was leaping in his veins.

"I will if you——" he began.

She scarcely recognised his voice in one way. In another she knew it must be his; for all the vitality and strength, the single-mindedness and simplicity which she had seen in him so often, were crowded into it; brought into it by a fancy, concentrated by a mere suggestion—of herself! The magic of this seemed to encompass her; she sought shelter from it recklessly.

"I!" she interrupted, "I don't go in for that sort of thing, Mr. Carlyon. You seem to forget my work—work which I value above milliners! Try Mrs. Smith: there she is, coming in her victoria—she is one of the best-dressed women I ever saw."



"The World's Desire."

She could not certainly have looked better than she did, as, seeing Lance Carlyon, she called to him as her carriage drove up.

"Do you know where Captain Dering is? He promised——"

Here Lance with guilty haste interrupted her. He was just about to drive over and give her a message. Dering had had a touch of fever. He had been over at the Palace, arranging about the Chinese lanterns for the decorations till late the evening before, and—

"He might have sent a little sooner," put in Mrs. Smith. "I have been waiting; he said he would drive me in his dogcart." There was no vexation, only an almost pathetic surprise in her voice; and Lance looked guiltier still.

"I'm awfully sorry—it's all my fault. I was late to begin with, and then" he glanced at Erda involuntarily. Compromisingly, it seemed to her.

"I am afraid I kept Mr. Carlyon," she said haughtily—"most unwillingly, I assure you. Thanks so much, but I can get in quite well by myself."

As she drove off, however, her head was in a whirl; and when, in pausing to pick up Dr. Campbell, the whole panorama of the camp, the hills behind it, the distant temples of Eshwara, the busy place-seekers in the foreground, the scarlet sin-stains of the chuprassies' coats against the dazzling whiteness of the tents, lay before her, one of those rare incomprehensible moods came upon her when the soul retreats into its spiritual body, so that the sight grows clear, the touch keen, and you can feel the round world spin beneath your feet, see the shadow of earth stretching far among the stars.

The World's Desire! What was it?

Brought up to believe that the heart of man—that mainspring of the spinning world—was vile, she had never asked herself why this was so. She had read the story of Adam and Eve with unquestioning faith, yet never sought to know what had changed the good to evil.

But now, as her eyes rested on those far-distant peaks with that faint mist about their feet hiding the "Cradle of the Gods," and followed, as far as the eye could follow in the nearer hills, the climbing track worn by the weariness of that eternal search after Righteousness, she asked herself what it was which kept mankind so long upon the road; asked herself, for the first time, what that first sin had been which had lost Paradise.

No lack of desire after salvation, surely. Generation on generation of Eastern pilgrims had worn that path out of the sheer rock, had agonised after good and remained evil—a little shudder of memory ran through her at the thought—how evil! And now the West, with its white tents, its white face, its white creed, had come to show a newer, a better way.

Had it? But what had it done for itself? She had worked for two years in London ere coming out to India, and another shudder of memory swept over her of what she had seen there.

The World's Desire! Lance Carlyon had called her that—a woman with a red-gold apple in her hand. . . .

The sound of angry dispute brought her back to realities. They were passing out of the camp under the triumphal arch, and one of its sentries was barring the entrance of an ash-smeared figure, which was brandishing a stamped petition paper as if it had been a card of admission, and yelling excitedly for "justice! justice!"

"It is that pernicious fellow, Gorakh-nâth," remarked Dr. Campbell sententiously. "He wishes, no doubt, to appeal against Captain Dering's order, of which I, for one, am heartily glad. A Christian Government is bound to refuse sanction to the practice of a faith which, it is impossible not to see, is degrading in the extreme to those who hold it."

Erda's eyes were still clear—clear with what those who do not see, call dreams.

"Yet it seeks what we do: peace—forgiveness—the cradle of the goodness, the innocence it left behind—somehow"

Dr. James Campbell turned to her in dignified, amazed displeasure. "May I ask what has caused——"

"That's easy tellin'," interrupted Mrs. Campbell comfortably. "It's yon hat with feathers when she is accustomed to a pith one. An' she standin' in the sun talkin' to Mr. Carlyon! It's just got to the lassie's head. I was the same myself when I was young, Erda; but Dr. James thought it a duty——"

"And so I do now, my dear," put in her husband. "It is a distinct duty on the part of mission workers to take every precaution; and if her head is Erda's weak point, I shall warn David——"

Mrs. Campbell nodded hers and smiled; and almost winked. "Oh! Davie will take care of her—never fear; he is not a ninny!"

Erda flushed scarlet all over her face and neck. It seemed to her as if she had forgotten her cousin the Reverend David Campbell altogether. And yet she was engaged to be married to him as soon as he returned from a well-earned holiday in England.

A swift remorse left her pale again. Davie, who was so much in earnest, who looked to her as—as

That vision of a woman with a red-gold edging to her white robe and a red-gold apple in her hand came to send the blood to her face once more.

CHAPTER VIII.

FALLING STARS.

THE long *durbar* tent was packed from end to end with the cane-bottomed seats of the mighty; and in each sate its appointed occupant—patient, grave, silent.

But in the two rows behind the Viceroy's still empty chair of state, the Englishmen in political dress or uniform who sat in the front, and the Englishwomen in the latest Paris fashions who sat behind, were talking and laughing, in a perfectly well bred way; yet, to the majority of those silent spectators, at the expense of decency, since a *durbar* is, like a West Indian ball, not for *talkee*. There was, however, no disapproval on those indifferent dark faces. Such things were part and parcel of that general eccentricity of the *Huzoors*, before which it behoved calmness to remain calm. Yet those same faces would have been quick to notice and resent the faintest breach of etiquette in regard to their own treatment or position. Those being correct, the rest was immaterial.

And now, the sudden strains from without of "God Save the Queen" sent those talking, laughing rows to their feet silently, with the proud alacrity so noticeable in India, where the act is a confession of faith, indeed! But the mass beyond followed suit obediently, with a starry shiver of diamond-flash, a milky way of pearl-shine; for Eugene Smith's electric light was working full power.

Finally, as if wafted on the full chords, came a small man, with that inevitable look of coming into church which Englishmen consider dignity; possibly because public worship is, really, the only function in which they are not inwardly ashamed of taking part! The great gold chair, the great gold footstool, seemed all too large for everything about their occupant, save the diamond star, the ribbon on his breast. Yet, in a way, the scene gained by his inadequacy when, after a decent pause, a decent silence, he rose, small, insignificant, to give voice to Empire: in a strong Scotch accent, it must be admitted, which equalled the Commissioner's Irish one, when—its proper exponent, the Secretary, having a cold—

he read a translation of the Viceroy's speech, and his soft brogue ran riot among the clamorous Persian vowels :

"Ai Mâhârâjâhân, râjâhân, nawâbân wâ sâhibân âlishân."

The diamonds and pearls sat too still for play, so the electric light contented itself with the white teeth of Englishwomen as they yawned. But even these failed it when, the speech ending, that front row began its file past; the civilians first, the soldiers next. A quick file, a formal bow as a rule; but, every now and again, a pause would come in the monotonous string of names for a few words from the Viceroy, and another bow ere the recipient passed on. Muriel Smith, who sat behind—the best-dressed woman there, as Erda Shepherd had judged her—watched her husband's tall, gaunt figure approaching, and wondered if—if that pause would come to him! Her heart beat so when it did, that she could hear nothing except "graciously pleased"—"eminent services"—"distinguished order"; but a whisper from her neighbour, "All right! C.S.I., not C.I.E.," left her sick and faint with relief. Even so, her eyes instinctively sought Vincent Dering's sympathy; but he, to her surprise, was looking at the tall, gaunt man, whose face was a "*nunc dimittis*" in itself, as he made his way back to his seat, forgetful even of his wife.

But he had forgotten her, amid a host of other things, for three whole years; forgotten them in a ceaseless effort, an untiring energy. And now that the necessity for this was over, sleep and rest were his first thoughts. He took both, apparently, in his chair, while the Commissioner—causing this time a fresh flashing of jewels—began on a fresh string of titles:—

"Sri râja i râjân, furzund-i-khâs munsoor i zamân—mâhârâi-dhirâj rasakh."

And, as they rolled on, the atom of humanity belonging to them—some one in faded brocade with ropes of ill-shaped pearls and uncut stones wound about him, or a jauntier figure fresh and glittering from a Calcutta jeweller's shop—would be singled out by its political in charge, like a sheep from a flock, and guided dexterously to the proper spot in the whole round world wherein obeisance and offering could be made with dignity to itself and the recipient. Then it would be swept on—regardless of an invariable desire to break back—in an endless circle to its seat, while fresh titles rolled out, and a fresh owner was hemmed in and swept forward. So two whole mortal hours, there was nothing but this; with, every now and again, that pause for a few words—translated now into Irish-Urdu—producing an expression as of a cat licking cream on a face as it was hustled back, blindly obedient, as sheep are with a collie they know and trust.

Then at long-last, after every one, even Dya Ram—who looked terribly disjointed between his frock coat, white tie, grey trousers, and the gold *mohur* which he persisted in holding, after native custom, in his gloved right hand—had passed, the politicals gathered in a knot, like churchwardens for the offertory plates, and the distribution of *attâ* and *pan*—that sacrament of servitude and sovereignty, began. It, too, was exactly like an offertory; that is, a languid passing round of a plate by an official, and yawns for the rest of the congregation.

Finally, with a vigour savouring—like a voluntary—of relief, the band attacked "God save the Queen" once more, the Viceroy retired, the *durbarees* trooped out, still calm and silent, yet satisfied; and the Commissioner, sinking into a vacant seat, said,—

"Thank the Lord! That's over without a hitch. So India's safe for another six months at the cost of a trumpety title or two."

"I don't see on what ground," began the Under-Secretary laboriously.

"Then ye don't read your Bible! Didn't Adam, when he was given dominion over the lower animals, begin by bestowing names on them?—Ah! my dear Mrs. Smith, I didn't know ye were so close! A thousand congratulations, my dear lady——"

"You don't mean it, sir," she interrupted, laughing. "Do you think I have forgotten the consolatory verses you wrote me last year when Eugene didn't get anything. You are a fraud——"

"Not a bit of it; only an Irishman," put in Father Ninian, with an almost tender smile for the keen whimsical face which had been friend to him, and foe to him, for many a long year. "Let us have the verses, Mrs. Smith."

"Say ye don't remember them, there's a kind soul," urged the Commissioner persuasively.

"But I do——"

"I dreamt, and lo! the stars fell from the sky
To blaze upon the breasts of naughty men;
And as I wondered, came this swift reply:
Each star is some soul's inmost aim: and when
The angels don't approve, it is returned
To feed the base-born flame by which it burned.
The nice, they keep until—life's struggle striven—
The owners find them at the gates of heaven."

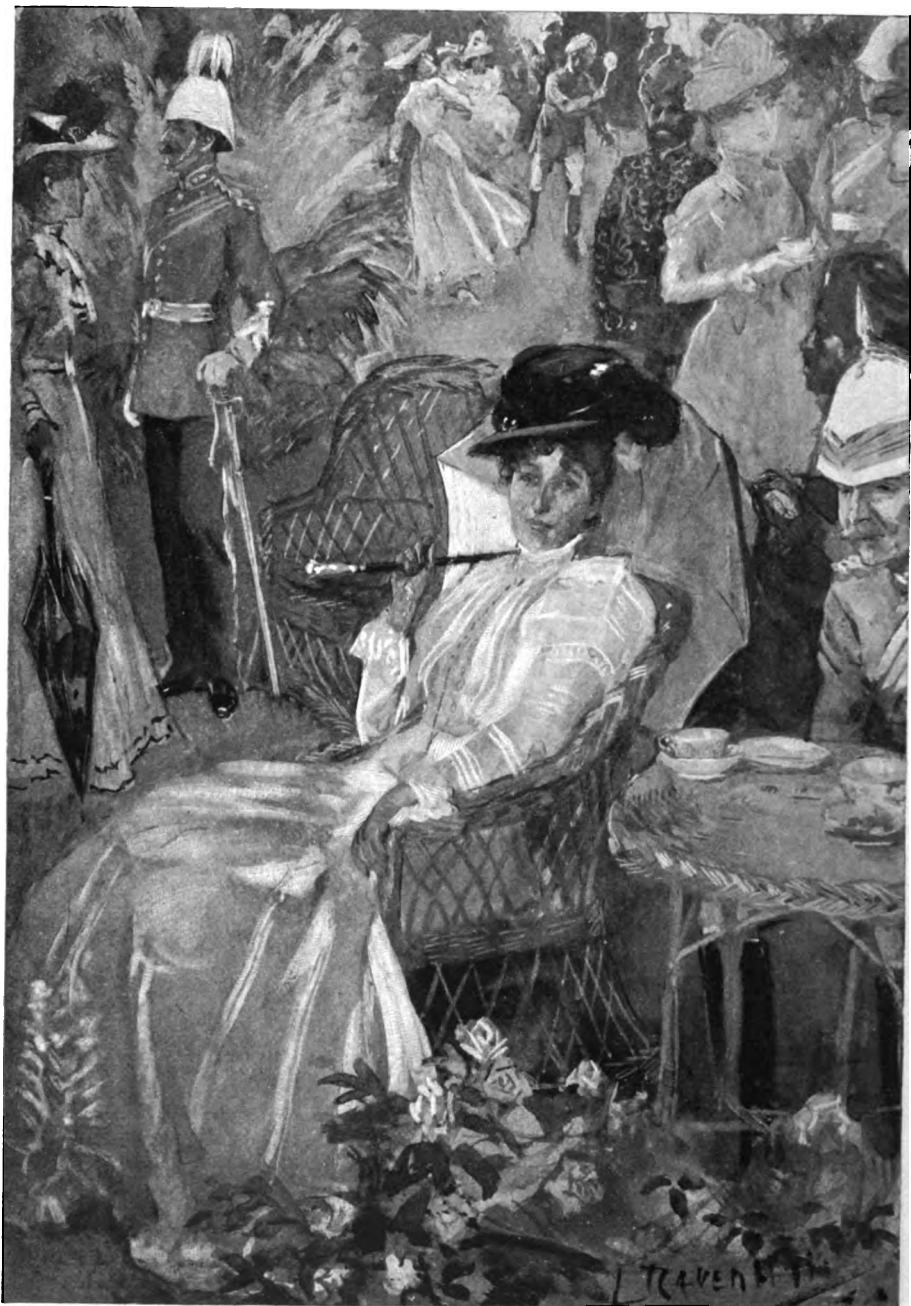
"Striven—heaven!" groaned the Commissioner amid the clapping of hands: "my dear Madam! did I commit such a crime—I mean rhyme? But the poet's right—ye can't go wide of the mark, anyhow, even in a song, but you're sure to find the fact again in the heart of a friend!"

So, with that curiously light-hearted, almost reckless frivolity of Indian society—a not unnatural recoil, perhaps, from the perpetual presence of the greatest social problem the world has ever seen, or is likely to see; that is, the mutual assimilation of East and West without injury to either—the little company of English men and women, Empire makers and breakers, drifted out into the sunshine, and so on to the Viceroy's private enclosure, where the band, weary of national anthems, was already at work on a selection of street tunes beginning with "Tommy, make room for your uncle."

So the pageant of power passed into a garden party, and nothing remained to show the hand-grip which had made that garden out of a wilderness, to tell of the tireless effort to solve the problem, the ceaseless striving to be just, which underlay all the quips and cranks, the foibles and follies of the great camp, save the premature baldness of a few heads, as their owners fought desperately at badminton—fought to prevent a child's shuttlecock from falling in the wrong court. A fight which was watched with blank courtesy, as a further exhibition of sheer eccentricity, by those of the jewelled and brocaded owners of titles who had the *entrée* to this Holy of Holies.

Roshan Khân, however—who looked splendid in his uniform—fought with the best; and won, too, though Laila Bonaventura, who played on his side, stood still, taking, it is true, the shots which came within reach dexterously enough, but never stirring an inch for one beyond. And, as he played, the curious chance which had brought him into her company made his blood run fast.

Captain Dering had bidden him join the set—bidden him curtly, almost savagely, as the best player available in answer to a challenge from Muriel Smith to play her, her husband, and the Commissioner. And this challenge had come curtly,



"So the pageant of power passed into a garden party."

also, because Captain Dering was standing beside Laila Bonaventura, to whom he had been giving a cup of coffee. Not because it gave him pleasure, but from sheer determination not to let his mistake in the darkness count for anything. Yet, as the girl's hand took the cup from his, he had remembered with a thrill the gladness, the content, that hand had once brought him. Though he refused to acknowledge the fact, the puzzle of this mistake had been his chief thought ever

since it occurred, and a smouldering resentment regarding his past relationship with one, who was still to him the best and dearest of women, was the result. He felt vaguely that Muriel, as well as he, ought to have known that their sentiment, their monopoly as it were of friendship, could only mean—what it had meant to him during those few moments of blindness which had, paradoxically, opened his eyes. So he had felt bitter, and she had known it, instinctively. If she had ever faced facts, this alone might have opened her eyes also; but she was too good a woman, too helplessly bound by her woman's cult of Love, to be able to dissociate it from friendship. So, without bringing a doubt even, the jealous desire of appropriation which draws a line clear and clean as a sword-cut between the two, had risen up in her, from the absence of the sympathetic look she had expected from Vincent Dering. So she had challenged him; and so it came to pass that Roshan Khân played badminton with Laila Bonaventura. She took no notice of him beyond a casual inspection of his uniform; still the mere fact of being her equal, even within the white lines which separated their badminton court from the realities of life, seemed a fate. When the game was over, his eyes followed her closely; and he, himself, at a respectful distance. And as he followed his desire to speak to her grew, as he pondered on his right to do so. After all, as his grandmother had said, she was his cousin.

And fate was on his side once more. A well-bred crowding round a table, where some photographs of the camp were being shown, brought him so near her that she caught sight of his yellow, silver-laced uniform behind her, and turned quickly: turned with a look in her big black eyes which dazzled him.

It vanished, however, in a second; yet her words, spoken with a faint resentment, made the memory of the look give rise to a swift pulse of angry suspicion.

"I thought you were Captain Dering," she said. "Why do you wear the same uniform? I thought natives couldn't be officers."

The assumption, in his present state of mind, made all his fierce temper flash to his face; but ere he could choose English words to express it, she had laughed and, after her fashion when amused, become confidential. "You are angry at being called a native; but you *are* one, aren't you? Then it is so foolish. You are like my guardian. He can't bear the bazaar people to call me '*Begum-sahiba*'; but they do sometimes, you know, because I own a lot of their houses and lands, and my grandmother was a native princess. I know that, though my guardian never speaks about it. He is ashamed, I think—like you are. I'm not. I didn't choose my grandmother. Why should one fuss about such things? If they're true, it can't be helped, and if they're not, what *does* it matter? Besides, it must be rather nice to be a real Begum. You haven't seen any, of course: they wouldn't let you, would they? That must be horrid. How could you like people if you didn't see them? Besides," she added, with an access of demure, pious conviction, "it would be wicked to marry them, you know. You should never marry any one you don't love. Even the Sisters told me that."

Her voice had deepened, broadened; her eyes, occupied with his uniform, not his face, had grown soft. Hitherto he had been too much at a loss before her sudden garrulity to interrupt; now that vague suspicion recurred, making him feel inclined to say brutally, "I am your cousin; I claim you." The very thought of her outraged face attracted him. But English words were inadequate for such emotions, so, as he paused, she went on,—

"As you are here, I suppose you'll be asked to the ball also. It is to be in my palace, you know, because Captain Dering thinks it the best place. He says the gardens will be beautiful all lit up." She smiled as if at some secret mystery,

then continued: "Of course I don't know yet, I haven't seen it; but I think it will be lovely. Only I wish my dress was different. I am Beatrice—Dante's Beatrice—and I think it stupid. But my guardian chose it because . . ." She smiled again with the same secret amusement. "I don't know, of course, but I expect it is because my great-grandmother went as Beatrice to some ball long ago. It is generally that. I think he must have been in love with her. Isn't it funny?"

"Laila," came Father Ninian's voice from behind, "I have been looking for you everywhere. It is time to go."

His usually kind old face was stern; he gave the curtest of recognitions to Roshan Khân, and, as he carried his ward off, said sharply, "Who introduced you to that native?"

"No one!" she replied indifferently. "I thought he was Captain Dering; their uniforms . . ." She broke off to add with more animation: "I do like the gold and silver lace; but of course the jewels, like the rajahs wore, look best."

He interrupted her in Italian, giving a quick gesture of dissent. "Say not so, *cara mia*; they would look ill on—on Englishmen. And listen, child! You should not speak to strangers; and I would rather you did not speak to such natives at all. They—cannot understand quite—for they look on women differently from what we do."

Laila's eyes narrowed sullenly. "Very well, guardian," she said, resignedly; "only I suppose they must know what their women are really like—and—perhaps the native ladies prefer it."

The old man looked at her startled, but said nothing.

When he had gone to find Akhbar Khân and the carriage, Vincent Dering, seeing her alone, came up out of sheer politeness—so, at least, he told himself—to ask if she wanted anything. Yet something in her face sent him beyond mere courtesy at once—something almost childishly apparent.

"I'm afraid you haven't been enjoying yourself," he said kindly. "Why not? I thought it rather pleasant."

"Very pleasant!" she assented wearily. "Only my guardian has been telling me not to do things; and I don't know why, but I always want to do them at once. Don't you?"

He could not actually deny the fact. "Sometimes. One has to pretend——"

She raised her eyes to his blindly: he caught a glimpse in them of the lawless approval Roshan Khân had seen, yet of something else—a lawless disdain. "Why must one?" she asked. "I never mean to—never! If I want to do a thing I'll do it. I don't mean wicked things, of course": she returned here to demure, almost plaintive piety: "I don't want to do them; and nothing can be wrong when it seems right to you, and it is real—ever so real, and you give yourself to it, every bit of you, without thinking, and—and ask nothing—nothing at all."

Her vehemence, her passionate assertion, roused a quick response in him. "Would you do that?" he asked, his voice vibrating. "Would you—really?"

She smiled slowly. "Of course I don't know," she said. "I haven't tried yet; but I never pretend. I don't even pretend to like my dress for the ball. It is so stupid."

He felt annoyed at being led into a burst of emotion and then balked. "You will look charming, I'm sure," he said, in his worst manner; "and if you don't like it, change to something jolly after supper. Lots of people do."

"Will Mrs. Smith?" she asked quickly.

He flushed angrily. "I really don't know," he began.

Her eyes were on him curiously. "That's funny," she said. "I thought people . . . Not that it matters," she went on, "for I can't. I haven't a dress. Do you know, I never have anything I really like—never!"

The girl's voice was absolutely touching in its listless, dull confidence, and he could not help consolation. "You'll have the ball, I'm sure; you will enjoy it awfully, and—and you mustn't forget that you've given me the second waltz, and the first extra after supper."

She did not answer for a moment. "Have I?" she asked. "I didn't know it; but I will. That will be nice. And you are coming to decorate to-morrow, aren't you? That will be nice too."

Her tone lingered in his ears long after she had gone. It was with him, even when he was driving Mrs. Smith home, and, of course, making up their little misunderstanding by the way. Possibly because of this making up; since, for the first time, the elaborate *éclaircissement* irked him. It seemed so unnecessary, unless the whole affair meant something which was quite out of the question.

For instance, when driving Lance Carlyon back to the fort afterwards, he did not desire an explanation of the latter's moodiness. When a chum was evil-dispositioned, you waited calmly for him to come round; that was friendship.

"I'm sorry Miss Shepherd couldn't come," said Lance suddenly, his eyes on that spit of sand, with its hovels and logs, below the town. "I wanted her to, awfully, if only because she's never seen a *durbar*; but"—he smiled—"I expect some one else wanted her instead. By George! Dering, you don't know how that girl works. Sometimes I feel it's a shame, and sometimes I think it's splendid; though, of course, it doesn't matter a dash what I think."

And that? Vincent Dering asked himself, was that love? Laila Bonaventura's voice came back to make him certain of one thing: that would not be her version of the old, old story; and the knowledge made him somehow more content with his world.

Meanwhile another man in yellow and silver lace was being haunted by a girl's voice, which had spoken of things which no decent woman of his own race would have mentioned; yet which had spoken to him with an equality which no English-woman would have allowed herself. And as for Englishmen! the recollection of Father Narayan's face, as he had carried the girl off, made Roshan Khân curse under his breath.

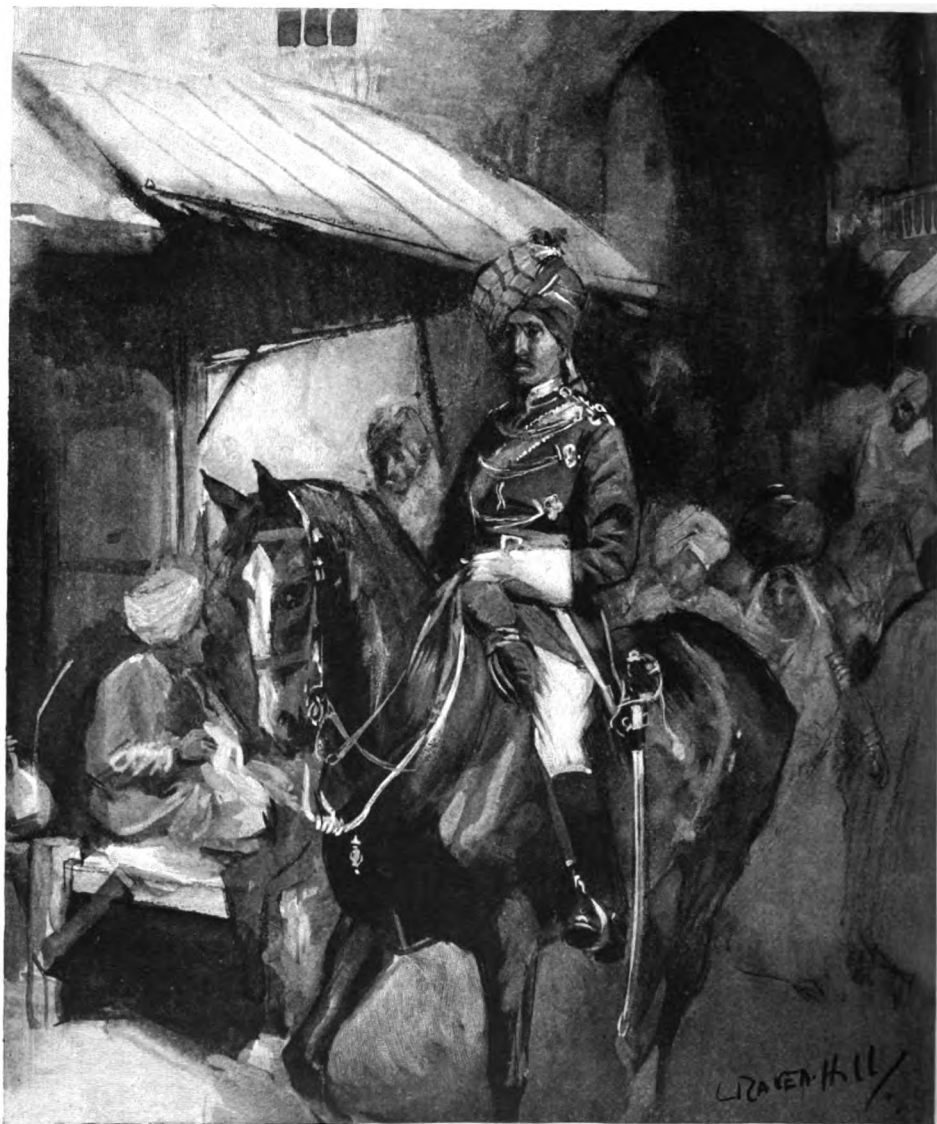
But the girl herself had been different. He literally did not know what to think, and the desire for some one else's opinion grew so strong, that finally, with a curious mixture of reluctance and triumph, he forsook the straight road to the fort, and turned his horse's head towards his grandmother's house. She was at least a woman; she might understand and judge better than he.

His first sight of her, however, in unprepared toilette, *minus* the green satin trousers, which gave such dignity to her rotund little figure, *minus* all pretence at pomp, dirty, unkempt both in her surroundings and herself, made him feel what a fool he was. The more so when she began by resenting his summary visitation, especially in uniform, which, she asserted, made her feel, even at her age, as if she were committing the indiscretion of seeing a stranger!

What could a woman like that know? Yet, having come, he might as well go through with his errand; so he cut short her upbraidings by saying, without preamble:

"I have seen my cousin. I spoke to her, and—and she spoke back again."

Mumtāza Mahal looked at him for a moment incredulously, then she cracked



"He forsook the straight road to the fort, and turned his horse's head towards his grandmother's house."

all her finger joints over his head, or as nearly over it as her height would allow.

"Said I not so?" she asked prophetically. "And when will the wedding be?"

"Wedding!" he echoed petulantly. "There is no talk of wedding—I have but seen her."

"But seen her!" echoed the old lady in her turn. "That came after, in my time; but God knows how things go nowadays. Then what didst speak about?"

He had to give a bowdlerised version of what had passed; yet, even so, Mumtāza Mahal looked shocked.

"A bold hussy!" she said; "but thou wilt bit and bridle her."

He burst out angrily—for his own recital had shown him the folly of castle-building on so slight a foundation: "I am a fool," he said, "and so art thou, for all thy years!"

Her little black eyes flashed angrily. "Not I! Did she not say she would like to be a *Begum*? and if that means not . . ."

"And could I make her one?" he interrupted fiercely: "I—a *havildar* on a bare pittance—with no prospect of rising? Dost dream me *Nawâb*, fool?"

The old lady's face grew cunning in a second, the instinctive love of intrigue roused by the mere suggestion. She leant towards him eagerly. "And wherefore not, Roshan? Are all things fixed? Do rulers never change? I live here in a corner, nothing but a poor woman; yet I hear more, it seems, than thou dost. I hear of discontent, of desires, of things that call for change. Only to-day they spoke of men being killed to make light for these infidels, and Gorakh-nâh *jogi* hath sworn a miracle."

He turned on her with a bitter, reckless laugh. "Is that new? Is there not always talk? The wise listen not."

A vast importance, a real dignity, came to her in an instant. "If the *Huzoors* had listened to such talk in '57."

A thrill ran through him: the thrill of secret curiosity, almost of expectation, regarding the great Rebellion from which so many things date, which young India always feels in the presence of their elders who passed through it.

"Thou dost know, of course," he said, catching his breath. "Thou canst remember."

"Aye," she replied sternly. "And there was no more talk then than there is now. 'Tis not a question of words. It is fate. Something happens, and then—then the *havildar* may be *Nawâb*—as his fathers were."

She had gone too far, and recalled him to himself. "Then let us await the happening," he said, curtly.

"Wait!" echoed the old lady, reverting to the main point. "Thou canst not wait. Having gone so far, the negotiations cannot drop. Thou must send the gift, and see what comes of it."

"A gift?" he repeated: "what gift, and wherefore?"

Mumtâza Mahal looked round as if for approval, tucked a packet of *pân* into her cheek, and chuckled. She was on familiar ground now.

"Leave that to me. I know what girls like. I have them still. Aye! a dress that her grandmother wore—good as new, being for a tall woman. And jewels. 'Tis no harm at least, see you; since, if they like it not, the gift is returned."

He stood doubtful, half pleased, half shocked at the suggestion. She could certainly send the things back; and he had many a time seen Englishwomen wearing native jewellery—aye! and decorating their rooms with native dresses. And he could write that they were from her cousin and servant.

That would be easier than telling.

CHAPTER IX.

OUT OF THE PAST.

"I FEEL as if I had this moment arrived," said Muriel Smith, as she looked down into the garden from a balcony, which jutted out upon one side of the wide flight of marble steps that led upwards to the loggia of the palace. "Yet I know I've been here for hours. I wonder when the mere beauty of it will cease to—to take my breath away? You understand, don't you?"

"Yes!" assented Vincent Dering, half grudgingly. He would rather not have understood more than others. But he did; that was the worst of it.

He was looking his best, in the old cavalry uniform of grey and silver and cherry-colour, all laced, embroidered, and glittering with epaulettes, sabretache, and high stock: the uniform of a hundred years ago, when adventurers ruled half India, and Englishmen were demigods. It seemed to have brought something of their pride and recklessness, something of the dreams they dreamt into his whole bearing, as he stood leaning over the balustrade gazing fixedly at the scene before him. It was beautiful indeed! Beautiful with that unearthly stillness which only comes to illuminations in a windless Indian night. The lines on lines, the curves on curves of tiny lights which outlined each pillar and arch, each buttress and recess of the palace, the battlemented wall of the garden, and the turreted town rising above it, were steady as the stars. The fine fret of the acacia trees, showing white against the purple of the sky, was still as if carved in stone. There was no flicker in the soft radiance which made the solid marble seem translucent, illumined mysteriously from within.

The very shadows slept. Such scented shadows, clinging to the burnished orange trees, hidden in the wilderness of roses, dreaming on the perfumed cushions of the quaint balconies and cupolas which overhung the river.

But *it* did not sleep. It moved, sliding on and on ceaselessly.

So did the water, which dimpled and tinkled—after Heaven only knew how many sad years of silence and decorum—over the fretted marble water-slides. How it laughed and babbled to the cunning coloured lights placed behind it! And the fountains below, rising out of the water-maze—where there was but room for the flying feet of a laughing girl on the marble ledges between the lotus-leaves—laughed and tinkled also, as they sent showers of diamonds back on the pale blossoms.

The “jewel in the lotus” indeed!

There was no colour to be seen anywhere. Only that soft, steady, white radiance, those soft, sleeping, black shadows. Except in the drifting water-maze, and the drifting men and women around it.

Restless both of them—going on and on. Whither? and wherefore? It was an idle question, Vincent told himself, if the move brought, as it did here, fresh laughter, fresh colour.

“On such a night did young Lorenzo . . .” quoted the Commissioner’s brogue from the flight of steps where, in the guise of a French cook, he was fanning Laila Bonaventura, with whom he had been dancing; the latter sitting still and silent as the shadow in which she was half hidden.

A cackling laugh betrayed Dr. Dillon’s whereabouts. He was perched on a balustrade above, his legs dangling, his trousers, as usual, displaying his thin ankles; for he was dressed in his ordinary evening suit.

“And old Lorenzo also,” he scoffed. “The disease is non-protective, contagious, and marked by extraordinary vitality in the virus, which after long years may spring to fresh life from a dress, a bit of ribbon, a lock of hair—”

“Oh! have done with such blasphemy!” interrupted the Commissioner joyously, “and me racking me brains which of all the beauties of this *hareem* I’d better fall in love with! Dering, you’re a steward, I believe. Turn that man out for obtruding the exigencies of everyday life—including a swallow-tail coat—into Paradise.”

“I’ve objected already, sir,” said Vincent Dering, laughing; “but he declares he is a malarial bacillus.”

“A what?” remonstrated the brogue.

“A malarial bacillus, sir,” explained the doctor. “As I have failed hitherto—

like everybody else—to recognise the gentleman, even through a microscope, I am naturally at sea as to the proper costume. And you will, of course, admit the universal rule, 'When in doubt, play a dress suit.' ”

“By Jove!” ejaculated Lance Carlyon, who, mopping his face, had joined the group. “What a ripping idea! Wish I’d thought of it instead of this kit.” He looked regretfully at his mailed limbs; for he was dressed as Lancelot-du-Lac. A costume which had been chosen for him two years before, at Simla, by a grass widow who had aspired to the part of Guinevere, but who, retiring before the young fellow’s absolute unconsciousness of her intention, had left him saddled with an expensive fancy dress, which he felt bound to wear out; for all his spare cash was kept for guns and polo ponies.

“I’m glad you didn’t, Mr. Carlyon,” protested Muriel Smith consolingly. “You look very nice in it. Only those things on your legs—I forget the proper name—must be difficult to dance in.”

“Greaves—the well-greaved Greeks, me dear madam,” put in the Commissioner. “Plural of grief. Ah! ye should have seen him come to it just now with the General’s wife. Your chance of promotion’s gone, me dear boy—the marble floor resounded.”

“Well, it isn’t half so inconvenient as my husband’s dress, anyhow,” continued Mrs. Smith, persisting in her mission of sympathy, when the laugh at Lance’s expense had subsided.

“That’s all you know, my dear,” remonstrated Mr. Smith sleepily, from a quiet nook in one corner. “I never said Robinson Crusoe was a good dancing dress, but I claim it isn’t bad to sleep in, especially out of doors. Soft and furry—and . . .”

His voice sank into dreamful ease.

“And it can claim solitude, anyhow,” added the doctor mournfully. “Think of the disgust of an old-established microbe like myself, when his swept and garnished home is invaded by a party of seven strange devils——”

“How rude you are!” exclaimed Mrs. Smith. “Besides, we aren’t seven, and I believe Robinson Crusoe discovered this island before you did!”

“I think the French cook takes the cake, though,” said poor Lance, who had been following up his own grievance. “Shirt sleeves must be an awful pull when you are dancing with a *burra mem*.”*

“True for you!” assented the Commissioner sympathetically. “That’s the very reason I took to it, me dear boy, when me own merits and me advancing years doomed me to all the stout ladies in India. Besides, me paper cap rids me of two of my reports, anyhow. Ye see, I always have to wear two caps, one before and one after supper, otherwise I find the contints get mixed, and make me statements unreliable; and then me enemies say it’s the champagne. I feel it coming on me now; but”—he sprang to his feet, light as a boy—“by a merciful providence, there’s the band at the ‘Roast beef.’ Now, are ye coming in to supper with me, Mrs. Smith, or are you one of those who have to change their identity?”

“Not I,” she declared, taking his arm. “I’m quite content with myself, thank you!”

She might well be, since her costume of water nymph could not have been improved upon. It enabled her to show off her long, rippling, pale-gold hair; and the filmy green and white, the feathery weeds, the iridescent shells, matched her delicate face, which seemed almost overweighted by her water-lily crown,

* Big lady.

"Besides, Undine can always do quick-change artist and assume a soul," suggested the Commissioner, as he led her off; adding, in mock alarm, "Me dear madam! I apologise profoundly. Miss Bonaventura! Captain Dering's waiting for you, I'm sure."

Laila, who had risen also, stood silent, looking taller and slimmer than usual in her guise of Beatrice. It seemed to have brought out the fact that she had some of the best blood of Italy in her veins. Vincent Dering had recognised this fact—which Father Ninian had taken care to communicate to him as soon as the latter had found out that, nominally, at any rate, the former was a Roman Catholic, and therefore a possible lover—when he had gone up to apologise to the girl for having missed that second dance, owing to his duties as steward. It had made him vaguely sorry for the girl, sorry also for the old man who, evidently, dreamt such idle dreams. He did not mean to marry a Begum!

He crossed over to her now, offering his arm; but she refused it, saying she did not want supper.

"But you are enjoying yourself, surely?" he said.

"Oh yes, thank you," she answered. "Only it isn't real, of course. It doesn't mean anything."

Dr. Dillon, who was within hearing, looked down at her sharply. "Perhaps, my dear young lady, it is as well it doesn't. So let us eat, drink, and be merry; for to-morrow we die!"

She looked up at him quite shocked. "Oh! I didn't mean that, of course: that is wrong. I only meant that things don't match—the place and the people, I mean. Except one or two—those, for instance" She pointed out Roshan Khân, who, dressed as himself, was taking advantage of the emptiness of the garden, during supper time, to go round it with old Akhbar Khân as guide, the latter in the wildest antics of alacrity.

"Did you ever see such a funny figure!" continued the girl, with an odd little laugh. "He is quite crazy with joy. He told me to-day this was the first time for forty years that he had been himself! That he has been bewitched——"

"I believe I've been bewitched too," said Vincent suddenly. "Let us all go back forty years."

Dr. Dillon swung his feet farther over, and dropped to the ground almost between them.

"That would effectually annihilate two of the company, and reduce me to cutting my teeth; and I want the use of them at supper. Come along and have something solid, Miss Bonaventura; there is nothing so indigestible as fancy sweets."

But she was firm, and moved away to where a small staircase led from the balcony to the upper story. She did not care for supper, she repeated, and she had to mend her dress; some one had trodden on it, and she would not be able to dance till it was mended.

"Don't forget ours—the first *extra*," called Vincent after her.

She turned where the narrow stair, after climbing the outside wall, against which it clung like a swallow's nest, ended in the shadow of an archway. "I shall be back in plenty of time," she said.

Vincent thought he had never seen her look so nice; so young, so fresh, so smiling.

"That's a queer girl," remarked the doctor, as he lounged off—"not half bad. That is just it, in fact, she is a clear case of atavism, and as her ancestors seem

to have been either saints or sinners, there you are! For it's the same tissue absolutely; indeed, there's precious little difference between the two when you come to analyse."

"I never do," interrupted Vincent shortly. The doctor's cynicism bored him, especially here, where a man might at least be allowed to escape the brutal realities. Here, where even the houses in the bazaar beyond the garden wall—those houses that were by the common light of day so squalid, so unsavoury, so full of mean miserable detail—showed like star palaces against the sky!

A sudden comprehension came to him. How blind of the girl to say all this meant nothing! How crassly idiotic of himself to think of going back forty years to enjoy this! This was the same yesterday, to-day, for ever!—It was the love of physical pleasure, the desire to appropriate, to have and to hold, which had civilised the world and made man out of a monkey.

"The 'Cradle of the Gods,' did you say, my dear lady?" said a courteous old voice from the stairs, breaking in on his solitude. "Just so: the pilgrims go there every year. It lies—let me see—I think I can point it out to you. Ah! Captain Dering," continued Father Ninian, finding the balcony into which he had stepped *en passant* occupied. "We don't disturb you, I hope; but Mrs. Palmer was speaking about the 'Cradle of the Gods.' It must lie—don't you think so?—over there." He pointed beyond the star palaces.

"I should fancy so, sir," replied Vincent; "that is about due north."

"Then I am wrong," smiled the old priest. "The cave is north-west, and the passage to it is difficult—almost incredibly difficult."

"Yet you have been there several times, haven't you?" said Mrs. Palmer.

Father Ninian shook his head. "Never to the cave itself, madam. I am not quite sure whether I ever really meant to go so far,—and bow in the House of Rimmon! It would have been interesting, no doubt; but—" he glanced down almost boyishly at his black *soutane*—"my cloth, my dear lady, has to be considered. As a matter of fact, something always hindered me. I went as a medicine-man, you see, and so many fall by the wayside. I wonder, indeed, how any reach it." He paused, and a wistful smile made his face look dreamy. "Some say none do. A *jogi*—Gorakh-nâth, Captain Dering—he whom you turned out of the gun—claims to be the only man who has ever seen the real cave; the rest have seen—*illusion*!" He paused again, and his smile changed. "'Tis a claim, madam, made by more than Gorakh-nâth; who by the way promises to defy you Captain Dering. Padlock or no padlock, he is to get in and out of the gun as he chooses while the pilgrims are here."

Vincent laughed contemptuously. "I don't think miracles go down, even in India, nowadays, sir."

The old priest's face grew grave. "I cannot give my assent to that; I who have seen the blood of a saint turn crimson and flow. Faith, Captain Dering—that is, the belief of man in a power beyond his own—is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Vincent Dering bowed politely, and kept his shrug of the shoulders for the old man's back, as he followed him upstairs to the supper-room.

The same yesterday, to-day, for ever! True, in a way. There were two stabilities amid the chances and changes of this mortal life: the Garden of the Palace; the Cradle of the Gods. Faith and Love—for it came to that in the end. . . .

Here the familiar sight of a ball supper in full swing ended his rare reflections, and he slipped into a place beside a lively *vivandière*, who welcomed him with

entreaties to join in a comic opera she was going to get up at Simla. The last new rage in London—she had written home for the rights

He was in a new atmosphere in a moment, and straightway forgot the garden; forgot everything but that the supper was excellent, his companion gay. Even the Commissioner's high voice, as he talked nonsense, seemed far from the gravity even of conferring titles, and it seemed incredible that the small man who sat surrounded by a host of departmental heads, was really representing a whole Empire.

When the band downstairs, by beginning on Strauss's "Lovelong Lovelong Day," warned him of his engagement to Laila, he passed to it half-reluctantly. She would be sure to dance badly; that make of girl always did. So he was relieved to find the ball-room, and the wide loggia into which it opened, almost empty. Only a couple or two were spinning slowly, idly, in and out of the resounding arches.

He went on, therefore, to the balcony beside the stairs. If the girl was there it would be an excuse for sitting out. If not, he could always say he had waited for her. Either way he would have time for a cigarette.

As he went down towards it, he met Lance Carlyon coming up, and called to him: "Supper's A 1; so's the wine. It's going awfully well, isn't it?"

"Suppose so," replied Lance: "but I'm going to cut. These togs are awful, and if I go now I'll have time to change and have a' shoot down the river. Am-ma says the ducks sit like stones before dawn. They won't miss me, as a bachelor, I suppose?"

Vincent looked at him compassionately. "A bachelor," he echoed. "It's about your last chance, I take it. However, if you want to kill something—it's a common symptom—go! I shall stop till the bitter or sweet end! One doesn't get into a streak like this once in a blue moon! I feel fit for anything."

As he sat down for a smoke in the corner vacated by Robinson Crusoe, this feeling was strong upon him, and sent the blood tingling to his finger tips.

The band had by this time ceased piping to unwilling dancers, so the still, warm, scented air was left to the tinkling ripple of the water, the rippling tinkle of distant voices; for supper had almost emptied the garden also. The better for its picturesque effect. Now the imagination could people it, as Laila Bonaventura (the girl had sense) had phrased it, with figures that matched—real figures.

A chiming silvery clash above him made him turn to look upwards to the archway where Laila Bonaventura had disappeared. It would be a bore if she were returning to interrupt his cigarette; though, in truth, she had been, he remembered, almost attractive.

Almost . . .

He gave an exclamation, and rose to his feet. She was coming indeed, but not as she had gone.

There is no dress in the world which is at once so dainty and so sensuous as the court dress of a Mahomedan lady; and Laila Bonaventura was wearing one, as she came slowly down the stairs towards him, a radiant white figure against the radiant white marble.

The folds of her long silver gauze skirt—so cunningly fashioned that it trailed in rolling, shimmer-crested billows behind her, yet left no beauty of her round limbs hidden—clipped her about the waist like a serpent's skin. So, hiding yet revealing, was the soft film of fine muslin over the scented ivory-tinted corselet which fitted close to the full curves of her figure. So was it with the silver-streaked veil, through which the jewels in her dusky hair, the bracelets on her



"She came slowly down the stairs toward him, a radiant white figure against the radiant white marble."

fair arms, shone undimmed. So was it even with the chiming fringes of her silver anklets, as they slid merrily to cover and uncover the small feet tucked so carelessly into the little silver-tipped slippers.

To hide and to reveal, that was the note of all !

As she came nearer, too, he saw that her lips were reddened, her dark eyes

darkened artificially. And yet her face did not correspond to all this. It was curiously grave, dignified, almost anxious.

"Do you like it?" she asked, suddenly pausing a pace or two from him to stand still, heaped round by those shimmer-crested billows, and so, with one hand, gather the straight folds of her veil into curves over her arm. As she did so, he saw, with a curious throb at his heart, that her wrists were fettered to each other by long trailing chains of scented jasmine flowers.

A dainty prisoning indeed! The suggestion of it set his head whirling.

Like it! . . . His very admiration kept him silent.

"It makes it feel more real," she went on: "don't you think it does?"

Real, or a dream? He did not know which. He felt a fool to stand so silent; yet no words—as she would phrase it—came to match. None, at least, that he dare use to her unconscious dignity.

"Only I can't dance, you see," she continued, bending to look at the billows about her feet. "Besides . . ." (she looked up suddenly, her whole expression changed: she flung her fettered hands forward almost into his face. The strings on strings of scented flowers looping themselves in ever widening curves, hung like a screen between him and her laughter)—"I'm a prisoner—yours, I suppose."

He fell back for half a second, then caught the hands in his.

And then, in an instant, it came back to him—the measureless, glad content of that mistake in the dark! He had told himself, ever since, that it had come then by mistake—incomprehensible, it is true, horrible to a certain extent, but still in error. But this was no mistake!

"Yes!—my prisoner," he said. "Come, and sit down, and let us talk." He wanted time to think.

She shook her head. "Not here, please! No one is to see me but you—only you. That is why I waited till I saw you were alone. I only put it on for you to see."

A sudden remembrance of something she had said to him—"When it is real, and you give yourself—everything, and ask nothing." The certainty that she was doing this now, made him say quickly,—

"Don't be afraid: they shall not see. Come, let us go into the garden—those balconies by the river."

She shook her head again.

"They are not safe, and my guardian would be so angry. Though it isn't really wrong," she added, with her odd vein of piety; "but when somebody sent me the dress, I thought it would be fun, and I wanted you to see——"

"Sent you the dress?" he echoed hotly. "Who?"

She looked at him vastly amused.

"Are you jealous? But I'm not going to tell you. That is just like the novels, isn't it? But what is the use of making people angry?"

"How do you know I should be angry?" he asked coldly.

She smiled like a sphinx might smile. "I'm certain. Come: perhaps I'll tell when we get to a safe place. There's one close by. My guardian wouldn't have it lit up because—he always has the same reason for everything, you know, and it is so dull—because something happened there long ago. As if that mattered!"

As she spoke, they had been passing down the marble steps, her silver anklets chiming; and now, as they paused an instant on the edge of the water maze, they chimed still, but to a new, curiously provocative measure; and her face, her figure, her very voice, changed as if to keep time with it.

"I used to run all over it, in and out, when I was little," she chatted

mischievously, "and old Akhbar used to run after me and tumble in. I could do it now, and you could chase me, if I hadn't all this"—she gave a little mutinous kick at her sweeping skirt. Then suddenly she laughed. "Poor old Akhbar! I'd like him to see me, but I don't see how it could be managed. And nobody else must—but you. So come—come quick!"

She drew him after her, by one hand, like a child at play. Across the marble plinth, right to the wide-arched passage in the lower story; and when, having gained in the race, he would from habit have gone straight towards the courtyard, she pulled him back with a peal of laughter.

"Not that way, stupid! Here—it's a dear little balcony all by itself, with steps down to the river and a boat!"

"Perfect!" he exclaimed, with an answering laugh, as he disappeared after her.

But in that instant's pause two figures had passed into the other end of the long passage from the chapel. Two figures, one which half-disdainfully, half-regretfully had been going round the beauties of the palace, the other—gambolling sideways by reason of its curbing deference, its urging civility—engaged in garrulous tales of past glory.

"Yea! *Jer-eeb-pun-wáz*," it was saying, "Bun-avatâr used to meet Anâri Begum here. She liked him best in uniform, and she wore——"

It was then that, framed in the distant archway, seen clear against the radiance of the garden, that vision of a laughing girl, a flashing uniform appeared.

Old Akhbar Khân gave a faint mumbling petition to be preserved, and fell back, his teeth chattering.

"Anâr—Anâr—herself!" he muttered. "And he—God help us all! why did they light up the garden?"

But Roshan Khân knew better. His eyes were younger. And he had the key—the key of that shimmering silver dress!

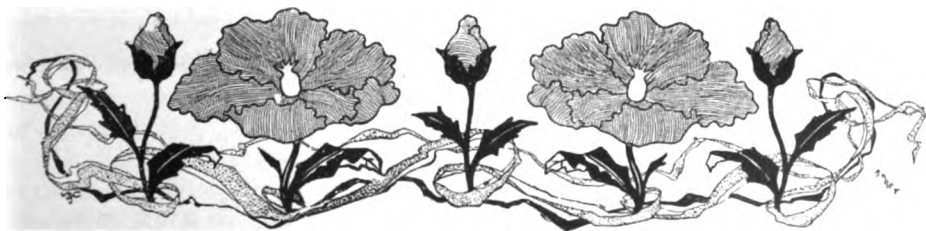
"Fool!" he said sharply, "they are no ghosts. 'Twas Dering-*sahib* and—and—" he gave a bitter laugh—"one of his *mems*. They do such things often."

But as he walked on, his hands clinched themselves to the tune of the words which sang in his brain; "God smite his soul to hell! God smite his soul to hell!"

The two great stabilities, Love of God—Faith and Love of Woman, had joined hands. as they always do.

FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

(To be continued.)

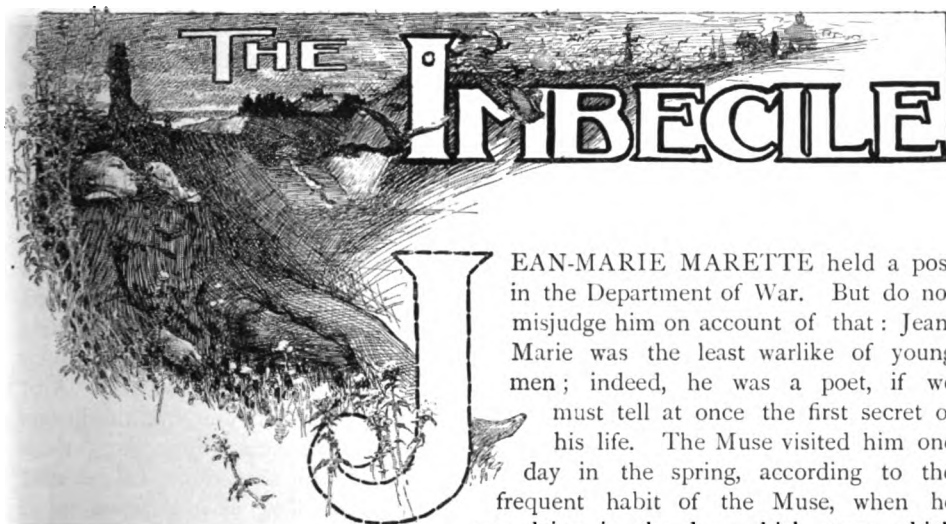




TO DIANEME.

SWEETE, BE NOT PROUDE OF THOSE TWO EYES,
 WHICH STARLIKE SPARKLE IN THEIR SKIES :
 NOR BE YOU PROUDE, THAT YOU CAN SEE
 ALL HEARTS YOUR CAPTIVES; YOURS, YET FREE.
 BE YOU NOT PROUDE OF THAT RICH HAIRE,
 WHICH WANTS WITH THE LOVE-SICKE AIRE.
 WHEN AS THAT RUBIE, WHICH YOU WEARE,
 SUNK FROM THE TIP OF YOUR SOFT EARE,
 WILL LAST TO BE A PRECIOUS STONE,
 WHEN ALL YOUR WORLD OF BEAUTIE'S GONE.

R. HERRICK.



JEAN-MARIE MARETTE held a post in the Department of War. But do not misjudge him on account of that : Jean-Marie was the least warlike of young men ; indeed, he was a poet, if we must tell at once the first secret of his life. The Muse visited him one day in the spring, according to the frequent habit of the Muse, when he was lying in the long thick grass which enriches the embankments of the Paris walls. If Jean-Marie had had a little science he would have said to himself that the sun was beginning to shine somewhat less obliquely on the fortifications of the city ; if he had been ambitious he might have taken pleasure in the martial aspect of his surroundings. But Nature was trying to make a man out of a Government clerk, and Jean-Marie took himself very seriously, as such do.

And Nature had a task to perform. In the first place the change threatened to revolutionise his existence. After a quarrel with the Chief Clerk of his particular sub-department, an enterprising and hateful person, Jean-Marie contemplated giving up his clerkship, and spent three evenings in composing indignant resignations. But postponing this step for a time, out of consideration for the wrath of his parents, he took to lonely wandering of the streets and staying up late at nights, for which he was merely scolded. So until the summer *vacances* he busied himself with sonnets and madrigals ; and then, as if in one season he had exhausted the beauty of the world, he sang of a dark sweet face and impenetrable eyes—and ceased thenceforth to be a poet.

He became acquainted with Margot in the Luxembourg Garden one afternoon, where she sat alone in the forlorn Alley of the Little Widows. He did not at all know how he made her acquaintance : he knew that such bold things happened, and he had read dialogues which began those strange intimacies ; but here, all unawares, he was wandering in the maze of familiarity with a young woman ! Indeed, it was the very next day that he brought her the poem.

Now, Margot was a common girl of the Quartier, but she was also a French girl, and therefore a poem was not a strange, unmeaning thing to her. She read it, and she read it intelligently, though he did have to protest that she was laughing at him.

"No, I'm not," she declared, in her peculiarly clear, musical voice. "Only you make a grand mistake, my friend. I am not beautiful, as you say ; and I am not good, either, I can tell you !"

"You seem very lonely here," murmured Jean-Marie.

Margot kicked her heels in the gravel, and examining him out of the corner of one eye she inquired, "Aren't you, too ?"

"I have always been lonely," said Jean-Marie pathetically. And then he told

her of all his life. It had been one long routine, even its changes, as he grew in years to new thoughts and emotions, mere advancement from one routine to another. For France is a beautiful prison-house; a large modern one, built in the manner prescribed by law, full of wonderful, fascinating places—but a prison-house. Looking backward, he could see nothing but prison life. It began with his earliest schooldays, and for twelve years he did exactly what every other schoolboy of his age in France was doing: at certain fixed times some thousands of small voices wailed out the same lessons, at specified hours some thousands of little citizens solemnly marched to their playgrounds in their sad uniforms, at given moments they mournfully marched back to school. Such was his life until the belted blouse was thrown aside for a straight blue jacket and brass buttons, and Jean-Marie looked upon life as a youth, but always walking in those eternal ranks from which there was no liberation. . . . For twelve years ruled, directed, regulated. And then the direction was changed, and he became one in that multitudinous procession which goes to daily work. Ah! who will ever record those days, their atmosphere heated with gas, dried with dust, tainted with the odours of ink and paper—days of compulsion almost to effortlessness, the long slow depression of spirit and degradation of heart and mind embittered with a vague longing for an unknown freedom?

And if it was not like this he spoke to her, it was because that life had already rendered him half unconscious of himself. Much beside this he tried to say; while Margot scraped the gravel under her feet, and was sometimes astonished and again bewildered, looked at him darkly when she doubted, curiously when she believed. At last he stopped, and her lips were parted, her eyes gleaming, as she wavered between a hard word and a burst of laughter, when she felt him taking her hand.

"No, no!" she said, jumping to her feet with a flurried air. "Don't be a—— You mustn't do that!"

"What?" said Jean-Marie in alarm, for he had amazed himself. "I have offended you!"

There was something more than anger or mocking on Margot's parted lips now: some quality that lay in her eyes, bright, fixed, but seeing nothing. "No, I'm not offended, certainly," she replied to his self-accusation. She moved away from him, ever so slightly, but ever so determinedly, thought Jean-Marie.

"I suppose I shall see you again?" he said, with an effort.

"Well, I often come here in the afternoon," she replied.

"In the afternoon?" He pretended to reflect. He could not well leave the Department office until four o'clock at the earliest. "To-morrow I have engagements," he said, "but I shall be here at about half-past four."

When they separated he went wandering away he knew not whither, stupefied by her parting glance and smile, the pressure of her hand which he still felt within his. Once he stopped doubtfully, and made a deep scrutiny in a shop-front mirror. The face which he confronted there, soft and sharp-featured, agreeably flushed just then, sent him on again with more confidence. He had experienced something of the glory of life, and slowly the feeling came over him that he had never lived before, that he had never realised what the world was. So on and on he walked with his confused thoughts, as if he were stretching to the point of breaking the bonds which held him to all his former life, with its common interests, its trivial cares, its little economies: it all appeared now so empty and purposeless. And finally he began to feel that a strange power had entered his soul; he felt reckless, bold, free; he would willingly have met death then. . . .

And having walked his excited nerves to rest, he returned home to dream of the coming day, and especially of the bold words of love he would never dare to speak, and of the beautiful things which would all but occur; while his mother scolded harshly and his father wearily sighed.

The intimate relation which has always existed between love and war is for ever marching the young lover off to battle. So it was that Jean-Marie soon found himself in the midst of glorious



combats fought between the imaginary knights of various escutcheons just then in his care, for the hand of a lady not at all imaginary; and Jean-Marie Marette was always the victorious knight. But, unfortunately, this correspondence between the state of love and war does not influence promotion in the Department. The Chief Clerk called it neglect of work, and Jean-Marie was contemptuously reprimanded. The young man's cheeks flushed hot with the shame of his humiliation: he longed to speak out, and he dared not; he burned to throw in the teeth of this man an insult that would bring the cataclysm, and he was compelled to hold his tongue. For the first time he was meeting with the world's conspiracy against the endurance of love, in all the necessary trivialities, the thousand common details, which made up the sordid length of his days.

But love has its own sweet balm for the woes it brings. He loved Margot, and he saw her again at the place of their first meeting. And from that time he showed her that he loved her well, submitting

“To-morrow I have engagements,” he said.”

himself to the inquisitive teeth of her little dog Toutou, sometimes talking very much and sometimes keeping very silent. They met often in those days, and certainly Margot seemed as much interested in their meetings as he was. She soon let him know all about herself: she was a poor girl, all alone in the world, her parents having died. She was a *couturière* (she showed him the little black needle-wounds on her forefinger); but she was out of work, and it was very difficult to get work in Paris, and sometimes it was very lonesome for a desolate girl. (Jean-Marie could have wept.) But she was used to it, and one needs only to get used to things in this world; and she gave a little laugh. Ah, you should have heard Margot laugh,—the tone of a little bell which rings with doubtful gaiety,—and you would know why Jean-Marie, whose own desire could not urge him to tell his love, suddenly decided that the time for it had come. He would make this despondent girl happy.

So when she arose to go, at about six o'clock, he said abruptly, "Don't go yet, Margot: I have something important to say to you."

Each word sounded strangely distinct, and a terrible silence followed.

"I want to say . . ." began Jean-Marie, painfully.

"Oh, where is she? where is she?" exclaimed Margot, jumping to her feet and clasping her hands, as she gazed about her.

"Who?" asked Jean-Marie, huskily.

"Toutou. Do find her for me! Toutou-ou-u!"

Toutou was discovered disturbing the serenity of a flock of tame ducks near by, and when she had been coaxed therefrom to her mistress's arms, Jean-Marie had no heart for a second endeavour.

It was a ghastly thing, such an interruption. And it was a pity, too, for they were losing the white nights of August—nights when daylight scarcely abates, and a soft silent twilight fills the darkest hours: nights for the dream which is first love. Once sense of this stirring in him as a necessity, moved him to another effort, and when she spoke of going he assured himself of Toutou's security, and said, "Don't go yet, Margot: I have something important to say to you."

There was an awful familiarity in the words, now that he had uttered them; but Margot said expectantly, "Yes?"

"We have known each other a long time now. Do you think you could—could ever—I mean this evening—take dinner with me?"

"Of course," said Margot promptly.

This result gave him great relief and satisfaction. And that evening they dined at a restaurant over on the Right Bank; and although there was a dreadful lack of conversation at table, and always an awkward constraint which could not be dispelled, he felt quite at ease when they were once outside. And as they wandered about the Tuileries Gardens he whispered to himself, "Now I have the power to speak, if I cared to risk it!" When they sat down on a bench to rest he carelessly threw his arm along the back and audaciously touched her sleeve. "Now would be the time," he reflected—"now, when I almost hold her in my arms!" But, name of a name! why talk of it, after all? In the dim night light her face, seen in profile, seemed so unsubstantial as to fade softly into the air. He noticed a sweet suggestion of hollowness in her cheek—the hollow that had taken the place of the dimple—which touched her face with a melancholy no smiles could chase away. He longed to touch that soft mould of her cheek, and before he was aware he felt its velvet smoothness beneath his fingers. When she slightly turned toward him and smiled, he stammered confusedly, "Mosquito on your cheek!"

"Did you catch it?" asked Margot.

He murmured an unintelligible answer, and proposed that they should go. Indeed, he rather hastened their progress toward the Rue de la Tombe Issoire, in the upper part of the Quartier Latin, where she lived; for he was sure that before he left her, just as he was about to leave her, he would tell his love. As it was after ten o'clock, they found the house lights out and the door locked. Margot rang the bell, and when the door sprang ajar she pushed it open, turned and held out her hand, and with a peculiar smile said, "Au r'voir, Jean!"

"Good night!" he said, in a ghastly voice. "Good night!" He corrected himself: "Good night, darling!" and then precipitately fled.

Dazzled with the rapid progress of affairs, he had never been so happy in all his life. He was so happy that he could scarcely contain himself, so happy that all the world smiled at him and he smiled at all the world, so happy that the tedious dream of the day was turned to a refulgent reverie, in which he worked as he had never worked before. And at home some strange attractive quality of life seemed to cling to the common existence of his mother and father; the one commanding and impatient, the other meekly sighing and dreaming his way through the world. There was romance even in his occupation now; and in the knights and ladies of the escutcheons which he designed with such painful care he saw a world of men and women which might have been, or which might be, and his fellow-clerks seemed younger brothers, to be helped and pitied.

But there is seldom a heaven without a cloud; and sure enough, above his happy horizon a storm soon arose.

"Who is the happy lady?" the Chief Clerk loudly inquired, and there was a roar of subservient laughter.

"What do you mean, monsieur?" demanded Jean-Marie indignantly.

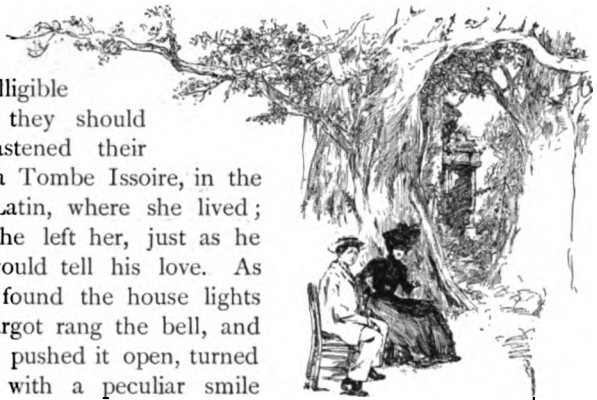
"Oh, nothing, Monsieur Marette! Only you have been on the broad grin all day."

"And if you do not like my broad grin perhaps you will accept my resignation?" Jean-Marie sprang to his feet, pale as death, facing his old enemy.

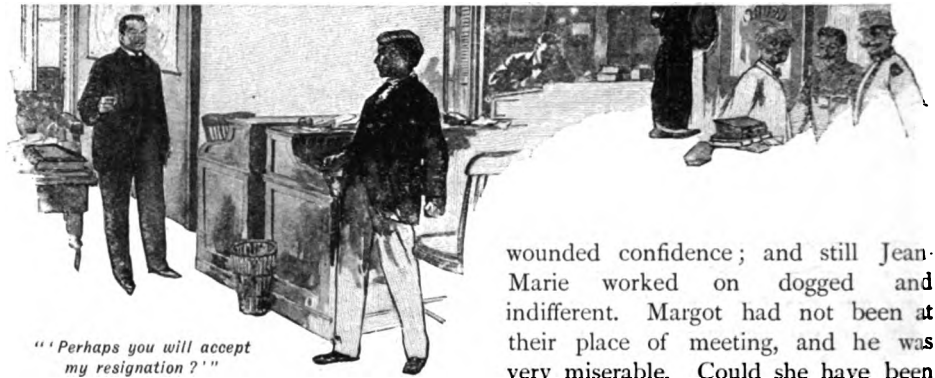
"Perhaps," sneered the Chief Clerk. "I shall take pleasure in handing it in, monsieur."

Jean-Marie had made a terrible mistake. To resign now, when he was no longer concerned for himself alone, would blast his dearest ambition. That evening he tried to explain matters to the Chief Clerk, but the latter said brusquely, "I received your insults in the presence of my assistants, monsieur; to-morrow I will listen to your explanations in the same way."

But the next day a gloomy silence was all that came from Jean-Marie, and the Chief Clerk waited for the proper word until his expectant air gave way to one of



"Toutou was disturbing the serenity of a flock of tame ducks."



wounded confidence; and still Jean-Marie worked on dogged and indifferent. Margot had not been at their place of meeting, and he was very miserable. Could she have been offended at the ardour of his last parting? he asked himself. Oh no! since she loved him. Then something must have happened. But he was not so sure that she loved him; he was not sure of anything. Thus all through the day a world of mingled doubt and longing whirled before his eyes, and out of it he looked dizzily, like one overcome with a great catastrophe.

Just as so much happiness had come from his love, so now a thousand miseries emanated from it. In dread at the prospect of separation, for the first time he saw, though vaguely, what his life would be. And, looking forward, he could see nothing but prison life. Soon there would be a change from his desk and all that belonged to the abhorred Department. Then again he would be in uniform, for three years one of an army of half a million men—for three years subjugated, submerged, annihilated; and at the end of that time there would be a uniform grown about his heart, encasing his very mind and soul, as there had been about his body, never to be laid aside, grown out of, shaken off. Then back to the Department, a piece of the State's office-fixture. Probably he would marry, and his wife would scold as his mother scolded now, and he would sigh and go out to a *café* to play dominoes, or dream quietly in a corner while the orchestra played,—dreaming heaven only knows what dreams,—like his father.

But he loved Margot. Everything in his nature that asked and desired was answered and satisfied in her; and he determined that he must put an end to everything indefinite between them—that he would do so at their next meeting. As the hour of freedom from his desk drew near he became surprised at his unwavering determinedness in the matter; in reality he was practising a poor little deceit with himself, half counting upon her non-appearance.

At four o'clock he hastened to the Luxembourg Garden and to their meeting-place in the Alley of the Little Widows. He walked from one end to the other without seeing Margot. There were other girls there—poor little desolate girls of the Quartier, who looked at him with speculative eyes. He went away for a while and returned hastily, in time to see her appear at the head of the Alley. She gave him her hand in greeting, and smiling sent the blood to his forehead.

For what did this mean, he demanded, except that she knew his love for her? and he immediately put off a declaration of it until after dinner. She consented to have dinner with him that evening, but said that she must go home directly afterward, as she had found work at last. To make up for it she was very gay, chatting as busily as a bird with its first mate; he had never seen her so animated; her face was flushed, her eyes sparkled, and there was always a laugh on her lips.

It was after dinner when, stopping to look at the beautiful night lights of the Seine, she said, "Now listen, Jean-Marie: tell me how you like this song." She half hummed the air, half sang the words; and although Jean-Marie did not catch the meaning, and knew nothing whatever about music, he murmured, "Very beautiful: is it from an opera?"

"Yes," said Margot, beginning to laugh. "From an opera performed at the Pôle Nord—I mean the Opéra-Comique."

Jean-Marie had hoped that some time in the course of the evening Margot would speak of not having seen him the day before; but she seemed altogether taken up with her song now, and hummed it over and over again as they went along; and he, with all his desire to pour out the story of his troubled love, said nothing whatever until they were under the trees of the Avenue de l'Observatoire.

There she stopped abruptly, and somewhat peremptorily said, "Now you've gone far enough; I'll go the rest of the way alone."

He was taken by surprise, but managed to stammer, "I—I—was afraid you were not coming to the Luxembourg to-day."

Margot laughed. "And what if I had not?" she demanded.

"Oh, then!" he exclaimed. "Oh!" and suddenly his arm was about her waist and he had kissed her.

"Au r'voir!" she called after him.

"Au r'voir, Margot!" came his shaking voice from a distance.

A moment later Jean-Marie could scarcely realise his achievement. He wandered about the streets in a suppressed state of rapture too exquisite for thought or words, fit only for music. Indeed, he found himself humming the song he had picked up from Margot, humming it over in monotonous repetition as the single voice of his happiness. Half an hour after he had left her he was walking among the dark and secret little streets which lie behind the Boulevard Saint-Michel, when his attention was arrested by a sign: "Café du Pôle Nord. Concert tous les Soirs." "Pôle Nord," he repeated to himself, and remembering that he had heard it from Margot, he hesitated a moment, and went in.

He found himself in a basement, without windows, the walls covered with flaming posters,



"Suddenly he had kissed her"

three or four flaring gas jets throwing a dusky light over the men and women crowded about the tables. It was a resort of *bourgeois* free-livers, made up of working men, *souteneurs*, and women of the street, among whom were a few soldiers and policemen, a few artists in the last stages of failure and decay. A song was in progress, accompanied by the music of a tinkling piano. When the singer reached the chorus the entire audience joined in thunderously, and at the end of the song they applauded with laughter, mocking and roaring. Changes of the programme were rapid, one singer immediately taking the place of another. More than a minute's silence was seldom given the audience.

An hour passed like this, and Jean-Marie still sat in the seat he had taken near the door. The place was scarcely changed in its aspect of forced gaiety and effort of pleasure, only it grew hot and stifling, filled with stagnant odours.



"What she sang slowly sank into Jean Marie's mind."

But the young man saw or heard little of what went on about him. His attention was taken up with the movements of a little dog which ran about under the tables. He looked at that dog as if fascinated, and when it passed near him he leaned over and called softly, "Toutou!" and it came to him and began to play about his feet.

Jean-Marie looked up bewildered. On the platform beside the piano a young man was announcing a poem, "L'Amie de l'Absinthe." He had the high bald temples, small lascivious eyes, short nose and swollen face sometimes seen in a Greek head—like that of the poet Verlaine, whom he imitated. His poem was too long, and when he was half-way through it his voice was drowned by the discontented shouts of his auditors.

Jean-Marie caught scarcely more than a glimpse of him, when another took his place. She had a fine laughing face, somewhat worn, but now heated and

flushed with excitement, her large dark eyes sparkling as a fresh spring does in the moonlight. She waited for a cessation of the clamour of applause which greeted her, and began to sing. And what she sang slowly sank into Jean-Marie's mind, and burned like a grief and shame to the heart of his heart. It was a running narrative of the love-affair of a naïve youth and an experienced woman; it was cynical and railing, in the broad vein of the modern French humour. When she came to the chorus, her little tongue ringing in her open red mouth like the clapper of a bell, the song was laughing and mocking at all that had been hesitating and timid in him. Half dazed, he beheld his poor timid emotions held up for the ridicule of those people; what had been most sacred to him was touched with hands of filth, his scarce-born hopes were polluted; all that he had ever dared to think, all that he had most secretly felt, seemed to have been detected and studied and turned to ridicule by the woman he loved. And then he no longer heard the song, no longer saw the singer or the people of the place; his eyes mechanically followed the movements of the little dog under the tables.

A burst of applause aroused him; and as he stood up he saw Margot step from the platform, and, still laughing, stoop over and kiss the young poet who had preceded her.

Outside the night was pure and still, as Jean-Marie walked wearily homeward. He was not angry with her, only it was all a mistake, a dreadful mistake—when made, or by whom, he did not know. When he reached home he went at once to his own chamber, and threw himself on his bed to rest. He felt again the atmosphere of the place burning in his head, and again he saw Margot singing, stooping to kiss the poet of absinthe. He did not blame her at all, he pitied her; the destiny that had imprisoned him had set her free, and placed her where she was—had made of both of them what it could. He felt himself overwhelmed, driven back from the portals of that prison-house of his life from which there was no escape. And the shame of his simplicity returned to him; and it was not only cruel, it was not only unjust, it was false,—utterly false. Facing the reality of his life he knew this, he was sure of it, he would prove it. He felt reckless, bold, free; he feared nothing: he felt that he was a man.

He sat down at his table and wrote a letter; it was the letter of a man, triumphant, arrogant, resigning his post in the Department of War. He sealed and addressed the envelope, and laying the letter aside wrote another. It took him longer, for he was careful of every word he formed, as he wrote painfully, in his best hand. He grew caressing and soft as he wrote, almost weeping from tenderness now and then. But it was a noble letter, a letter in which a man told a woman how he loved her. As with the first letter, he carefully enclosed this one in an envelope, sealed and addressed it, and placed it beside the first. He looked at them for a long while with a vague smile of pride and satisfaction. And then, having at last achieved his manhood, Jean-Marie went to the toilet stand, and took a razor from it.

* * * * *

"But all the same," said Margot, when she had finished reading her letter to her friend the poet—"but all the same, that's a beautiful death!"

But her friend the poet threw away the end of his cigarette, and shrugging his shoulders said impatiently, "The imbecile!"

HERBERT COX ACHESON.



THE TWO HUGOS.*

WHEN Renan says of Nero that he had "the intellect of one of Victor Hugo's heroes," he strikes a shrewd blow at Hugo as well as at Didier and Ruy Blas, at the poet of *les Orientales* and *la Légende* as well as at Gwynplaine and Hernani and Jean Valjean. For a man's heroes are that part of his work which he loves best, and on which—

"Perchance as finding there unconsciously
Some image of himself,"

he lingers with the most complacency. Now, it was written of Hugo—by no less an artist in criticism than Heine—that somewhere or other, on this part of his person or on that, he had, however artfully dissembled, a hump—a malformation which insisted on getting itself manifested in everything he did; and it was written of Hugo's heroes—by no less an expert in character than Thackeray—that they were monsters all: creatures with humps, who might not be measured by the standards in use among ordinary human beings. Both these opinions are irrefragable. Hugo's heroes *are* monsters, and they are monsters because Hugo had a hump: not a hump physical, as Heine was so malevolent as to suggest, but a hump moral and spiritual, which hump its owner could not choose but bestow upon the several creatures of his fancy. One and all, they are expressions of sentiment gone wrong; and as the name of Hugo's hump—which is Hugo's master-quality—was Insincerity, they are one and all impossible and incredible. There are times when Hugo, if he were not true to fact, if he had not lived and moved and had actual being, would seem incredible and impossible as the most personal of his own creations. One might say of him, with perfect truth, that life for him was one long sequence of attitudes, all exaggerated, and each one nothing if not conscious and deliberate. All were cleverly conceived and done, for Hugo (his

* *The Memoirs of Victor Hugo.* With a Preface by Paul Meurice. Translated by John W. Harding. London: Heinemann, 1899.

genius apart) was in some ways an uncommonly clever fellow: a man with a keen eye for the main chance, an extraordinary feeling for Number One, and a very natural resolve to make the most he could by (as well as of) an unrivalled technical endowment. But all were attitudes, and now there is none but recalls that saying of Renan's with which I begin this Note.

Of what size and quality, in effect, are the intellects of Hugo's heroes? And in what degree do they differ from Hugo's own? The answer consists in another question:—Is it possible to conceive of *Hernani* or of *Ruy Blas* with any brains but the shallowest? I do not think it is. *Hernani* is a fool positive; or the Horn would leave him cold, and there would be no play. *Ruy Blas* is a fool positive; or he would make no more of Don Salluste than of the dust under his foot, and again there would be no play. That both *Ruy Blas* and *Hernani* are in all other respects impossible—that they are as false to history as they are false to nature—has nothing to do with the present contention. They are good enough Hugo to be typical Hugo; and the sole conclusion possible about them is that they have only the very rudiments of brains, and that what in human beings is called character is shown in them as an instinctive and overmastering capacity for attitude. They have, that is, the qualities and the defect of their creator. They have presence, rhetoric, music, colour, a certain flamboyancy in inverisimilitude. But they are also liars born and made: they are hard put to it to mean a word they say. Or, if they be not liars, and if it be expected of you that you take their utterances for gospel, then are they the worst witted and the most helpless impostors that ever foisted themselves upon a thrice-gullible public. And here their creator meets and beats them on their own ground; and, in the long run, one is left gasping at the spectacle—of assurance, ignorance, insincerity, and sham superiority—which, thanks to his abounding lyrism, his magnificent temperament, and his scarce less magnificent capacity for expressing his *néant*—the Bottomless Pit that was innate, essential Hugo—in brilliant and sonorous verse, in antithetic and fanciful prose, he contrived to offer to the world until the end.

Attitude—attitude—and again and always attitude: in the beginning, as in the end, attitude and an almost unnatural mastery of rhythm and speech. That is the secret of his success, that the explanation of the hold he had upon his lieges and the world. His ignorance runs deeper than ever plummet sounded; so that his *Cromwell*, his *Marie Tudor*, his *l'Homme qui rit*—to name but these—might stand, were they not already forgotten, for monuments of human impudence at the same time that they are achievements in human nescience. For (be it noted) he is always careful to insist upon the variety and the extent of his reading: he knows his public thoroughly, and he knows—and here is the cleverness which distinguishes his *pose*—that his public is even less bookish than himself, and will take his learning for granted *because* he insists on it, and *because* he writes good verses. He believes in his as Didier in the authenticity of Marion de l'Orme's new-made virginity: because he will, and there is none to say him nay. And his egotism is so vigorous that he has no eye and no ear and no suspicion of the vengeful Muse of History, whose servants will presently come down upon him, upset all his facts, make hay of his conclusions, and demonstrate that, whatever he may have known of character and life, he knew absolutely nothing, for all his solemn and imposing countenance and his "austere regard of control"—nothing, I say, of history, nothing of books, nothing of anything excepting the fact that he, Hugo, was superior to facts and rules, and that, for the moment at least, he spoke as one inspired, and might, without fear of questioning, say anything he would. It was not for nothing that he called himself *Olympio*; wrote his own life—or dictated it to

his wife; and insisted that (in the words of "our immortal Chiggle, sir"), his Brow was more than mortal.* He was so self-satisfied, he had so little sense of humour, that he thought it all true, and struck such attitudes as seemed appropriate to his occasions in the full belief that, inasmuch as they were his, they were removed beyond criticism. In a sense he was justified of himself; for it is demonstrable to the hilt that he made such verses as no Frenchman had ever made, and had, besides, such a temperament as has been matched, I think, by none but our Mr. Gladstone's within the memory of man. Had the blind gods but given a touch of conscious fun to either, how much richer had they left the world in fact and how much poorer in occasions to scoff! It is told of Victor Hugo that, being taken *in flagrante delicto*, by an outraged husband and a Commissaire in a tricoloured scarf, he was subjected to a formal *interrogatoire*, and that, being attired in the costume which is usual at such passes in human existence, he responded to the question as to his status exactly as Ruy Blas or Didier or Gwynplaine or Hernani or Ruy Gomez would have answered, in these noble words: "Monsieur, je suis pair de France!" Is there such an entire and perfect chrysolite of fatuousness in all the history of genius? He was a *pair de France*, you see, and, being a *pair de France*, as much above and beyond the law which governs grocers and coal-mongers and the like as Lauzun or Richelieu or Bassompierre. Does not the answer read as something straight from one of his own immortal works? Can you not see Frédéric dressing himself—"très digne"—in whatever is handy, and taking the stage, to give it out with one of those gestures "as of an inspired windmill" of which he had the secret; while Georges (or Mars, or Dorval) sobs, artfully denuded, L. C.? That, however, is Hugo the man and Hugo the maker of heroes. As the parodist, poor André Gill, once wrote:—"Tout [Hugo] est là. Ou là. Là ou là? 'Tyroliennê. Passons." Add the lyric of *les Orientales* and *les Contemplations* and *les Châtiments* and the rest, and you begin to understand the kind of effect he had upon his lieges and upon the world. It was Théophile Gautier, I believe, who said that he could not so much as think that Hugo had made a bad verse unless he were fathoms underground, in black darkness, utterly removed from human cognisance. Others were more critical and less loyal:—

Je l'admire vraiment.—Et franchement, personne
Ne me rappelle mieux, parfois, le mardi-gras.
Quel porteur d'oripeau! quel faiseur d'embarras!
Et que souvent il pèse! et quel creux rauque il sonnet!

Nul n'a fait tant de vers ni si beaux ni si drôles:
Il est grand, il est bas; il engraisse nos Gaules,
—Mais jusqu'à les crêver!—d'un fumier précieux.

I should like to quote the whole sonnet, which is sound criticism throughout. But the gist of it is enough, and the "fumier précieux" is said once and for all time. As for the antithesis—"Il est grand, il est bas"—that also were demonstrable to the hilt, if this were the right and fitting place. As it is not, I need but note that, on the one hand, Hugo was a great lyric poet, and that, on the other, Hugo's heroes are Hugo's ideals—are Hugo's conceptions of Hugo in certain

* "Il avait en lui beaucoup de l'Hercule": thus M. Rodin to the present writer and to R. L. S. as we were considering his magnificent bust of Hugo. Now, the said bust is rather Herculean than Apollonian: the Brow, that is, is sacrificed to the back-head, which, in Hugo, as in Gladstone, was superb. The bust, therefore, was not accepted by the Family, nor was Rodin called in to take the poet's death-mask, still less to design the poet's monument.

circumstances, under certain conditions, and at grip with certain chances. Now, as Hugo's heroes are all lackbrains, with a passion for attitude, and a temperament which sets them higher than right and wrong—are idiots, in short, or sentimental *rastaquouères*, or both—it follows that . . . Well, it follows that, given a certain endowment, a certain technical imagination, a man needs neither character nor intellect of the highest class to be a very considerable poet.

It was Got, himself a most intelligent man, who declared that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, you might state as incontrovertible the paradox that the more clever the man the worse the actor. Put the thing thus: the more clever the man *outside his work*, and you may apply Got's test to most of the arts, and find that there is much to be said in its favour. Take painting, for instance. One has always heard that Claude was both illiterate and dull; yet are his landscapes of the noblest ever made. One hears little or nothing of Turner to make one sorry that one did not know him; yet one is told that his achievement is among the highest in all the range of art. For my part, I know nothing which gives me a greater sense of mastery, a fuller feeling of completeness, than a good Corot; but I have yet to read anything which shows that, outside his pictures, Corot was by so much as one degree removed from Colonel Newcome or Joe Gargery. Again, few better workmen than Courbet have practised painting since this century began; yet Courbet *intime* was a puzzle-headed, gross, and rather drunken boor. Or take the case of music. Outside his instruments, Beethoven was well-nigh inarticulate; and Beethoven is the greatest of them all. In literature it is other-guess work. Or rather, in literature it may be; for the medium of literature is also the medium of science and philosophy, and withal, the means of expression common to all mankind; and Shakespeare and Goethe and Dante are there to show that one may have all the brains that are going, and be the greater artist and poet for the possession. But it by no means follows that, because a man works in speech, and may say things at the same time that he is making poetry, he is poet and thinker both. For on the other side—remote from Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe—is Browning, who really was (they tell me) an infinitely clever fellow—a person with a brain of extraordinary range and subtilty—yet who chiefly lives as a kind of Shocking Case, an Awful Warning, an exemplar of everything the aspirant should not do. Decidedly, there is something in the old actor's theory. There is nothing more exquisite in literature than the best of Herrick—is there? Yet who would “pass his word for twopence” that Herrick had, outside his art, any more intelligence than the other country parsons of his time? And is not Hugo the lyrist great and satisfying on the whole in spite of Hugo the intellect and the man? Speaking in his own name, as an agent in human affairs, as an influence on human destiny, was he ever aught but fatuous? Who can think so? You may read Thackeray on his intercession with the existing King for a man's life in the early Thirties. It is painful reading, though apparently the few poor verses did their work. In 1871 he was issuing manifestoes to the Germans, urging on them the duty of sparing Paris and proclaiming the German Republic. He knew nothing when he began, that is; and he knew nothing when he ended. In the half-century between he had written many, very many delightful verses, with many, very many—an infinite array, in fact—of verses that are not delightful at all. At the last he approved himself a kind of poetry-machine, grinding out alexandrines and octosyllabics and all the other stuff of the trade as mechanically as Mr. Babbage's apparatus dealt with calculations. In all there are signs of the fecund and brilliant technical imagination which had been his from the first; in all there are notes of technical

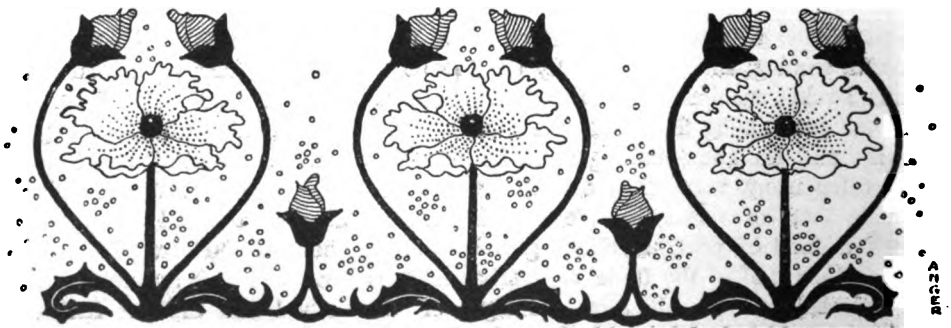
excellence which none living could equal. Not in all there is so much of Heine's hump that to read *l'Art d'être grand-père* (let us say) is to be sick of children, and to wonder why persons without tact, without reticence, without any of the quality of *virtus*—that honourable and engaging quality!—should be gifted as Hugo was, and should be permitted, as Hugo was, to go on, year after year, degrading their endowment. That said, I hasten to add that I should dearly like to compile an anthology from Hugo's verse. 'Tis an impossible notion, of course; for was not everything he wrote inspired? And is not everything he wrote thrice sacro-saint? But I think that, supposing it were not impossible, I could make a book out of his eight-and-forty volumes that would live.

Out of his verse, of course—out of his verse! There is but one way to enjoy your Hugo; and that is to read his verses—here and there; and to leave his prose alone. If you read the verse you get the poet—often, and often, and very often. If you read the prose, you get the Bounder, the *rastaq*—I will not say “always,” but more often than is good for your peace of mind. In the so-called *Memoirs*, which has served as a peg for these remarks, you get very little else than the Bounder; and, as he is on the whole not well translated—he says “Hello,” for instance, exactly as though he were an American “tough”; and “absis” and “dean” are unto him the proper terms for “apse” and “father”; and he is made to talk about a “lighterman” when what he wants to talk about is a *débardeur*: a very different thing!—he does not emerge from the experience with anything like flying colours and a whole skin. There is here some quite magnificent blither about the Improper Person who loves the Robber:—

“She was a harlot and he was a thief,
But they loved each other beyond belief:—

and how they live in divers cells of the subterranean Void; and how his Smile is hell-spoiled, but hers is tintured with the hues of heaven; and how there would be no harlots if it were not for human nature, and no thieves but for cruel and most unsentimental laws; and how, despite the efforts of God and Man and the Police, the Thief and the Harlot contrive to exchange “the kiss of azure.” But the worst of all are the references during the Siege to “Little Jeanne.” The whole business of the Siege—which Hugo thoroughly enjoyed—is an exhibition of the Heinesque *bosse*. But 'tis only when the poet takes on “Little Jeanne,” and runs her (so to speak) in and with and between the bulletins—her caudle-cup among the cannon, her bib against the bayonets—that you see how essential, how indestructible was the sentimental *rastaq* in Victor Hugo, and how hard it is for decent people to have anything to do with him.

W. E. H.





ONE WORD ABOUT HIGH MATTERS—THE POISONING OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE, ITS INCREASING PREVALENCE AND SAD RESULTS—THE DECADENCE OF LITERATURE AND WINE—CROWDS: A STRANGE INCIDENT AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS—AN ENCOURAGEMENT OF MR. BERNARD SHAW—A MELANCHOLY DEFENCE OF THE PATRON OF LETTERS—THE WEARINESS OF MUCH NOVELS—THE EXCELLENCES OF MR. HEWLETT AND MR. STEEVENS—THE SURPRISINGNESS OF MR. LECKY—"ON TRIAL," AND "STALKY."

WRITING in last month's Magazine, I referred to the Transvaal trouble as a disagreeable business of which we should be glad to be quit. The remark, of course, was written (at the end of September) before the outbreak of hostilities, and I am reminded of the uselessness of writing about current events so long before what one writes is published. At present (October 25th) reports of fighting, with a terrible percentage of loss for the numbers engaged, come daily to hand, and the country is profoundly moved. That is right and proper. The courage of men who expose their lives for their country is the same whether the enemy be savages or Boer farmers or French soldiers, and so is our grief for their loss. It is not, however, altogether amiss that we should remember that the country has had to face, and has faced calmly, troubles incalculably greater than these. A hundred years ago we were

fighting at once the Americans, the French, and the Spaniards—and Spain was not as she is. We were fighting for mere



existence—not, as now, for justice and honour; and we may have to fight for mere existence again. It is right that we should be enthusiastic in the present instance, but it is also right that we should remember that it is child's play to what we may have to face hereafter. When this is published, in the middle of December, I hope peace may be secured, but I will not prophesy. There are rumours of dangers ahead, dangers happily improbable but unhappily not impossible. . . . But these high themes are not for my lowly pen.

MINORA CANAMUS. Not so much *minora*, however, as you may think, for I propose to say a few words on the poisoning of the English people. Its minds



and morals are being continually poisoned, as we all know, by various publications of which we disapprove; but the poisoning to which I particularly refer is that of its bodies by cheap so-called wines. The habit of drinking these abominable concoctions of chemical acids is spreading enormously. Hundreds of thousands of misled wretches who once slaked their thirst on comparatively unadulterated beer now poison themselves with their "light dinner" claret and their "choice, well-matured" burgundy, as the insidious circulars of inferior wine merchants phrase it. A friend of mine who lives in a small house in a small suburb lately received six of these circulars from merely local tradesmen in a week. I do not deny that it is possible, if you know where to go for it, to

get wine at a cheap rate which, if not a drink for the gods, shall at least be tolerably sound and made from grapes. A well-managed club, for example, can provide it. But it is impossible that the bulk of the cheap wine sold in enormous quantities in England can be what it professes to be.

IT is a frightful danger, for you are really never safe. You may abstain from buying it for yourself, but if your friend gives it you at his table? And your friend will. There has always been a close connection between wine and literature, and there is now a lamentably close parallel in the decadence of both. Just as the rubbish written for the huge new board-school public tempts lazy people who should know better to neglect sounder authors and waste their time over cheap sensation and "humour," so hosts and hostesses who can afford to give their guests good but expensive wine, are lured by the facilities of the local grocer (so to speak) to poison their guests and save their pockets. In that admirable farce "The House on the Beach," Mr. Meredith describes with terrible truth the effects of the hospitable Mr. Tinman's wine. "A sip of his wine fetched the breath, as when men are in the presence of the tremendous elements of nature. It sounded the constitution more darkly-awful, and with a profounder testimony to stubborn health, than the physician's instruments. . . . 'They do say that powders is a good thing after Mr. Tinman's wine,' observed Mrs. Crickledon." And Tinman was anxious to please everybody. But there are people to whom no ambition is so precious, no social duty so sacred, as the joy of saving a few shillings: there are Tinmans everywhere. It is really (I implore you to reflect) not a trifling matter. Mr. Meredith suggests that we are no longer "merry" England, that we no longer sing madrigals and dance on the green, just because of this fatal corruption of our stomachs. It is very probable, and the corruption spreads every day: we shall end the saddest people in Europe if nothing be done to stop it.

ANOTHER occasion on which a plain man, with moderate means and a desire to live healthily, is a helpless victim of corruption and adulteration, is when he is

staying at an average hotel. He may give five times its fair price for his wine—even on the assumption that it is what it professes to be—and still be poisoned in the end. I was returning from such an hotel to London, with the benefits of exercise and sea air entirely cancelled by the quantity of sulphuric acid my system had absorbed at meals, when, being melancholy, I read the *Times* newspaper, and by an odd coincidence happened on an article denouncing this very wickedness. I was surprised, for it had not occurred to me that the august men who write for the *Times* ever condescended to hotels: I had supposed that they were always entertained by the Town Council. But you see, even the *Times* did not think the subject beneath its notice, and it is really not beneath yours. We are ashes and dust: drink of some kind is a necessity, and why should we not drink agreeably? O progress and reform! Enthusiasts have denounced wine for a century or so, and the end is that the drinking of it is infinitely more diffused and the wine itself infinitely worse. We are going to the dogs.

A NOTE on crowds. It is a common observation that the level of taste and intellect in them is apt to be that possessed by the least refined or intellectual of their constituent units. The highest common denominator, as it were, tends to be the rule, and it is seldom a high denominator. One observes that in the House of Commons, containing though it does men of great cultivation and reasoning powers—though perhaps not very many—the arguments are extremely rough-and-ready, and the view of statesmanship circumscribed. But I was not prepared for an account I read in the papers of another crowd, no less serious a crowd than the Church Congress. A speaker was setting forth his opinions on subjects which to his audience at least must have been of profound importance and a very sacred significance, but he was interrupted by cries of “shame” and “hisses.” Fancy hissing a man because his view of transubstantiation differed from one’s own! It is as logical, to be sure, as burning him, but I think that in point of taste the burning has more to be said for it. A man has a sacred conviction for which he would have gone to the stake—or thinks he would have gone—

in another age, and he “hisses” a man whose equally sacred conviction is the other way, and no doubt in the majority of cases



in this instance he hissed merely because another coarser and more superficial person began it. We are funny animals.

PLAYS? I have been to none of late, but I think I can safely say that none of epoch-making importance has been produced. I was sorry I missed Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Devil's Disciple*, because I understood it was at least half a farce; and *Arms and the Man* was the best farce, next to *The Importance of being Ernest*, among original plays in London that I have seen. I wonder if Mr. Shaw will ever write a good comedy. I doubt it: his love of mere fun runs away with him, and his sense of the perversity of things is stronger than his appreciation of normal character. *Mrs. Warren's Profession*—published, but not, I believe, acted so far—has a good deal of grim comedy in it; but somehow, with its comic clergyman and its fantastic boy, it had an effect of farce. *Candida* was something between a comedy and a pretty fairy-tale with a moral. But, comedies or farces, I wish Mr. Shaw's plays were given more opportunities in London. Surely there are people enough in this great city who are amused by more intelligent fun than that of the ordinary farce one sees, to make Mr. Shaw a paying concern? One of his farces was put into rehearsal some time ago at the Haymarket, I have heard: perhaps the players found that they laughed too much to trust themselves with it in public. Mr. Shaw would supply a felt want,

I am sure: meanwhile I hope this airy patronage of mine will console him.

THAT reminds me that I read an article in a literary paper the other day with which I did not agree. It was about the "patron" of literature in old days, and it congratulated contemporary writers on his abolition. From time to time you see the same article—abusing the patron and saying how nice it is to be independent. Dr. Johnson gave the cue, of course, and he was inspired simply by dislike of Lord Chesterfield.



But even Dr. Johnson admitted that there were good patrons: "if you called a dog Hervey I should love him." Now, I believe that the disappearance of the patron is much to be regretted. In the old days you sought out a rich man with tastes and opinions similar to your own, and he supplied you with venison and good claret. Independence? But, mark you, then you studied to please one man, and, by hypothesis, in doing so you were pleasing yourself: now, if you are to get the venison and claret, or even mutton and beer, you must please a heterogeneous mass of people with whom you are unacquainted, like a mountebank at a fair. Gay lived in comfort with the Queensberrys: I wonder how many poets the boasted "public" keeps in comfort now. These are rough suggestions: you can work out the argument for yourself. . . . It is very hard to please a sufficient number of people to make a comfortable livelihood out of writing books—harder by far than it was to find an

intelligent and sympathetic patron. In a general way, and with a few exceptions, everybody who has to do with writing makes money out of it except the bodies who write. Proprietors of papers, editors, publishers, agents—not writers. Even after the disappearance of the patron there were better times than now for the author. He took his book to the Murray or Longman or Blackwood of the period, and received for it so many thousand or so many hundred guineas—guineas, observe, professional and gentlemanly guineas, not pounds or dollars: Byron made a point of this in one of his letters to Murray. But the invention of the specious "royalty" has changed all that. It sounds so promising and businesslike, but the result is that you may make half a crown or so out of a book which has cost you a year's labour. No: give us back our patrons, say I. Independence is all very well, but as I walk down a foggy street on a freezing day I find it a mighty cold covering. The patron would have given me a fur coat.

BOOKS? I believe I have read several new novels. But as one grows older one forgets what they were all about. For my part, I am choked and surfeited with novels, and read fewer every year. I almost regret that I ever wrote one—especially since there was no delighted patron to reward it—and I shall have no heart to write another for a long time. There are so very many. The number of fictitious characters launched upon the world every year must quite equal its actual inhabitants. They make us long for facts, and send me, for example, to old letters and memoirs. Fine effects of art are one thing—when we get them. But, that apart, a few facts about real people are worth a million inventions about people who never were. I would



rather hear that Byron and Tom Moore supped off lobster and brandy together than that some imaginary person committed a dozen murders or acts of heroism. I would rather read how Madame du Deffand insisted on taking Horace Walpole for a drive at midnight than that some heroine of mediocre fiction went through a million perturbations of her confounded soul.

BUT there are good new novels to be found. Mr. Hewitt's "Little Novels of Italy" is one, or rather three or four. He has accomplished that union of romance and thought which Mr. Meredith has pointed out is the great need of modern fiction—that union which Mr. Meredith himself has accomplished so unapproachably in "Harry Richmond." He is fantastic, gallant, fanciful, and loves colour wholeheartedly, but he is also shrewd and penetrating. His people do not cease to have minds and spirits, because their bodies go from place to place and suffer strange adventures. They are not puppets, like Mr. So-and-so's. Another novel with romance and thought in it, but of an achievement far less flawless than Mr. Hewitt's, is Mr. Bernard Capes' "Our Lady of Darkness." It is very difficult reading indeed, at times bombastically obscure. But it shows a strong, though in this instance a most unhappy, imagination; its people are nearly all violently, and some of them horribly, morbid; but they are realised, and hold your attention, when it is fixed. Mr. Capes has been so severely lectured about his obscurity by the reviewers that I am unwilling to enlarge on the point, but I am impelled to say that the man who could write a simple and beautiful little song which occurs in the book,—

"Little Lady Dormette,
Hark to my crying!
Would you not come to me
Though I were dying?
Little Lady Dormette,
Kiss my hot eyes,
Make me forget!"—

is it not charming?—ought *not* to have been able to write several crack-jaw and fuliginous sentences which as a matter of fact he has written. Also he had no right to invent a very mean action and make Sheridan the

author of it. But there is "stuff" in the book.

LIKE most other people, I have read that wonderful *tour de force* of observation, Mr. Steevens's "In India." If thought is rare with the writer of romance, so is it also with the man of quick actual vision. This, I think, is Mr. Steevens's distinction: that in him rare qualities of sight and thought go together. We are more strictly specialised than our fathers, not only in habits and lines of life, but in resulting aptitudes. The man who makes it his business to see important things is rarely a man of mental cultivation, and more rarely still a philosopher; and Mr. Steevens is both. Even if this "In India" of his were not true, it still would be a wonder of constructive and coherent imagination: but I am assured by those who know that it is true, and one's respect and profit are multiplied.

"PLATITUDES," remarks a little-read essayist, "are the bread of our moral life; they soothe our nerves, they rest our brains, they comfort us in affliction." If this be true, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky might come to be regarded as a benefactor of humanity. But I should not have singled him out for special mention—there are so many platitudinarians about—if his book "The Map of Life" had not been hailed by sapient reviewers as a masterpiece of profound reflection. It is everything to have an air; Mr. Lecky approaches the world with the air of a philosopher, and so the world receives him. But from the beginning to the end of his book there is not only not a novel theory of life and conduct—which perhaps one ought not to expect in this late age of the world—but not a novel example or fact or thought or remark of any kind whatever. I might go further—why not?—and say that there is not a remark in it which is not so emphatically notorious that one rubs one's eyes in wonder that any one should have taken the trouble to write it down. "The experience of the world teaches us that in all human probability to-day will be followed by to-morrow, and we may affirm with absolute certainty that it was preceded by yesterday." Well, Mr.

Lecky does not say that in so many words, but he *does* say : "Tastes of the palate also naturally change with age. The schoolboy,

novelty for the sake of novelty is foolish, and no one is more anxious than I that the great lessons of the race should not be forgotten ; but Mr. Lecky is in truth surprising.



who bitterly repines because the smallness of his allowance restricts his power of buying tarts and sweetmeats, will probably grow into a man who, with many shillings in his pocket, daily passes the confectioner's shop without the smallest desire to enter it." If I may say so without discourtesy, this is immense, and the book is full of such gems. One has heard nothing like it since one listened to his earliest schoolmaster, and it came upon one as a shock of freshness and daring when Mr. Lecky rebuked Mr. Rhodes for his share in the Jameson Raid. Mere

ONE moment, please. Another novel I meant to mention is "On Trial," by "Zack." It is a horribly complete and forcible analysis of a coward—a more distressing performance, in my opinion, than any amount of sordid realism or frightful crime. It is also a book of distinct genius, in feeling and observation alike. And I meant to say a word about Mr. Kipling's "Stalky and Co." In the many well-deserved eulogies of it I have read, I have read also—and that in more than one "literary" paper—an absolute misstatement. Mr. Kipling is praised for his accuracy in drawing "the public school boy." He did not attempt, and he says as much, to do anything of the sort. In their manners, their school customs, and their attitude to life generally, his boys are as unlike public school boys as any English boys could be. The original misstatement has been elaborated by ignorant reviewers in the most misleading fashion, and it is worth correcting—if one may say so without prejudice—for the public school boy's sake.

G. S. STREET.

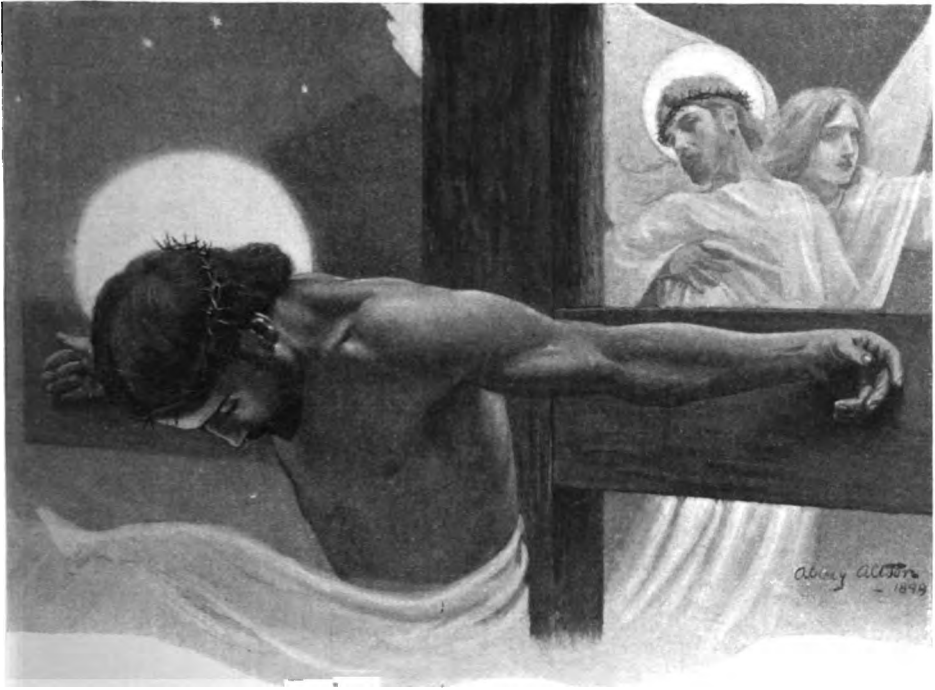




YELLOW MARGUERITES.
BY ALBERT MOORE.

Paul Mall. Manarville.

Photoduplicate by Archer & Sons, London W.



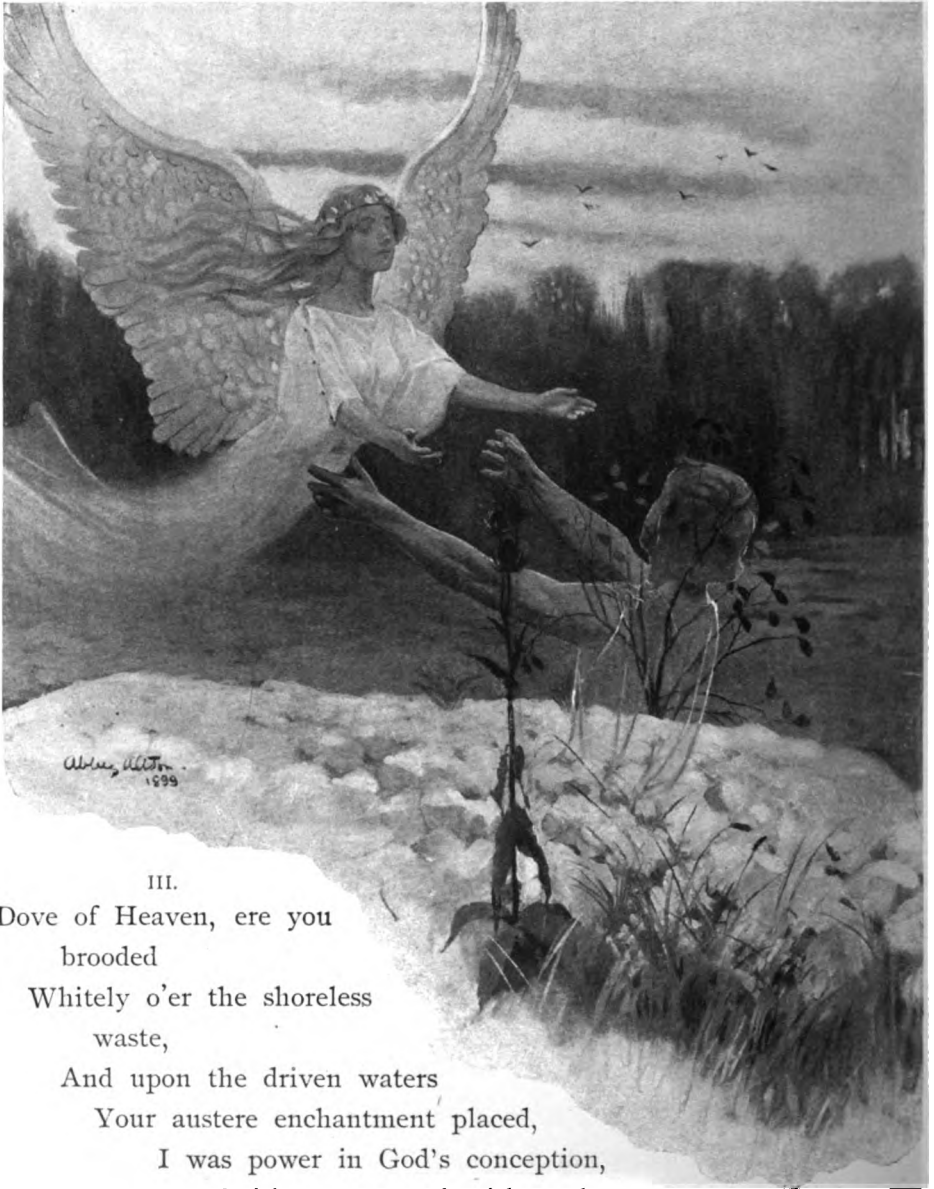
CHILD OF THE INFINITE.

I.

SUN, and Moon, and Flame, and Wind,
Dust, and Dew, and Day, and Night!
Ye endure,—shall I endure not,
Though so fleeting in your sight?
Ye return,—shall I return not,
Flesh, or in the flesh's despite?
Ye are mighty, but I hold you
Compass'd in a vaster might.

II.

Sun, before your flaming circuit
Smote upon the uncumbered dark,
I within the Thought Eternal
Palpitant, a quenchless spark,
Watched while God awoke and set you
For a measure and a mark.




III.

Dove of Heaven, ere you
 brooded
 Whitely o'er the shoreless
 waste,
 And upon the driven waters
 Your austere enchantment placed,
 I was power in God's conception,
 Without rest and without haste.

IV.

Journeying Spirit, ere your tongues
 Taught the perished to aspire,
 Charged the clod, and called the mortal
 Through the re-initiant fire,
 I was of the fiery impulse
 Urging the Divine Desire.

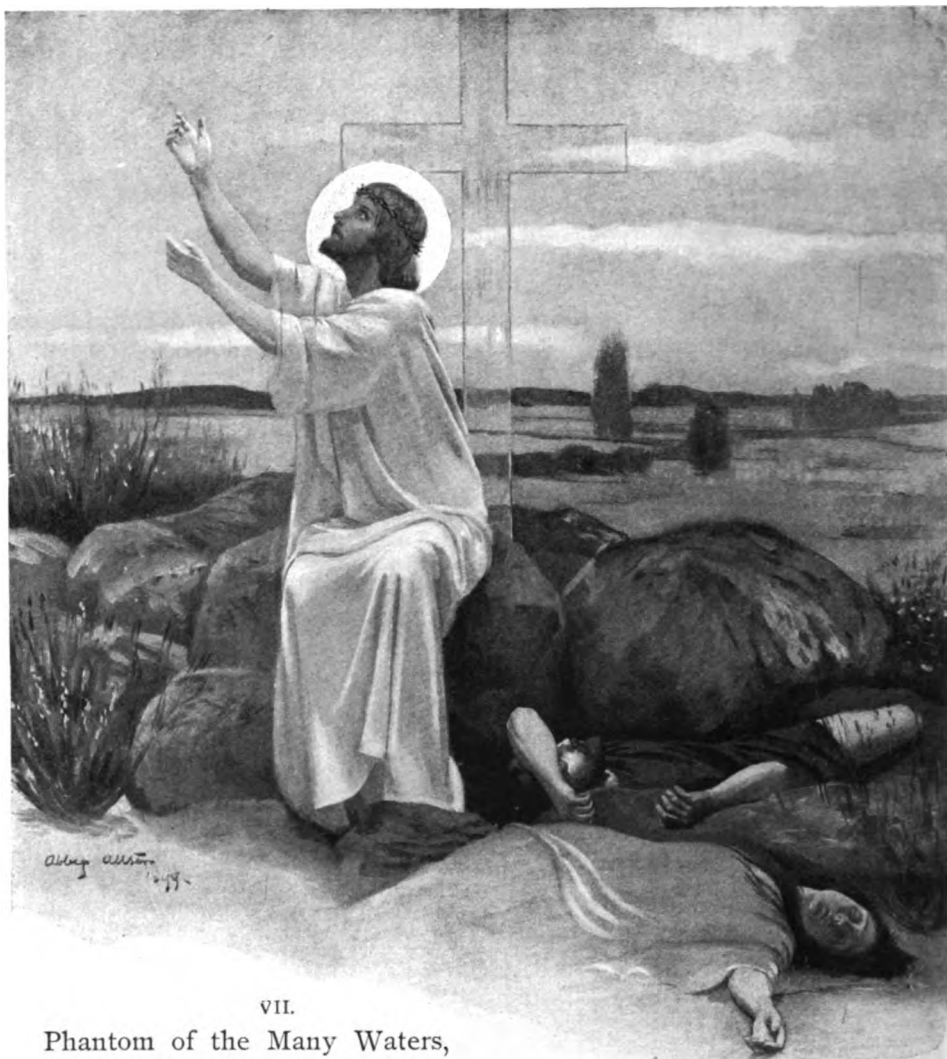
V.



Breath of Time, before
your whisper
Wandered o'er the naked
world ;
Ere your wrath from pole to
tropic
Running Alps of Ocean
hurled,
I, the germ of storm in
stillness,
At the heart of God lay
furled.

VI.

Seed of Earth, when down
the void
You were scattered from
His hand,
When the spinning clot con-
tracted,
Globed and greened at His
command,
I, behind the sifting
fingers,
Saw the scheme of
beauty planned.



VII.

Phantom of the Many Waters,
 When no more you fleet and fall,
 When no more your round you follow,
 Infinite, ephemeral,
 At the feet of the Unsleeping
 I shall toss you like a ball.

VIII.

Rolling Masks of Life and Death,
 When no more your ancient place
 Knows you, when your light and darkness
 Swing no longer over space,
 My remembrance shall restore you
 To the favour of His face.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.



SAM OF SORROW CORNER.

I.

THERE he dwelt obscurely, and dreamed away a dim life, separated from all other men by the circumstance of mental infirmity. The exact nature of this hiatus none could estimate with certainty. His fellows held him merely weak of intellect, called him "Soft Sam," and regarded him for the most part with that charity and smiling tolerance proper from the strong to the weak. His widowed aunt, Mrs. Martha Coaker, with whom he lived, declared him a great man, spoiled in the making by some folly or misfortune of his mother before he was born; and those of sympathetic nature, who had won Sam's trust, quite agreed with her. He was, as it seemed, a soul that had been destined for some dizzy journey along the razor-edge, where great wits travel between genius and insanity; he had slipped over the precipice, yet not fallen to the black bottom of it, but now hung suspended, caught up above the darkness in a sort of sad-coloured twilight, where the intellectual night of him was illuminated by sun-gleams of thought, stranger and more beautiful than those of men wholly sane. His ideas were such as came to the great child-hearts of the Norse folk when first they began to glean hidden poetry from things animate and inanimate; when first they wrought and gloried in their rough-hewn Titan images of primal passions, of love and hate, of death and the life beyond it. Soft Sam won his dreams from sunlight and moonlight; from the song of birds and the breaking of buds; from thunder, grumbling over the granite of his remote moorland home; from crying of lonely rivers, from the cryptic writings of the Everlasting found by him, as shall be shown, in strange places at the time of the Spring.

Sorrow Gap, so called because here a man slew his sweetheart in days past, lay at the edge of great woods spread upon the fringes of Northern Dartmoor, hard by to Lidford of evil memory. Heavy forests of beech and pine fledged the foothills of the Moor, and above them broke away some of the most austere and lofty fastnesses within the great tableland of Devon. Shaggy manes of stone crowned the heights, and widely scattered fells glimmered grey across the tremendous acclivities. The spectacle of this solemn waste, undulating against the sky-line and dimmed by distance, daily greeted Sam's eyes; and the Moor, as it passed through changeful phases of the year, influenced his life like a sentient intellect, although he knew it not. Each annual aspect of the great apparition that dominated his small world found answering echoes in the man. Now the waste gleamed snow-capped

through weeks of hard winters, now shone softened in all its sombre planes under the green blade of spring, now bore varying purple of heather and of cloud shadows in summer days, now displayed the amethyst miracle of the ling, and now sank again to the sere of the fall through splendid pageants of golden brake fern and crimson briar. He knew the phenomena of trembling heat and stealthy mist; he had watched the air quiver when the sacred stones, set up by the "old men," danced in their secret places at high noon; the little lonely wail of the yellowhammer and the crisp drum-beat of grasshoppers were his music; a hundred times he had watched while the silver and grey vapours, valley-born, wound their soft arms round the granite crowns of the hills; he had seen them play strange pranks in the heart of the inviolable region; he had beheld the Mother o' Mist in her hiding-places; had felt her morning robe brush his gaunt face at peep of day, when a rising sun turned her raiment honeysuckle colour; and oftentimes had watched her don a nightly garment of pale pearl and rose, woven out of the summer after-glow, to hide her sleep.

He knew the Moor, indeed, from a close, lifelong intimacy, as did few other men at Lidford; and a great part of his days were spent in the bosom of it, by moss and stream, or upon the spacious slopes and clatters where the whortleberries grew. Here he dwelt in loneliness and brooding, and much deep searching in the eyes of wild flowers. His aunt's cottage lay a mile from the village, and he seldom sought the quaint congeries of scattered cots, or the square ruin rising squat and grim in their midst. Indeed, the civilisation of Lidford, little obvious as it was, alarmed him. The bricks and mortar, the vehicles, the flocks, the barking dogs and shouting men, made up for Sam a bewildering centre of human activity. He cowered at being so much in the world, became nervous and fretful, grew more inarticulate than usual, and uttered strange grunts and growls when acquaintances nodded recognition and gave him "good-day." Much, also, he feared running the gauntlet of sundry small public-houses; and when lumbering past these places with long, thin shanks, and toes turned out a world too far for symmetry, he not seldom smarted at the laughter of base fellows and idle persons, there assembled to take rest from doubtful callings as the working day waned. One mean soul there was ever regarded by Sam as his special foe. Indeed, the man, Thomas Blight, appeared hostile to all honest folks—a common enemy, who scared the respectable from his side of the road, who lived a disreputable life on the fringes of other men's game coverts, and who, having shortened the days of his young wife by persevering brutality, now seemed set upon doing the like for a little girl of six years old, whose unhappy fate it was to be his daughter. This poaching, drunken vagabond had presented a case peculiarly interesting to the student of character, by reason of his most unusually positive qualities. To meet a very wicked or extremely virtuous man is an equally uncommon experience; but in Thomas Blight the shade was as dark as any most exacting audience had needed in its villain, while of redeeming traits, not the most lenient could pretend to find a trace. Yet, brutal and coarse, debased and drunken in life and conversation, the poacher affected to love his daughter with a proper paternal affection, and he refused the offer of more than one well-meaning creature, who, for love of little children, had proposed to give this unhappy maid a home.

There came an evening in spring when Sam, who made long speeches to his aunt in the privacy of their cottage, though he spoke rarely enough outside it, declared a new message to old Mrs. Coaker, and gabbled volubly of awakened interests dependent on the life of the young year.

"'Tis borne in upon me," he began, in a strange, hollow voice that rumbled,

rose, sank, and suddenly died away in his cleft palate—" 'Tis borne in upon me that theer's more o' the will o' God set out clear afore human folks than what they've so far larned."

"For sartin, dearie. We'm all mighty backward in graspin' hold of it. Though 'tis in the Book, I doubt. But who 'mongst men ever read all that be written theer wi' a onderstandin' heart?"

"Not that Book I doan't mean, but the book o' the flowers o' the field."

"Ay, Sam, no doubt 'pon it; they teaches tu, an' us larns theer uses, like Mother Strick, as makes anise an' dill water an' organy tea, an' various caucheries for ill in man an' beast; though whether 'tis the inner vartue she do draw out o' the herbs, or charms an' magic, got by crooked dealin's wi' powers o' Darkness, I'd fear to say. She ban't jonic for sartain, though God forbid as I should so much as think ill of her, for I might hear of it again to my hurt. Her's awver-looked' more'n wan poor body, 'tis vouched for."

The man shook his head impatiently.

"Ban't what's hid in the juices of grawing things gude an' evil, balm an' poison? 'Tis what's written 'pon the awpen flowers."

"Lor, dearie! Writ on 'em? Theer's nought writ 'pon 'em. What be tellin' about?"

"More'n I know; but I'll go deeper yet. Theer's voices in my head night time of late. An' they speaks to me an' sez, 'Read, read, read the writin' o' spots an' strange splashes an' dark signs as you'll find 'pon the leaves o' adder's meat [wild arum] in airly springtime, an' 'pon the petals o' crumple lilies [martagons] an' orange lilies in the garden, an' the words o' the new-born flowers, as do lie in the speckled throats of foxgloves 'pon the Moor, an' the yellow archangels, an' many another weed you knows by sight but not by name.' An' I ups an' sez to the voices, 'Why for?' An' they sez, 'Cause theer you'll find the writin' of A'mighty God set out year after year an' century upon century. An' that was the why Jehovah put flowers 'pon the airth; an' 'tis likewise wi' the eggs o' the birds. An' 'tis for you to find out an' tell it afore all men.' So the voices said to me, I do assure 'e."

"What a thought! But doan't set no weight to it, for 'twas surely a dream, an' will make your head ache cruel, dear."

"'Tis hard work for the brain; but I lay the spots an' splashes will come right in gude time. Ess, they'll twist an' turn like the Writin' 'pon the Wall; an' I'll read the Truth an' go down to Lidford market-place on a market day an' shout it out afore all men."



"A little girl of six, whose unhappy fate it was to be his daughter."

"An' so you shall, then."

"Ess, fay; but not all to wance. I doubt I'll do it afore I die, not sooner. Sometimes I can almost see a letter here an' theer, an' I sweat wi' joy, an' thinks I be gwaine to read out a bit of God's awn sense, come straight from Him to me; then it changes an' doan't mean nothin', an' I tries again, allus peering for what's surely theer, though hid from me."

"You'll keep me mazed to my last hour wi' your cranks, Sam. Now come



" 'Tis borne in upon me, that theer's more o' the will o' God set out clear afore human folks than what they've larned."

an' eat your supper an' doan't hurt your poor dear head thinkin' tu close 'bout difficult things."

"I tawld passon, but he didn't set no gert hold 'pon it; an' I tawld young Bill Karslake, the constable, an' he said as 'tweer a well thought 'pon thing an' a comely deed in me to seek out bud an' egg by hedge and field. So I be gwaine to look to it diligent, Aunt Martha, in the name o' the Lard."

"You couldn't put trust in no one better, dearie. Now come an' eat your meat."

Unlike other of his quaint fancies, that came as shadows and vanished as

quickly, this conceit of Soft Sam's held powerful sway upon him, and he devoted the short days of February and March to his curious researches. Then there came an evening towards the end of the latter month when, wandering beside a hedge where the wild arums grew, Sam ran fair upon his enemy, and met him at an unfortunate moment, for Mr. Blight had just taken a fine hare from a wire set in a run leading from the woods spread above Sorrow Gap to the high road that encircled them. The nature of the offence was viewed not as a crime against society or Sir Sidney Prouse, whose hare the poacher now knocked upon the head without ceremony; but, to Sam, life itself seemed a sacred thing, and now, conceiving that he had witnessed a murder, the imbecile soul called down lightnings from heaven against his enemy, and made such a tremendous commotion at the spinney edge that Blight roughly told him to shut his mouth and depart. But the other grew hot in his wrath, shook a fist full of wild flowers in the poacher's face, and gabbled on with strange gasps and gurgles, raising his voice each moment louder. Whereupon Thomas set his passion free, dropped the hare, and, falling upon unfortunate Sam, brutally belaboured the lank carcase of him until he screamed and wept for pain.

"Now get about your business, you brainless cake! If I had my way the likes o' you'd be drownded same as blind kittens, an' gude riddance tu! Never you dare to lift your eyes to me more; an' if you breathe wan word against me for this, I'll tell Mother Strick to send the Gabriel hounds to 'e by night, as'll tear your liver out an' eat it afore your face! So mind what I sez; an' next time I catches you spyin' 'pon me, I'll welt the hide off your bones an' give the gashly, slack-twisted carcase of 'e to the craws; so keep you from my path hencefarrard!"

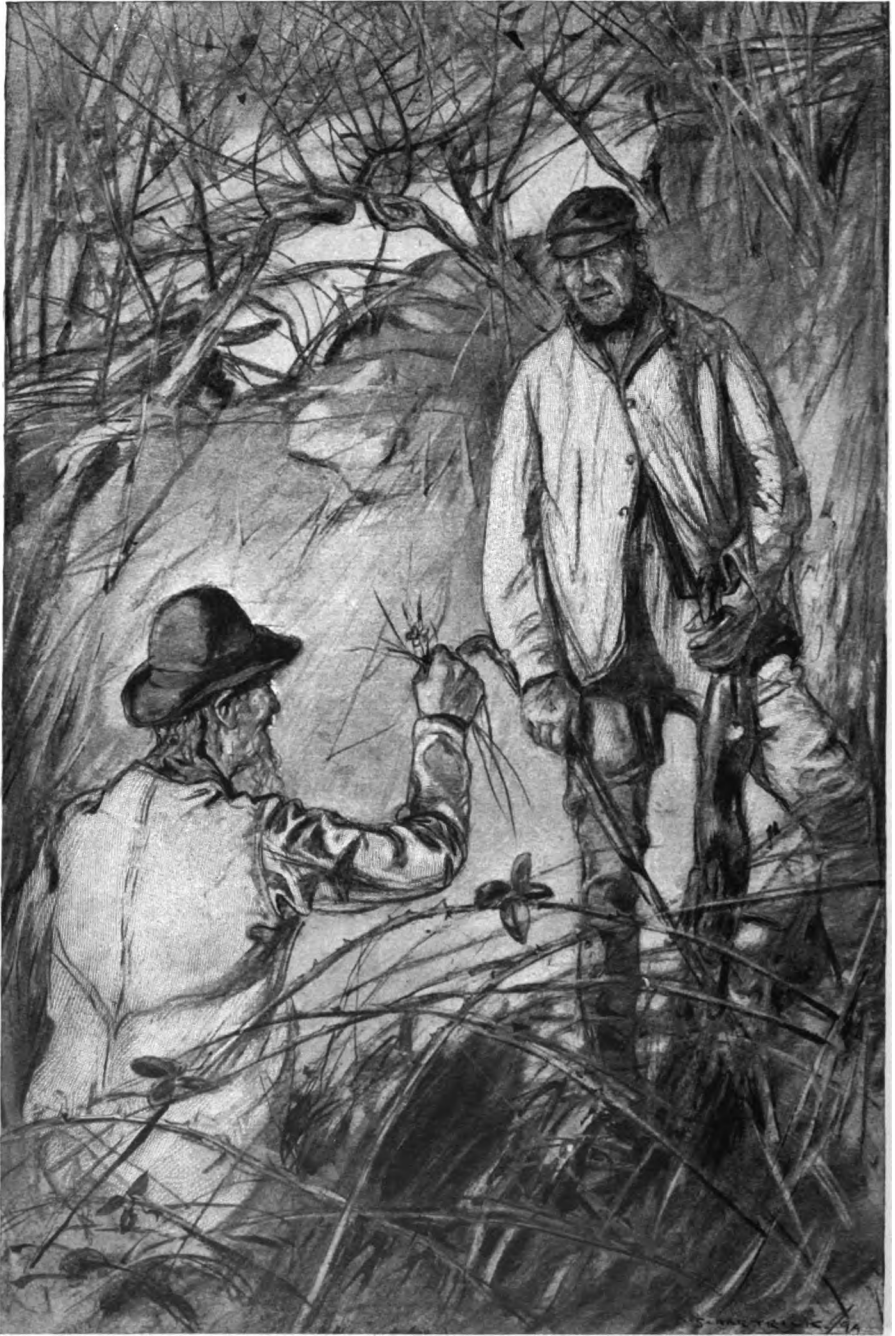
But the other showed no fear before these grim and ghastly promises. His wet eyes blazed, and he cried his answer aloud in a voice that echoed and rumbled through the woods.

"Take heed to yourself, you black-hearted beast! Take heed, and know as God in heaven can judge between gude an' evil still. You'll roast yet, an' if mine be the hand to pile the faggots an' light the hell-fire under 'e, His will be done. I'll pay you, I'll pay you for this; I'll find the secret written against you; I'll never rest by day or night till your book be closed an' the mark of the Beast set on it. Thief! Murderer! Shedder of innocent blood! 'Twas the likes o' you as nailed the Lard to the cross; an' theer eternal torment you'll share, please God, if theer's justice in heaven!"

He raved on, waking wood-echoes long asleep; and for many minutes after Thomas Blight had disappeared, the man with his hair wild about his neck, with blood and earth smearing his face, and a light of insanity in his eyes, stalked here and there, gibbering and growling, now pulling his hands through his beard, now shaking them after his vanished foe.

II.

WHEN another year had passed, and another winter ended the period of the flowers, Sam Coaker announced with regret that neither martagon in spring nor foxglove in summer had revealed the secrets he sought with such piety and determination. With the dawn of the next awakening; with the renewed life written upon his world, when the Mother lit again her little lamps in the lesser celandines, thickened the naked elm-branches with blossoms and marked everywhere an undefined, subtle sense of change in hill and valley, that told how she was turning in her sleep—when, in fact, bird and wind and vernal rain upon the river



"The Imbecile soul called down lightnings from heaven against his enemy."

sang Spring to him, Soft Sam returned to his great theory, and pursued another branch of it than that represented by the flowers.

Thus he spoke of the matter to his aunt upon a day in March :

"I found a robin's nest behind the wood-stack this mornin'—wan egg laid, an'

t'others to come; an' 'pon the shell of un was more writin' of God or angel, by the look of it. An' through the time of eggs I be gwaine to seek; for many theer be which have writin' 'pon 'em set out clearer far than redbreasts'. The moorhens, wheer they twists nestes o' dead sedges in the upspringing live wans, an' sets 'em up like islands in the ponds, have eggs all writ awver in purple; an' gladdy*—theer'm butivul, fine, holy penmanship 'pon his li'l egg, if a man could read it; an' tit-lark, an' heath-lark, an' linnet, an' a plenty more of 'em, tu, as I knaws about."

"A busy, wonnerful man, you be! Never seed the like of 'e. But go your ways in peace wi'out fret or worry, an' doan't 'e get in a tear if you can't make nothin' of such high matters."

"No, no; I awnly hopes 'tis left for me to read God's riddles here an' theer. I tries my hardest, an' if I ban't man o' brains enough, then the truth of it must bide hid in egg an' bud till another, what He've blessed wi' deeper onderstandin', do come to His call."

"An' take heed wheer you wanders, Sam, for Squire Prouse doan't let no man go in his woods, whether he be a gude c'ara'ter like you, or a hatch-mouthed sinner same as Tom Blight."

Sam's face grew dark. "Ess, fay! He'm theer awften enough, the blot! Murderer as he be!"

"Not so bad as that, my dearie. Murder's tu gert a awful-soundin' word for slaughter of bird or beast; though, come to that, I mind a time when Squire's gran'faither was livin', an' gentlefolks all—them as kept a tidy head o' game—reckoned how 'twas worse'n murder to lay finger on feather or fur. Spring guns was laid in them days, an' gert traps wi' steel teeth, like crocodiles', teeled for men. Many a leg was broken, an' many a poor auld blid goes short o' wan side to this hour, thanks to them savage times. Not but us may hope as Blight will turn from his sins an' reform, as becomes a widow man what takes a second."

"Never! Born to be hanged in this world an' roasted in next! Evil's the marrow in his bones! An' her no better—a dark, ill-favoured piece, larned in magic as weern't never got from no gude plaace—from Bible or book of saints neither; but all word o' mouth, handed on an' on by wan evil-doer to another, from the Witch of Endor to Tamsin Strick."

"Tamsin Blight now—a parlous match for sartain. Both comes of bad stock by all accounts; but us must hope as 'twill end well. 'Twas a ill wind as blowed gude to wan poor li'l tibby lamb, anyways; for the small maid, his darter Susan, be gone off to her mother's folks up Exeter way."

Their conversation thus drifted to the man Thomas Blight, and his arrangements for personal happiness.

After the season of Christmas, a nine days' wonder had burst upon the village when it was announced that the wise woman, Thomasin Strick, had promised to marry as big a rascal as Lidford might boast since historic days. That the sorceress could thus trust her person to such an one as Blight served, indeed, to discount her reputation for exceptional sagacity. People even pitied her, and foretold a dismal life for Mrs. Strick as soon as she should change her name. But it appeared that she knew her business best. Something in the outlawed and irreclaimable Blight appealed to her. She, too, excited little amiable emotion in other hearts. Her fame bred awe, fear, distrust; and she knew that, when men and women approached her with money for the things she sold, they always spat over their left shoulders after they had gone from her sight, and were thankful to be away. But, while little likely to bring either contracting party much lasting joy,

* *Gladdy*—Yellowhammer.



"The 'Wise Woman.'"

the match indirectly benefited one other. Small Susan Blight was refused admission to the cottage of the wise woman. Thomasin even made matrimony conditional on the departure of the child ; and Tom, ready enough to oblige, conveyed the girl to her mother's folk two days before his wedding.

Now poacher and witch, as Lidford hesitated not to describe them, were man and wife ; and already, though three months had not yet passed, rumour told of dissension over-

heard by passers-by. That parson had consented to marry such a couple at all was matter for no small wonder among the more strenuous of his flock ; and to these it seemed that such forces, sinister enough apart, must, thus augmented each by the other, tend towards perdition with speed much increased.

Thus stood the matter that Sam and his ancient aunt discussed, and it was within ten days of their conversation that the madman's stubborn search for God's direct message upon a wild bird's egg, or within the throat of woodland flower, brought him to a tangible discovery, and furnished at last results both definite and terrific for those that they involved.

His wandering explorations took him far afield, and with increased experience he became deeply versed in the manners of the birds. Now he haunted the waste places, and great brakes of tall spring furze that flamed along the moors ; scanned the eggs of the linnets and yellowhammers ; hunted heaths for the dark, mottled treasures of the larks ; risked his life in reaching a kestrel's nest on a dizzy pine top ; strode ungainly over the great glimmering ridges where once Elizabethan miners streamed for tin ; and wandered ceaselessly, like some dun-coloured ghost, about deserted regions of human industry or sepulture : gravel-pits and cairns, black peat-cuttings and rifled barrows.

His discovery was made within a coomb or valley on the high moor, where, between the shoulders of two separate hills extended a farm, snugly enough situated, with hopeful "newtakes" climbing upwards on either side. To the clink of a plough and the shrilling of larks, Soft Sam passed on his way, left the homestead behind him, and pushed forward to the head of a ruin, whose foundations were already vanishing amid the young green things of the new year. It lay a mile from the life of the farm beneath, was surrounded by woodland, and about the crumbling fabric, whose decayed bones stood knee-deep in briar and bramble, nettle

and dock, a few Portugal laurels, grown to the dignity of trees, shone lustrous against the lemon catkins of hazel and silver-birch, and the green of budding rowans. Rough stones were scattered through the ruin ; great silence reigned there ; as Sam pushed through the tangles of new vegetable life and the skeletons of fern and gaunt, sere, umbelliferous things that had flourished long since and still stood, his nose was greeted with sharp scent of the herb Robert, bruised under his feet, and his ears gladdened by flutter of invisible wings. Through the rough, choked labyrinths of the ruin he climbed and struggled. It was a home of feathered things, and many a protest from blackbird below and grey-headed jackdaw in the ivy above challenged the explorer ; but these he heeded not, and peered industriously hither and thither, with his eyes and fingers in many a secret nursery of little fowls. Then, when nearly at the end of his journey, he chanced upon a hedgesparrow's nest, and was turning away from the pure sky-blue egg, as one not chosen of the Master for His utterances, when some trick of sunbeam called back his eyes again ere they roved forward into the next thicket. So he turned, stared, narrowed his gaze for more microscopic scrutiny ; then, possessed by some strange thought, uttered an inarticulate sound, like a well-pleased dog ; dragged the nest from its place ; emptied the eggs upon the ground, quite heedless of the mother's cry ; and at last, wrapping it up tenderly in a red cotton handkerchief, buttoned his coat about the thing, made all possible expedition out of the ruin, and set off, as fast as his thin legs could cover the ground, for Lidford, eight good miles distant. He shouted to himself as he went, hugged the empty nest, cried out to heaven, and thanked God familiarly for some prodigious deed of grace. Then, hastening by the door of his home without stopping at it, he paddled into Lidford, for once passed the "Wheatsheaf" and the "Green Man" without a shadow of fear, approached the police-station, and asked for his friend, Bill Karslake, a young constable, who had shown Sam kindness on more than one occasion.

The matter of the man's discovery was vital ; the significance he drew from it no less than murder. He knew the materials each bird employed in building, and that hair should line the hedgesparrow's small home was no matter for wonder ; but yet the circumstance had made him stare, then gasp, and finally shout aloud ; for it was hair like spun gold that twined in the coarser fabric of the nest—thread on thread of delicate, bright hair from a human head. And speculating upon the mystery, Soft Sam was suddenly smitten with a terrific thought, stung to savage joy as the dire probability of his suspicion ripened to a dreadful certainty. The conviction had quickened all his pulses like strong drink : he found himself intoxicated by the idea ; and it was long before he could make his meaning intelligible to the patient young man who now struggled to understand him. Sam showed the nest, gabbled out his opinion concerning it, and made Bill Karslake's face grow hard.

"For God's love, bwoy, doan't bawl so loud ! It's libel, an' worse, onless us can prove it. Not but what I've had a grain of dobt in me all along, knawin' the parties. You seek again to-morrow—seek as never you seeked afore, under stone an' stock an' leaf round about everywheres—an' if theer's more to see, I lay you'll see it. Maybe the tale 'bout gwaine to Exeter be true, an', if 'tis, us'll get news of her theer ; but maybe it ban't, an' us'll find all that's left of her somewheers else, poor li'l tward."

"Her hair, I tell 'e—I knaw ; I'll take a holy oath to it ; the colour o' kernin' corn !"

"Keep your mouth close shut, that's all ; not half a word to a sawl, for, if this here black thought of yourn be true, an' Blight gets wind of it, us'll have



"Her hair, I tell 'e—I know."

to whistle when the time comes to take un. Keep so dumb as a adder, if you want to get upsides wi' the man."

"I've sworn so to do, an' I'll not open my lips again till I see you. Red murder 'tis, an' the secret what he hid so careful telled to me by silly birds at the biddin' of the Lard o' Hosts! You bide an' see what next daylight's like to shaw me. An' keep thicky under lock an' key, for weak as the li'l maid's hair do seem, 'twill spin a rope for that anointed rascal, praise be to God!"

By morning light Sam was back at the ruin under a grey sky; and there, in feverish anxiety to prove the guilt of his enemy, he came near to losing his own life. At the head of a matted tangle of undergrowth and broken wall, concealed only by treacherous covering of brambles, ivy, and woodbine in young leaf, Sam drew up at a yawning well-mouth, and only saved himself by flinging his body sideways to the ground and gripping the

crumbling masonry over which his feet had already slipped. Safe again, he peered eagerly downward, flung a stone and heard it fall on dry earth far beneath. Then it was that the tell-tale gold met his eye again; and, over against him, where a blackthorn now powdered with blossom bent above the well, there hung a little wisp of bright hair, shining to the touch of the risen sun. The lock, most surely snatched from a young head, now hung like a star above an open grave, as Sam believed; and, marking the spot with care, he tramped home again.

By ten o'clock he had imparted the news, and, hearing it, Karslake now approached his inspector. The matter was grave enough to command instant action, and, within two hours, a small party, recruited by the doctor and parson, set forth under Sam's guidance, while a couple of trustworthy men were sent to keep secret watch on the suspected sinner.

Soon enough the deep dry well gave up its dead, and the little body of Susan Blight was found where her father had put her. The man seemed scarcely to regret discovery; made callous confession upon arrest, and volunteered the further opinion that his child might be happier out of the world than in it. His wife, to

do her justice, had no knowledge of the crime, and when the child-murderer paid his debt, in a red dawn behind red walls, she exhibited the most stoical indifference. This attitude appeared reasonable enough to Lidford. That Thomasin could abstain from display of absolute satisfaction surprised those about her, and was counted to her for righteousness by a few, for affectation in the opinion of the greater number.

And Sam of Sorrow Corner took no small glory from his achievement; for there grew up anew about him the antique superstition that one of weak wit may be the chosen messenger and mouthpiece of Almighty God. Soft Sam's wanderings not seldom had secret watchers, and man or woman held themselves fortunate if, unseen, they chanced to overhear, in his muttered self-communions, some shred or scrap of coherent sense. Thereupon they would depart well pleased in the conviction that they had listened, as the patriarchs of old time, to the voice of the Everlasting.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

TABLE MOUNTAIN.

THE mountain fronts the city and the sea,
 Serene, inscrutable, with patient brow,
 A monument to unremembered times,
 To loves and losses long forgotten now,
 And pregnant with the morrow's mystery.

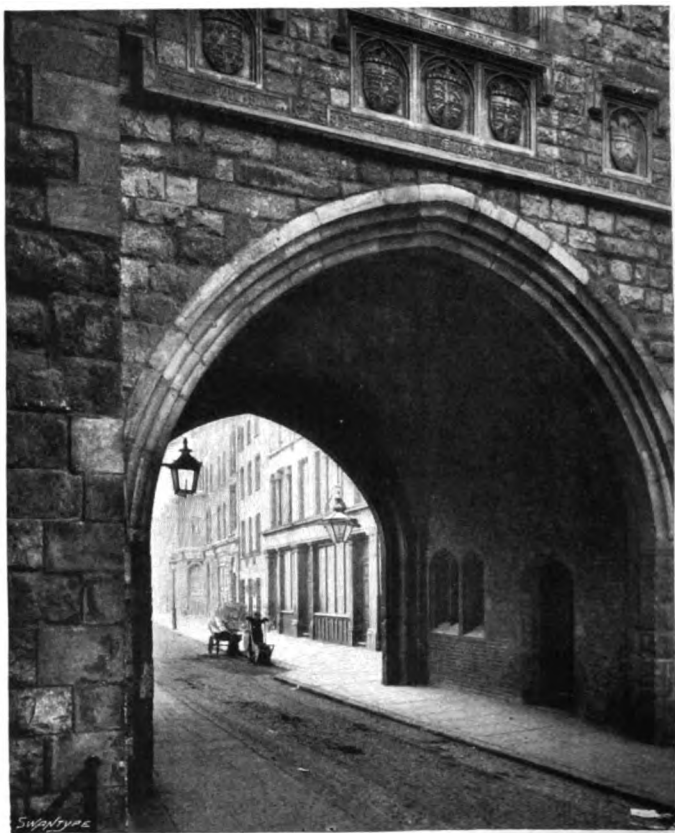
Here, ere the earth was old, its level crest
 Looked down on tranquil beaches yet untrod,
 Held high dominion o'er the hollow deep
 Or ever Israel's clans were lost to God
 And saw the eagles gathering from the West.

The wind-bound galleons, edging off the shore,
 Armadas, heading for uncharted seas,
 Beheld the Mountain frowning from afar,
 Serene above the rain-beladen breeze,
 And marked the omen in the face it wore.

All things the Mountain knoweth and hath seen,
 From that first dawn when God said, "It is good,"
 Down through the years; the brief usurping days
 Passed in review before it where it stood.
 All earth and ocean were its wide demesne.

Brother, when thou and I, in course of years,
 Are gathered to our fathers and forgot,
 Yon iron head will stand immovable
 As in the days when thou and I were not,
 A mute memorial of our joys and tears.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.



The Archway.

AT ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL.

“Square and impassive, time and fate defying,
Its towers and archway built of rugged stone,
Blazoned with arms of knight and lordly prior,
Stands the Old Gate alone.

“Alone amid the crowded habitations,
Where toil and want alike are ever rife,
It seems to feel the mighty palpitations
Of the great City's life.

“Of the great babel of unceasing labour,
That stretches outward far and wide,
And like a restless, troubled sea, encloses
The Gate on every side.”

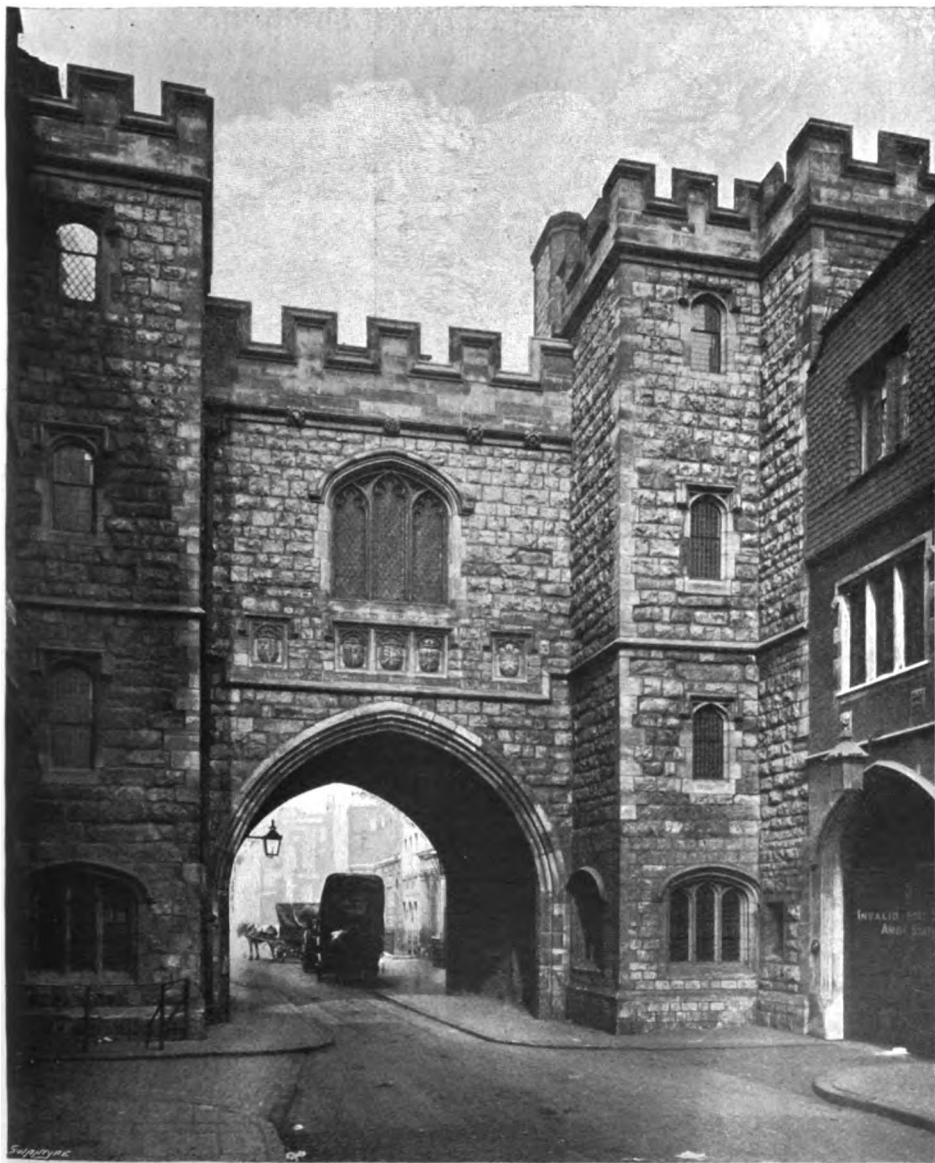
WHEN one is caught, as it were, by the great human stream that ebbs and flows through the grey streets and crowded thoroughfares of the busiest part of London: when the dull, endless roar that rises from that “babel of unceasing labour” falls on the half-deafened ear, it is hard to believe that there was a time, not so very remote from our own, when Clerkenwell was “a fertile country district, not far distant from the capital.”

Equally hard is it to sweep away, in imagination, the squalid houses and poor

tenements that fringe St. John's Square, and to fancy it once more the stately courtyard of the great Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, the home and headquarters of the English branch or *langue* of that world-renowned order—the Order of the Knights Hospitallers.

For of that Priory, whose buildings once covered thirteen acres of ground, nothing now remains but the Gate House and the Norman crypt under St. John's Church; and its ancient glories are as little remembered as the deeds of valour of those "invincible knights" with whose fame Europe once rang.

It is an old story now, preserved—if it can be called preservation—in the pages of old and unread chronicles; but if the "knights are dust, and their



St. John's Gate.



The Staircase.

good swords rust," and if their splendid Priory has long since been swept away, their good deeds have lived after them, as we shall see when we speak of their direct descendants on the knightly roll, on whom the mantle of charity that covered the sins of so many of those bold fighters has fallen.

Let us first turn for a moment to the time when the English branch of the Knights of St. John was founded, a retrospect that takes us back as far as the year 1100, when, eight years after the formation of the Brotherhood as a religious order, some of its members came to this country from the headquarters of their Order at Jerusalem.

It was a wealthy Norman baron, Lord Jordan Briset, who in conjunction with Muriel his wife built the beautiful Priory at Clerkenwell—a magnificent gift indeed, even in those days of living faith. The same pious couple also built a Nunnery, dedicated to St. Mary, close to the Priory, of which not a trace remains.

The first Crusade had been preached, and Christian knights from all the countries in Europe were fighting the infidels in the Holy Land under Godfrey de Bouillon, the first Christian king of Jerusalem, when the Priory at Clerkenwell was being built. It was about this time also that the warlike spirit of the age made of the servants of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem a military order of monks, the first body of men united by religious vows who wielded the temporal sword against the enemies of the faith.

The Order in time became divided into seven classes, or languages (called *langues*)—the German, Italian, English, and Arragonese—with the three great dialects of France, the Provençal, Auvergne, and the common French. At a later period an eighth was added, namely, a *langue* for Spain. The fame of the semi-military Order of St. John now filled Christendom, and the sons of the noblest houses in Europe enlisted under its banner, though poverty and self-denial, as well as hard blows, were to be their portion.

According to their vows, they were to be the servants of the poor and sick, to renounce all personal property, to preserve their chastity, and to render unquestioning obedience to their superiors. When a new brother was admitted, he was thus addressed:—

"Receive the yoke of the Lord; it is easy and light, and you shall find rest for your soul. We promise you nothing but bread and water, a simple habit, and of little

worth. We give you, your parents and relations, a share in the good works performed by our Order, and by our brethren, both now and hereafter, throughout the world."

Cowardice in the field involved the heaviest disgrace—expulsion from the Order.

"We place this Cross on your breast, my brother" [we find these words in the ritual of admission], "that you may love it with all your heart, and may your right hand ever fight in its defence. Should it ever happen that, in combating against the enemies of the faith, you should retreat, desert the standard of the Cross, and take to flight, you will be stripped of this truly holy sign, according to the statutes and customs of the Order, as having broken the vows you have just taken, and you will be cut off from our body as an unsound and corrupt member."

But cowardice was not the vice of the Knights of St. John. For five centuries all Europe rang with their exploits, and if the military skill of later times was lacking, they had personal bravery carried to the extreme of daring and endurance by religious enthusiasm.

"And so, while rose or fell the Cross or Crescent,
The knightly Order still its sway maintained,
Until a name, by great deeds made immortal,
Its heroism gained."

Their power was unbounded. The Order, in the thirteenth century, is stated by Matthew Paris to have possessed nineteen thousand manors and estates in various Christian lands; their crusades against the infidels in the East were a series of victories, their triumphs over the great rival Order—the Order of the Templars—were complete, and, unlike those great rivals, they tended the sick and wounded, and were as much at home in the hospital as in the van of battle.

If they took life and shed blood freely, at any rate they bound up the wounds they had inflicted, and nursed the foes they had maimed, with pious zeal.

But it is not the general history of the Order that concerns us here. The chronicle of its rise and fall, its successes and defeats, cannot be compressed into a few pages. All that we can venture on is a slight sketch of the English branch, or *langue*, in their headquarters in this country—the Priory of Clerkenwell.

Though during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the Knights may have employed their great revenues, in obedience to the Bull of Pope Anastasius IV., "for the maintenance of the poor," and though old chroniclers represent them to us as tending the sick, feeding the hungry, and given up to prayer and meditation, still it is certain that before the end of the fourteenth century they had incurred the hatred of the people. Their vows forgotten, they had grown tyrannical and licentious; and in the time of the great rebellion of Essex and Kent, raised by Wat Tyler in the reign of Richard II., the houses and possessions of the Knights of St. John were the first objects of the rebels' fury. Their manor in Essex went first; in the quaint words used by Stow in describing it:—

"At that same time the great Prior of St. John of Jerusalem, by London, having a goodly and delectable Manor in Essex, wherein was ordained victuals and other necessities for the use of a Chapter General, and great abundance of fair stuff—of wines, arras, clothes, and other provision for the Knights Brethren—the Commons entered this Manor, ate up the victuals and provision of wine, three tun, and spoiled the Manor and the ground with great damage."

He goes on to say:—

"They burnt all the houses belonging to St. John, and then burnt the fair Priory belonging to the Hospital of St. John, causing the same to burn the space of seven

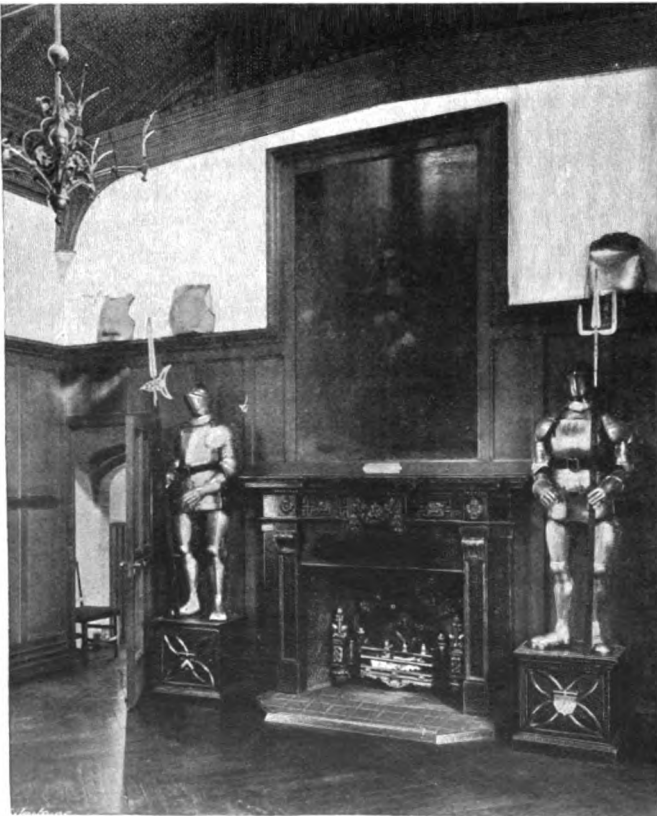
days after. At that time, the King, being in a turret of the Tower, and seeing the Manor of Savoy, the Priory of St. John's Hospital, and other houses on fire, he demanded of his Council what was best to do in that extremity, but none of them could counsel in that case."

Froissart also tells us about the rebels (called indiscriminately "vile rascals" and "bare-legg'd ribalds" by some of the old chroniclers), who, after the destruction of the Savoy, "went straight to the fair Hospital of the Rhodes, called St. John's, and there burnt house, hospital, minster and all."

So ended the early magnificence of the Priory of St. John at Clerkenwell.

The Priory was partially rebuilt, it is true, and successive Priors again raised a monastic church, whose bell-tower was for long one of the glories of London. The great Prior Docwra finished it (and commemorated the fact by placing his arms on every possible corner that could bear a shield!). That was in 1504, when the Gate House, sole remnant of the once splendid pile, was also built. But a destroyer was to arise more ruthless than Wat Tyler's mob, and with power more enduring. This was Henry VIII., who destroyed the English *langue* of the Knights of St. John. For, failing in his attempt to obtain the transfer of its power to himself and the Crown from its original head, the See of Rome, he suppressed the Order in England.

That page in the history of the great Priory is quaintly told by Stow:—



In the Chapter-room.

"This house, at the suppression in the 32nd Henry VIII., was valued to dispend in lands £3385 19s. 8d. yearly. Sir William Weston, being then Lord Prior, died on the same 7th May, on which the House was suppressed. So that, great yearly pensions being granted to the Knights by the King, and namely to the Lord Prior 1000 (but he never received a penny), the King took into his hands all the lands for the delectation of his Crown. This Priory, Church, and House of St. John was preserved from spoil and down-pulling so long as Henry VIII. reigned, and was employed as a store-house for the King's toils and tents for hunting, and for the wars. But in the 3rd of Edward VI.

the Church for the most part, to wit the body and side aisles with the great bell-tower (a most curious piece of workmanship, graven, gilt, and enamelled, to the great beautifying of the city, and passing all other that I have seen), was undermined and blown up with gunpowder; the stone thereof was employed in building of the Lord Protector's house at the Strand."

An attempt was made in the reign of Mary to restore the fraternity, and give them back part at least of their own property. She by a Royal Charter created a Corporation with the title of "The Prior and

Brethren of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England," and Sir Thomas Tresham was made Grand Master. But the *langue* had not much time to enjoy this gleam of royal favour, for Queen Elizabeth followed in the footsteps of her father, and the property of the Order was again annexed to the Crown.

The Queen did not attempt to oppress or suppress the Brotherhood; neglect answered her purpose, and the property that she had seized satisfied her. The "act" of spoliation, however, was a crushing blow, and the Order hybernated, if we may so term it, for a long period, only from time to time raising its head to show that it was still in existence, and nourished hopes for the future.

In the reign of James I. the Gate House was granted to Sir Roger Wilbraham, who made it his residence.

Those were the days when green fields and deep woods surrounded the "pleasant" village of Clerkenwell. A century later, and we find "this part of the town inhabited by people of condition," and may take for granted that by that time Clerkenwell had lost a good deal of its rusticity, and that formal Queen Anne red brick houses had taken the place of thick hedgerows, and covered the pastures that had stretched on all sides of the once peaceful village. St. John's Square was built then, and Bishop Burnet lived in it.

The next vicissitude that the Gate House experienced was when it became a printing office for the *Gentleman's Magazine*. That venerable publication first saw the light of day here, the first number appearing in 1731, and here it was



The Grand Prior's Throne.

printed for many years. Cave, the editor (his name still lives because he befriended a much greater man than himself!) doubtless paid but a small rent for the ancient building, for fashion was by that time travelling westward, and "people of condition" no longer had their town houses in Clerkenwell.

Here, occupying both sides of the Gate for office and dwelling-house, Samuel Johnson found Cave, when he came to London, in 1737, poor and unknown; and here he is said to have eaten the printer's dinner behind a screen, because his coat was too shabby for him to sit at table.

The grandiloquent Johnson tells us in the pages of Boswell that when he saw St. John's Gate for the first time he "beheld it with reverence," which the pawky Scot attributes to the fact that it was the birthplace of the first magazine for which Johnson ever wrote; but the *Gentleman's Magazine* had been but six years before the public at that time, and there was nothing much to reverence in its contents. It is far more likely that his imagination was fired by memories connected with the ancient Gate itself, that last relic of the once magnificent Priory of St. John of Jerusalem.

One cannot help thinking that Cave the printer was a curious successor to the Prior of the Order—a representative of the freedom of public opinion following on the heels of one who embodied the despotic power of a secret society. It is one hundred and sixty years and more since Johnson, filled with reverence, first gazed on St. John's Gate. It is little changed outwardly since his time: there it remains, a relic of antiquity, not much in keeping with its surroundings, and the dwellers in that busy, bustling quarter give it or anything else scant reverence. The fact that it is seven hundred years since the foundation stone was laid affects them not at all, and its restoration by the great Prior Docwra in 1504 conveys nothing to their minds, though they may wonder just a little that an important personage lived four hundred years ago bearing the same name as the local dustman of to-day!

To be sure, the Gate is strong rather than splendid, and, though a solid piece of masonry, has no great architectural pretensions. The huge blocks of stone of which it is built are a good deal worn away by time's defacing fingers, but the groined archway looks if anything too new, having been restored within the last fifty years. Further and more important restorations were undertaken three years ago, and by the unanimous wish of the members of the Order, they were made a memorial to the late Duke of Clarence, who was the first sub-Prior to the Order since its re-incorporation by Royal Charter. The armorial shields on the south side were found to be utterly defaced, and a panel of entirely new shields, with an inscription recording the memorial, has been placed there. In the centre of the panel are the Royal arms, and on either side are the arms of the Prince of Wales, of King Henry VII., of the late Duke of Clarence, and of Prior Docwra, with the following Latin inscription:—

"In memor. Prior. illust. Albert Victor Christian. Edwardi Clarence and Avondale, Duc. Ord. Hosp. St. John, Jelm., in Angl. Sub Prior, A.D. 1893.

But there is far more to be seen inside than out, so let us enter the narrow door on the left, and mount the corkscrew stairs, whose steps are of solid oak, and avail ourselves of the kind permission of the Secretary-General, Sir Alfred Jephson, to see everything connected with the history of the knights, past and present. There is much that is interesting to be seen in the low, old-fashioned rooms, small as rooms generally were in olden times, and with raftered ceilings, or heavy oaken beams that break the whitewash into squares. Most important of

them all is the beautiful room over the archway, which is the Knights' Chapter Hall. At one end of it, on the dais, is the throne of the Prince of Wales, the present Grand Prior, and exactly opposite hangs a fine portrait of one of the Knights of Malta (date 1622), the dark and somewhat forbidding-looking personage that it represents being known as Pompeo, son of Andrea Perugino, military officer of the Venetian Republic.

Banners adorn the panelled walls, and though "the armoury of the invincible knights" has long been scattered, there are still some cuirasses and helmets left that look as grim as any "bruised armes hung up for monument."

Memorials to those knights who have died since the revival of the Order have taken the form of brasses that line the wall to the right of the throne. On these may be read the names of the Duke of Clarence, Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Duke of Manchester, Sir Edward Perrott, Lord Templetown, Colonel Duncan, General Sir John St. George, Lord Limerick, Sir Edmund Lechmere, and General Whitworth Porter. It was in this room, then used as a public place of entertainment, that David Garrick made his first bow to the public, and acted for the first time in London, in the farce of the *Mock Doctor*, the printers employed by Cave reading the other parts.

Garrick, it may perhaps be remembered, was Johnson's favourite pupil, when he was under-master at a Market Bosworth school, and came up to London with the great man, to whom Cave had offered an ill-paid post on the staff of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. This accounts for Garrick's presence at St. John's Gate.

The room downstairs on the first floor in the West Tower was once the printing office of the magazine.

From the Chapter House we pass into the room at the opposite side of the Gate from that at which we entered, and find ourselves in the Library. Here we are shown the vellum roll of the Order as at present constituted, a roll whereon great names are inscribed and numbering nearly six hundred members and associates. The Queen is Sovereign Head, and Patron of the Order, the Prince of Wales Grand Prior, and the Duke of York sub-Prior. The various other grades of the Order are as follows: a titular Bailiff of Egle, Honorary Bailiffs, Commanders, Honorary Commanders, Knights of Justice, Ladies of Justice, Prelates, sub-Prelates, Chaplains, Knights and Ladies of Grace, Esquires, and serving Brothers and Sisters.

Both the Knights and Ladies of Justice are obliged to prove a certain amount of quarterings before they can receive this grade, while the Knights and Ladies of Grace are given the lower grade for services rendered.

The badge of members—all identical in shape—is the eight-pointed cross, supposed by some to represent the eight Beatitudes. The cross is of white enamel, "embellished" alternately at each of the principal angles with a lion guardant and a unicorn, both passant, either of gold or silver, according to the grade. The badge of honorary associates is entirely of silver. All are worn suspended from a black watered silk ribbon.

The medal of the Order is awarded for gallantry in saving life. It is circular,



Medal for *Saving Life* conferred by the Order.

and made either of silver or bronze; on one side is the Maltese Cross with the "embellishments" peculiar to the English *langue*, and on the other is a sprig of the plant of St. John's Wort, with which is entwined a scroll bearing the names "Jerusalem" and "England" on it, the whole surrounded by the inscription, "Awarded by the Grand Priory of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England."

The room in which Sir Herbert Perrott transacts business as Chief Secretary to the Order is very quaint and picturesque, having latticed windows on no less than three sides, while heavy oak beams support its very low ceiling. On the high stone mantelpiece are carved the arms of the Order (a cross argent on a field



The Secretary-General's Room.

gules), while on either side are the arms of Prior Docwra, the rebuilder of the Priory in 1504, and of the late Sir Edmund Lechmere, who, when Secretary-General, bought the property in 1874, pending its purchase by the Order.

Above the fireplace, enclosed in a delightful old-fashioned carved frame, is a series of fine engravings of the different Grand Masters who reigned in Malta till it was surrendered to the French by Prior Ferdinand von Hompesch in 1798. But it was at the hands of this recreant knight that the accolade was received by Sir Joshua Meredyth and by him given to the late Sir Edward Perrott, thus preserving the lineal descent from the old Order of the English branch, revived in 1827, by the decree of the five other *langues* still in existence.



The Ophthalmic Hospital in Jerusalem.

Old pictures hang on the walls of this room; old iron and stone shot fired by the Turks at the siege of Rhodes are to be seen here; and pottery from Malta, valuable from its extreme age.

It is all most interesting; but once more we descend, this time to a large room on the ground floor, used by the St. John's Ambulance Association as a storehouse for all sorts of appliances for saving life and easing pain, tasks to which the lives of so many of its members are devoted. We see here many reminders of the work in which they are engaged, in the shape of stretchers, carrying-chairs, and appliances to be used in a variety of accidents,—such as ice-balls, to be rolled over thin ice with a rope attached to them to save the drowning.

In the courtyard outside this arsenal of charity may be seen waggons and carriages, fitted up with invalid beds and chairs which have often brought patients from distant countries to be cured—sometimes, alas! to die—at home.

But we have put back the clock to little purpose, and tried to recall the palmy days when the power of the Knights of St. John was at its greatest, to no avail, did we not allude to the work of the worthy descendants of the world-renowned Order, the Good Samaritans of our own times, who, if they no longer give and take hard blows, follow in the footsteps of the Knights Hospitallers of the times when their Priory at Clerkenwell was a centre from which radiated charity and healing to all men.

The Almoner work of the Knights of St. John in the Middle Ages has been replaced by the Ambulance Association, who labour as earnestly, and no doubt a great deal more skilfully, to relieve sickness, distress, and suffering.

It was in 1827 that the Order, as we said before, was revived in England, with such alterations as were necessitated by the times, including conformity to the Protestant religion; but it was not till 1888 that the Queen granted it a new Royal Charter of Incorporation by its old name and style of “The Grand Priory of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England.”

The motto of the Order, “*Pro utilitate hominum*”—service in the cause of man—is still its guide in the path of charity and usefulness that it pursues. In the

true spirit of the dead and gone Knights of St. John, it seeks and finds plenty of philanthropic work, and in addition to the great Ambulance Association, the following movements have been supported or established by the Chapter since its revival: namely, the initiation of what became known as the "National Society for Aid to Sick or Wounded in War," for the relief of both combatants during the Franco-German campaign,—the "Eastern-War Sick and Wounded Relief Fund," for the same purpose during the Russo-Servian War,—the award of medals and diplomas for deeds of gallantry in saving life,—the promotion of cottage hospitals in remote districts, and a system of transport for the injured by means of ambulance stations, where suitable litters, etc., are deposited; and also the relief, through the Almoners' department, of poor convalescents. The Order has also taken part in the promotion of other useful institutions, such as the Metropolitan and National Society for training and supplying Nurses for the Sick Poor, and the Victoria Hospital at Cairo, and has sent out help to the sick and wounded of our own armies in some of their recent campaigns; and the work it is at present doing amongst the wounded in South Africa is familiar to every newspaper reader. It established, in 1882, the British Ophthalmic Hospital at Jerusalem, for the treatment of the most prevalent diseases of the country—those of the eye, ear, and throat. It is absolutely a charity, as no payment is ever asked from the patients; and it is also entirely non-sectarian, an essential condition being that no proselytising of any kind should be attempted by those connected with it. On consideration of this condition being observed, the Sultan gave a grant for the purchase of a site and for the original building.

The Hospital in this respect stands alone among the charitable institutions of Jerusalem in admitting to its benefits on equal terms, Christians, Jews, and Mahommedans, not only without any attempt to tamper with their respective beliefs, but with full security for religious freedom to all of them.

It is hardly possible to overstate the good work done at this Hospital: thousands



The Out-patients Building, Jerusalem.

of patients are treated here yearly, some being in-patients, but the larger proportion naturally being out-patients. It may be mentioned that during the last year nearly a thousand applicants had to be turned away because they could only be treated with any chance of success as in-patients, and there were not enough beds to receive them.

A great deal might also be said about the St. John's Ambulance Brigade, that

does such good work nearer home, and that, year by year, grows in strength and efficiency. It is composed of divisions and corps working in all parts of the country. A division consists of not less than eight, and a corps of not less than seventy-two members, exclusive of officers. There are now registered at St. John's Gate 250 corps and divisions, with a total strength of 6000 officers and members. As instances of the work done by the Ambulance Brigade, it is recorded that over 1400 cases of sickness or accident were treated by the corps in London on

the last Jubilee Day, and on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of York there were as many as 1544.

On all days of public rejoicing, and of important ceremonials, the Ambulance Brigade are busy indeed, and enormous is the amount of work done by them, and long is the roll of the names of sick or suffering people to whom they bring help.

But space forbids a more detailed account of the philanthropic labours of those who belong to, or are affiliated with, the Order of St. John.

If the pride and glory of bygone days are lacking now—if the Chapter House at St. John's Gate is a mere relic of the great Priory that once covered so many acres of ground—if war steeds no longer clatter down the narrow streets, nor

“Mailed knights, in armour bright and gleaming,
March out for Syria's distant shore,”—

and if the pomp and splendour of the days of chivalry are gone, never to return, there is something better than all these that remains. The higher deeds of faith and mercy of those old Knights still live, and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem now as then gives its service willingly “in the cause of man.”

“Ah! grand old knights, though rude your day and purpose,
The lessons which you taught were not in vain,
Your faults forgotten are; your good works flourish,
Here in your home again.

“And from these time-worn walls which saw your banner,
When first its Cross of Mercy was displayed,
Now in these latter days a Knightly Order
Arms for a new Crusade.

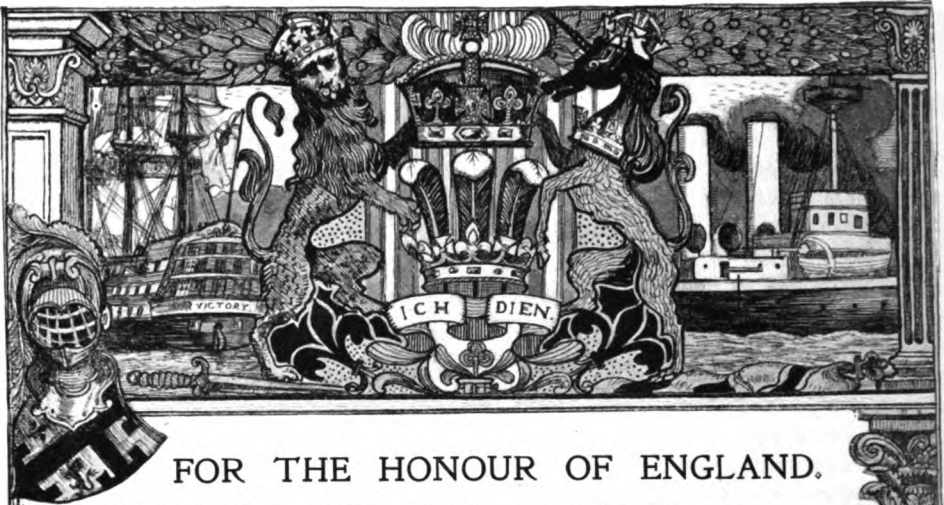
“The world their battlefield—the work you left them,
To aid the sick and suffering, yet goes on,
And in a holy warfare still is famous
The old Gate of St. John.”

C. FAIRLIE CUNINGHAME

TWILIGHT.

INTO the arms of Night falls weary Day
When crimson grows the west;
E'en as a child who, tired at last of play,
Sinks on his mother's breast,
To find in cradling arms soft pillowing
Till dawns the eastern light,
When waking Day, serene and fair, shall spring
Out of the arms of Night.

H. A. G.



FOR THE HONOUR OF ENGLAND.

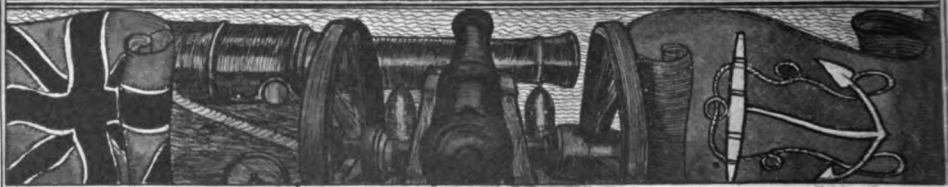
ENGLAND, Mother of Nations! Who shall declare Thee old—
 Steeped in luxurious languor, stifled 'neath greed of gold?
 Does not thy early splendour burn to a clearer flame
 On Fields where thy Flag is carried by the men who bear thy name?
 Troop upon troop they gather, thy loyal and fearless sons,
 Rushing to death and danger—and each one cheers as he runs;
 Leaving, perchance for ever, kinsfolk and child and wife,
 For the sake of the Mother that bore them, paying down life for life.

Scarce had the warning trumpet sounded its dread alarms,
 Than the strength of a gallant nation sprang in an hour to arms.
 From town and hamlet and village, from island and seagirt coast,
 From palace and plough and workshop, there hurried the eager host:
 He who had won Fate's prizes, and he who had drawn her blanks,
 From the man who marshals an army to the drummer who serves the ranks;
 Those who had cast behind them pleasure and power and lands,
 Those who gave all in giving the life they take in their hands.

Nay, tho' they fare so proudly, the price of glory is high:—
 Hearts that are rent to breaking, tears that no skill can dry,
 The pitiful wail of orphans, the widow's desolate fears,
 And grief that nothing can lighten thro' the march of the empty years.
 Sickness, famine, and fever, till life seems poor at a gift,
 And the living could almost envy the comrade whose end was swift;
 Or the bitter and awful phantom that can daunt the strong and brave,
 Of who will care for the children when the father is in his grave?

Think of it, O my Brothers! You who sit warm to-night
 And gather your dear ones round you, while they go forth to fight:
 From camp, from beleaguered city, 'mid cannon and clash of steel,
 From the din and the roar of battle they made you their last appeal!
 Into your tenderest keeping those whom they loved receive,
 Lo! to your charge they left them, all that they had to leave:
 Is not your safety purchased at the cost of the blood they shed,
 And the ancient honour of England upheld by the mighty Dead?

CHRISTIAN BURKE.





THE KICKING TWELFTH.

THE Spitzbergen army was backed by traditions of centuries of victory. In its chronicles, occasional defeats were not printed in italics, but were likely to appear as glorious stands against overwhelming odds. A favourite way to dispose of them was frankly to attribute them to the blunders of the civilian heads of government. This was very good for the army, and probably no army had more self-confidence. When it was announced that an expeditionary force was to be sent to Rostina to chastise an impudent people, a hundred barrack-squares filled with excited men, and a hundred sergeant-majors hurried silently through the groups, and succeeded in looking as if they were the repositories of the secrets of empire. Officers on leave sped joyfully back to their harness, and recruits were abused with unflagging devotion by every man, from colonels to privates of experience.

The Twelfth Regiment of the Line—the Kicking Twelfth—was consumed with a dread that it was not to be included in the expedition, and the regiment formed itself into an informal indignation meeting. Just as they had proved that a great outrage was about to be perpetrated, warning orders arrived to hold themselves in readiness for active service abroad—in Rostina. The barrack-yard was in a flash transferred into a blue-and-buff pandemonium, and the official bugle itself hardly had the power to quell the glad disturbance.

Thus it was that early in the spring the Kicking Twelfth—sixteen hundred men in service equipment—found itself crawling along a road in Rostina. They did not form part of the main force, but belonged to a column of four regiments of foot, two batteries of field guns, a battery of mountain howitzers, a regiment of horse, and a company of engineers. Nothing had happened. The long column had crawled without amusement of any kind through a broad green valley. Big white farmhouses dotted the slopes; but there was no sign of man or beast, and no smoke came from the chimneys. The column was operating from its own base, and its general was expected to form a junction with the main body at a given point.

A squadron of the cavalry was fanned out ahead, scouting, and day by day the trudging infantry watched the blue uniforms of the horsemen as they came and went. Sometimes there would sound the faint thuds of a few shots, but the cavalry was unable to find anything to engage.

The Twelfth had no record of foreign service, and it could hardly be said that

it had served as a unit in the great civil war, when His Majesty the King had whipped the Pretender. At that time the regiment had suffered from two opinions, so that it was impossible for either side to depend upon it. Many men had deserted to the standard of the Pretender, and a number of officers had drawn their swords for him. When the King, a thorough soldier, looked at the remnant, he saw that they lacked the spirit to be of great help to him in the tremendous battles which he was waging for his throne. And so this emaciated Twelfth was sent off to a corner of the kingdom to guard a dockyard, where some of the officers so plainly expressed their disapproval of this policy that the regiment received its steadfast name, the Kicking Twelfth.

At the time of which I am writing the Twelfth had a few veteran officers and well-bitten sergeants; but the body of the regiment was composed of men who had never heard a shot fired excepting on the rifle-range. But it was an experience for which they longed, and when the moment came for the corps' cry,—“Kim up, the Kickers!”—there was not likely to be a man who would not go tumbling after his leaders.

Young Timothy Lean was a second lieutenant in the first company of the third battalion, and just at this time he was pattering along at the flank of the men, keeping a fatherly look-out for boots that hurt and packs that sagged. He was extremely bored. The mere far-away sound of desultory shooting was not war as he had been led to believe it.

It did not appear that behind that freckled face and under that red hair there was a mind which dreamed of blood. He was not extremely anxious to kill somebody, but he was very fond of soldiering—it had been the career of his father and of his grandfather—and he understood that the profession of arms lost much of its point unless a man shot at people and had people shoot at him. Strolling in the sun through a practically deserted country might be a proper occupation for a divinity student on a vacation, but the soul of Timothy Lean was in revolt at it. Sometimes at night he would go morosely to the camp of the cavalry and hear the infant subalterns laughingly exaggerate the comedy side of adventures which they had had when out with small patrols far ahead. Lean would sit and listen in glum silence to these tales, and dislike the young officers—many of them old military-school friends—for having had experience in modern warfare.

“Anyhow,” he said savagely, “presently you’ll be getting into a lot of trouble, and then the Foot will have to come along and pull you out. We always do. That’s history.”

“Oh, we can take care of ourselves,” said the cavalry, with good-natured understanding of his mood.

But the next day even Lean blessed the cavalry, for excited troopers came whirling back from the front, bending over their speeding horses, and shouting wildly and hoarsely for the infantry to clear the way. Men yelled at them from the roadside as courier followed courier, and from the distance ahead sounded, in quick succession, six booms from field guns. The information possessed by the couriers was no longer precious. Everybody knew what a battery meant when it spoke. The bugles cried out, and the long column jolted into a halt. Old Colonel Sponge went bouncing in his saddle back to see the general, and the regiment sat down in the grass by the roadside, and waited in silence. Presently the second squadron of the cavalry trotted off along the road in a cloud of dust, and in due time old Colonel Sponge came bouncing back, and palavered his three majors and his adjutant. Then there was more talk by the majors, and gradually through the correct channels spread information which in due time reached Timothy Lean.

The enemy, 5000 strong, occupied a pass at the head of the valley some four miles beyond. They had three batteries well posted. Their infantry was intrenched. The ground in their front was crossed and lined with many ditches and hedges ; but the enemies' batteries were so posted that it was doubtful if a ditch would ever prove convenient as shelter for the Spitzbergen infantry. There was a fair position for the Spitzbergen artillery 2300 yards from the enemy. The cavalry had succeeded in driving the enemy's skirmishers back upon the main body, but of course had only tried to worry them a little. The position was almost inaccessible on the enemy's right, owing to high steep hills which had been crowned by small parties of infantry. The enemy's left, although guarded by a much larger force, was approachable, and might be flanked. This was what the cavalry had to say, and it added briefly a report of two troopers killed and five wounded.

Whereupon Major-General Richie, commanding a force of 7500 men of His Majesty of Spitzbergen, set in motion, with a few simple words, the machinery which would launch his army at the enemy. The Twelfth understood the orders when they saw the smart young aide approaching old Colonel Sponge, and they rose as one man, apparently afraid that they would be late. There was a clank of accoutrements. Men shrugged their shoulders tighter against their packs, and, thrusting their thumbs between their belts and their tunics, they wriggled into a closer fit with regard to the heavy ammunition equipment. It is curious to note that almost every man took off his cap, and looked contemplatively into it as if to read a maker's name. Then they replaced their caps with great care. There was little talking, and it was not observable that a single soldier handed a token or left a comrade with a message to be delivered in case he should be killed. They did not seem to think of being killed ; they seemed absorbed in a desire to know what would happen, and how it would look when it was happening. Men glanced continually at their officers in a plain desire to be quick to understand the very first order that would be given ; and officers looked gravely at their men, measuring them, feeling their temper, worrying about them.

A bugle called : there were sharp cries ; and the Kicking Twelfth was off to battle.

The regiment had the right of the line in the infantry brigade, and as the men tramped noisily along the white road every eye was strained ahead ; but after all, there was nothing to be seen but a dozen farms—in short, a country-side. It resembled the scenery in Spitzbergen ; every man in the Kicking Twelfth had often confronted a dozen such farms with a composure which amounted to indifference. But still down the road there came galloping troopers, who delivered information to Colonel Sponge and then galloped on. In time the Twelfth came to the top of a rise, and below them on a plain was the heavy black streak of a Spitzbergen squadron, and behind the squadron loomed the grey bare hill of the Rostina position. There was a little of skirmish firing. The Twelfth reached a knoll which the officers easily recognised as the place described by the cavalry as suitable for the Spitzbergen guns. The men swarmed up it in a peculiar formation. They resembled a crowd coming off a race-track ; but, nevertheless, there were no stray sheep. It was simply that the ground on which actual battles are fought is not like a chess-board. And after them came swinging a six-gun battery, the guns wagging from side to side as the long line turned out of the road, and the drivers using their whips as the leading horses scrambled at the hill. The halted Twelfth lifted its voice and spoke amiably, but with point, to the battery. "Go on, Guns ! We'll take care of you. Don't be afraid. Give it to them !" The teams—lead, swing and wheel—struggled and slipped over the steep

and uneven ground; and the gunners, as they clung to their springless positions, wore their usual and natural airs of unhappiness. They made no reply to the infantry. Once upon the top of the hill, however, these guns were unlimbered in a flash, and directly the infantry could hear the loud voice of an officer drawling out the time for the fuses. A moment later the first 3'2 bellowed out, and there could be heard the swish and the snarl of a fleeting shell. Colonel Sponge and a number of officers climbed to the battery's position; but the men of the regiment sat in the shelter of the hill, like so many blindfolded people, and wondered what they would have been able to see if they had been officers. Sometimes the shells of the enemy came sweeping over the top of the hill, and burst in great brown explosions in the fields to the rear. The men looked after them and laughed. To the rear could be seen also the mountain battery coming at a comic trot, with every man obviously in a deep rage with every mule. If a man can put in long service with a mule battery and come out of it with an amiable disposition, he should be presented with a medal weighing many ounces. After the mule battery came a long black winding thing, which was three regiments of Spitzbergen infantry; and at the back of them and to the right was an inky square, which was the remaining Spitzbergen guns. General Richie and his staff clattered up to the hill. The blindfolded Twelfth sat still. The inky square suddenly became a long racing line. The howitzers joined their little bark to the thunder of the guns on the hill, and the three regiments of infantry came on. The Twelfth sat still.

Of a sudden a bugle rang its warning, and the officers shouted. Some used the old cry,—“Attention! Kim up, the Kickers!”—and the Twelfth knew that it had been told to go in. The majority of the men expected to see great things as soon as they rounded the shoulder of the hill, but there was nothing to be seen save a complicated plain and the grey knolls occupied by the enemy. Many company commanders in low voices worked at their men, and said things which do not appear in the written reports. They talked soothingly; they talked indignantly; and they talked always like fathers. And the men heard no sentence completely; they heard no specific direction, these wide-eyed men. They understood that there was being delivered some kind of exhortation to do as they had been taught, and they also understood that a superior intelligence was anxious over their behaviour and welfare.

There was a great deal of floundering through hedges, a climbing of walls, a jumping of ditches. Curiously original privates tried to find new and easier ways for themselves, instead of following the men in front of them. Officers had short fits of fury over these people. The more originality they possessed, the more likely they were to become separated from their companies. Colonel Sponge was making an exciting progress on a big charger. When the first faint song of the bullets came from above, the men wondered why he sat so high. The charger seemed as tall as the Eiffel Tower. But if he was high in the air, he had a fine view, and that is supposedly why people ascend the Eiffel Tower. Very often he had been a joke to them, but when they saw this fat old gentleman so coolly treating the strange new missiles which hummed in the air, it struck them suddenly that they had wronged him seriously; and a man who could attain the command of a Spitzbergen regiment was entitled to general respect. And they gave him a sudden, quick affection—an affection that would make them follow him heartily, trustfully, grandly—this fat old gentleman, seated on a too-big horse. In a flash his tousled grey head, his short, thick legs, even his paunch, had become specially and humorously endeared to them. And this is the way of soldiers.

But still the Twelfth had not yet come to the place where tumbling bodies

begin their test of the very heart of a regiment. They backed through more hedges, jumped more ditches, slid over more walls. The Rostina artillery had seemed to be asleep; but suddenly the guns aroused like dogs from their kennels, and around the Twelfth there began a wild, swift screeching. There arose cries to hurry, to come on; and, as the rifle bullets began to plunge into them, the men saw the high, formidable hills of the enemy's right, and perfectly understood that they were doomed to storm them. The cheering thing was the sudden beginning of a tremendous uproar on the enemy's left.

Every man ran, hard, tense, breathless. When they reached the foot of the hills, they thought they had won the charge already; but they were electrified to see officers above them waving their swords and yelling with anger, surprise, and shame. With a long murmurous outcry the Twelfth began to climb the hill; and as they went and fell, they could hear frenzied shouts—"Kim up, the Kickers!" The pace was slow. It was like the rising of a tide: it was determined, almost relentless in its appearance, but it was slow. If a man fell there was a chance that he would land twenty yards below the point where he was hit. The Kickers crawled, their rifles in their left hands as they pulled and tugged themselves up with their right hands. Ever arose the shout, "Kim up, the Kickers!" Timothy Lean, his face flaming, his eyes wild, yelled it back as if he were delivering the gospel.

The Kickers came up. The enemy—they had been in small force, thinking the hills safe enough from attack—retreated quickly from this preposterous advance, and not a bayonet in the Twelfth saw blood: bayonets very seldom do.

The homing of this successful charge wore an unromantic aspect. About twenty windless men suddenly arrived, and threw themselves upon the crest of the hill, and breathed. And these twenty were joined by others, and still others, until almost 1100 men of the Twelfth lay upon the hilltop, while the regiment's track was marked by body after body, in groups and singly. The first officer—perchance the first man, one never can be certain—the first officer to gain the top of the hill was Timothy Lean, and such was the situation that he had the honour to receive his colonel with a bashful salute.

The regiment knew exactly what it had done; it did not have to wait to be told by the Spitzbergen newspapers. It had taken a formidable position with the loss of about five hundred men, and it knew it. It knew, too, that it was a great glory for the Kicking Twelfth; and as the men lay rolling on their bellies, they expressed their joy in a wild cry—"Kim up, the Kickers!" For a moment there was nothing but joy, and then suddenly company commanders were besieged by men who wished to go down the path of the charge and look for their mates. The answers were without the quality of mercy; they were short, snapped, quick words: "No; you can't."

The attack on the enemy's left was sounding in great rolling crashes. The shells in their flight through the air made a noise as of red-hot iron plunged into water, and stray bullets nipped near the ears of the Kickers.

The Kickers looked and saw. The battle was below them. The enemy were indicated by a long, noisy line of gossamer smoke, although there could be seen a toy battery with tiny men employed at the guns. All over the field the shrapnel was bursting, making quick bulbs of white smoke. Far away, two regiments of Spitzbergen infantry were charging, and at the distance this charge looked like a casual stroll. It appeared that small black groups of men were walking meditatively toward the Rostina intrenchments.

There would have been orders given sooner to the Twelfth, but unfortunately

Colonel Sponge arrived on top of the hill without a breath of wind in his body. He could not have given an order to save the regiment from being wiped off the earth. Finally he was able to gasp out something and point at the enemy. Timothy Lean ran along the line yelling to the men to sight at 800 yards; and like a slow and ponderous machine the regiment again went to work. The fire flanked a great part of the enemy's trenches.

It could be said that there were only two prominent points of view expressed by the men after their victorious arrival on the crest. One was defined in the exulting use of the corps' cry. The other was a grief-stricken murmur which is invariably heard after a hard fight: "My God, we're all cut to pieces!"

Colonel Sponge sat on the ground and impatiently waited for his wind to return. As soon as it did, he arose and cried out, "Form up, and we'll charge again! We will win this battle as soon as we can hit them!" The shouts of the officers sounded wild, like men yelling on shipboard in a gale. And the obedient Kickers arose for their task. It was running downhill this time. The mob of panting men poured over the stones.

But the enemy had not been at all blind to the great advantage gained by the Twelfth, and they now turned upon them a desperate fire of small arms. Men fell in every imaginable way, and their accoutrements rattled on the rocky ground. Some landed with a crash, floored by some tremendous blow; others dropped gently down like sacks of meal; with others, it would positively appear that some spirit had suddenly seized them by the ankles and jerked their legs from under them. Many officers were down, but Colonel Sponge, stuttering and blowing, was still upright. He was almost the last man in the charge; but not to his shame, rather to his stumpy legs. At one time it seemed that the assault would be lost. The effect of the fire was somewhat as if a terrible cyclone were blowing in the men's faces. They wavered, lowering their heads and shouldering weakly, as if it were impossible to make headway against the wind of battle. It was the moment of despair, the moment of the heroism which comes to the chosen of the war-god. The Colonel's cry broke and screeched absolute hatred; other officers simply howled; and the men, silent, debased, seemed to tighten their muscles for one last effort. Again they pushed against this mysterious power of the air, and once more the regiment was charging. Timothy Lean, agile and strong, was well in advance; and afterwards he reflected that the men who had been nearest to him were an old grizzled serjeant who would have gone to hell for the honour of the regiment, and a pie-faced lad who had been obliged to lie about his age in order to get into the army.

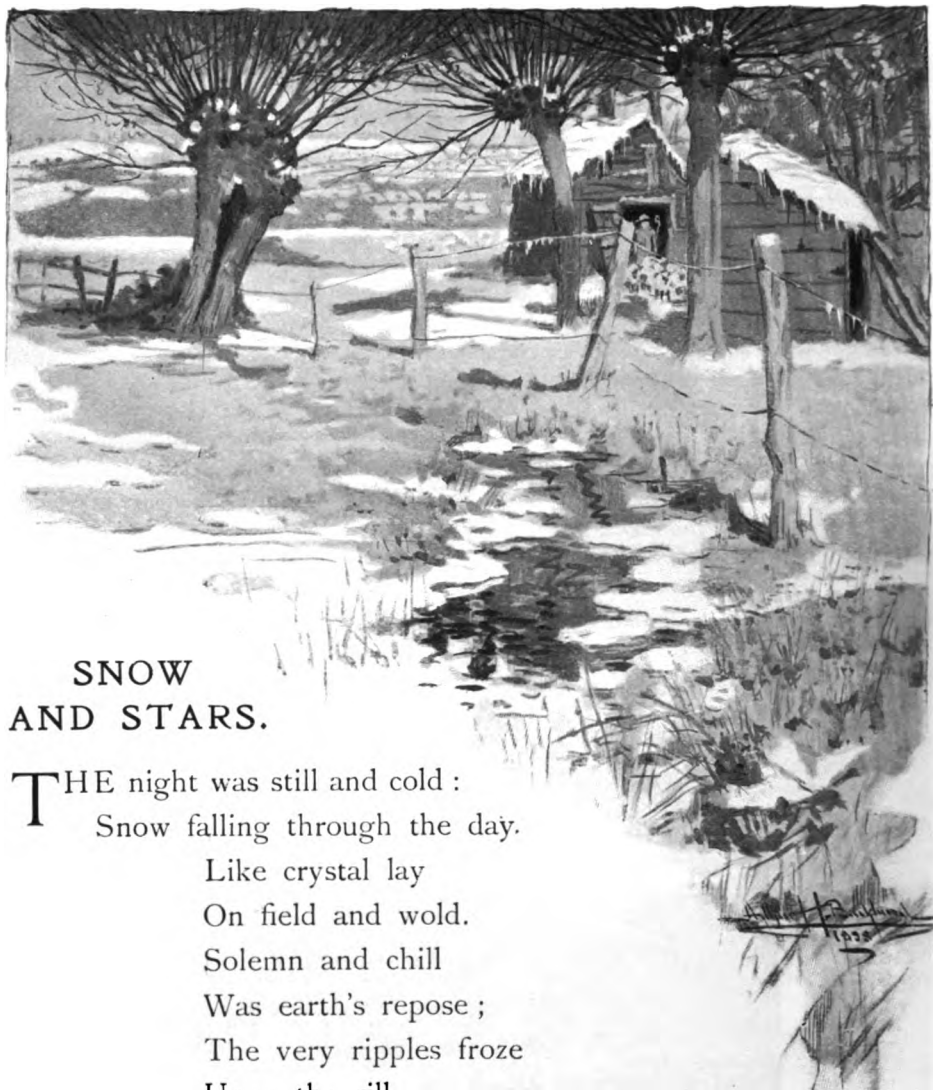
There was no shock of meeting. The Twelfth came down on a corner of the trenches, and as soon as the enemy had ascertained that the Twelfth was certain to arrive, they scuttled out, running close to the earth and spending no time in glances backward. In these days it is not discreet to wait for a charge to come home. You observe the charge, you attempt to stop it, and if you find that you can't, it is better to retire immediately to some other place. The Rostina soldiers were not heroes, perhaps, but they were men of sense. A maddened and badly frightened mob of Kickers came tumbling into the trench, and shot at the backs of fleeing men. And at that very moment the action was won, and won by the Kickers. The enemy's flank was entirely crumpled, and, knowing this, he did not await further and more disastrous information. The Twelfth looked at themselves, and knew that they had a record. They sat down and grinned patronisingly as they saw the batteries galloping to advance positions to shell the retreat, and they really laughed as the cavalry swept tumultuously forward.

The Twelfth had no more concern with the battle. They had won it, and the subsequent proceedings were only amusing.

There was a call from the flank, and the men wearily adjusted themselves as General Ritchie and his staff came trotting up. The young general, cold-eyed, stern and grim as a Roman, looked with his straight glance at a hammered and thin and dirty line of figures which was His Majesty's Twelfth Regiment of the Line. When opposite old Colonel Sponge, a podgy figure standing at attention, the general's face set in still more grim and stern lines. He took off his helmet. "Kim up, the Kickers!" said he. He replaced his helmet and rode off. Down the cheeks of the little fat colonel rolled tears. He stood like a stone for a long moment, and then wheeled in supreme wrath upon his surprised adjutant. "Delahaye, you d—— fool, don't stand there staring like a monkey. Go, tell young Lean I want to see him." The adjutant jumped as if he were on springs and went after Lean. That young officer presented himself directly, his face covered with disgraceful smudges, and he had also torn his breeches. He had never seen the colonel in such a rage. "Lean, you young whelp! you—you're a good boy." And even as the general had turned away from the colonel, the colonel turned away from the lieutenant.

STEPHEN CRANE.





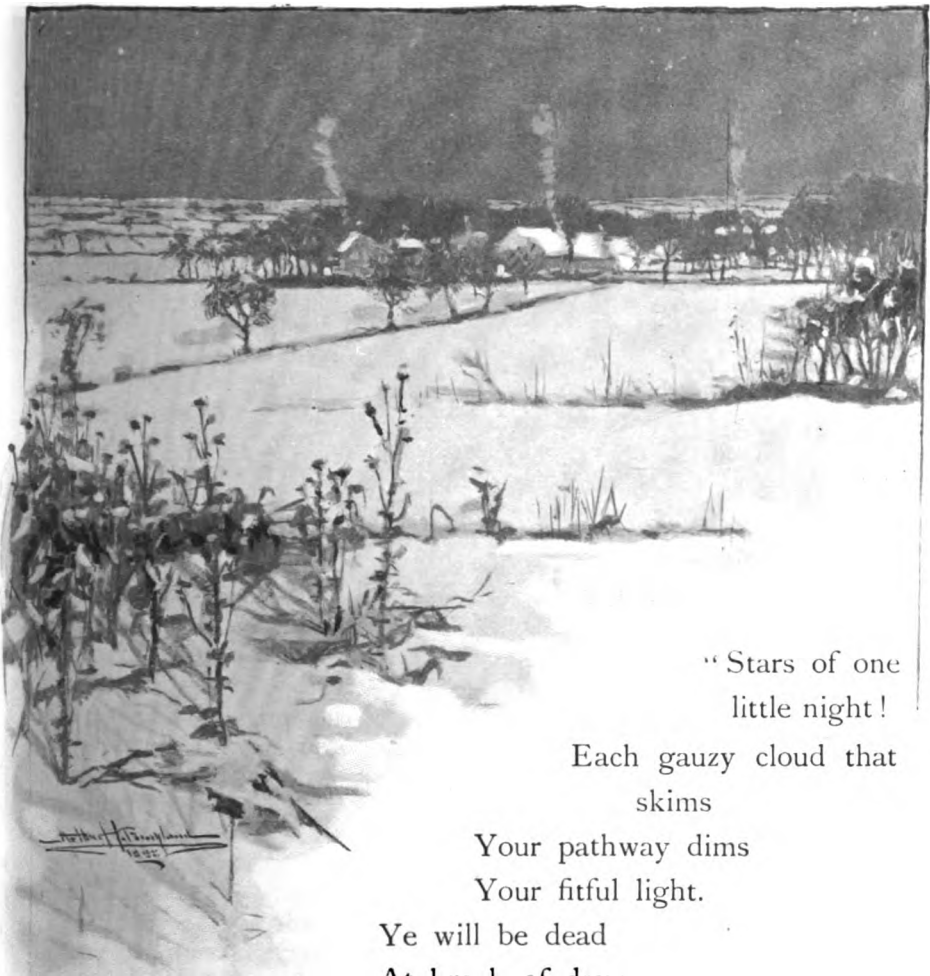
SNOW AND STARS.

THE night was still and cold :
 Snow falling through the day.
 Like crystal lay
 On field and wold.
 Solemn and chill
 Was earth's repose ;
 The very ripples froze
 Upon the rill.

A scintillating light
 Flashed forth from countless stars.
 Amid them, Mars
 Glowed copper-bright.
 Above, below,

Eye could behold
 Naught save those stars of
 gold,
 Those plains of snow.





“Stars of one
little night!
Each gauzy cloud that
skims
Your pathway dims
Your fitful light.
Ye will be dead
At break of day;
Ye vanish, but we stay,”
The snowflakes said.

The stars in morning's flush
Were lost. The sun's fierce glow
Dissolved the snow
To slime and slush.
Day passed to night,
The snow was gone,
Only the gold stars shone
Changeless and bright.

BEATRICE J. PRALL.



GEMS.

WHILE most persons have a general knowledge concerning the origin of the different things which conduce to their pleasure and comfort, very few have any idea of the complex operations which many of those articles must go through before they are fit for use. It is true of the things which we eat and drink, consumers being many and cooks few. It is true also of our clothing, for although most persons are aware that we depend for our garments both on the animal and vegetable kingdoms, the processes which the rough materials must go through before they reach the tailor's or milliner's hands are as sealed books.

So it is with the precious stones, which mankind, and more especially woman-kind, has for untold ages used for the purpose of adornment, and as the sign-manual of luxury. Most of us know the difference in appearance between a diamond and a ruby, a ruby and an emerald, and an emerald and a sapphire; we also have a dim notion that the precious minerals come mostly from the Orient; but as to what the stones look like when first picked up, or the way in which they are fashioned into sparkling gems, we must, most of us, plead profound ignorance. And the ignorance is excusable, for very few have the opportunity of seeing a lapidary at work, and only guess that by some occult means he is able to confer upon a gem-stone its brilliant qualities.

I propose to lift the veil of mystery which hides from us the art of the lapidary, and with the help of my one-eyed secretary—the trusty camera—to show precious stones both in their rough and finished states, and to trace the varied operations which form a many-linked chain between them.

First let us take the Diamond, that lovely gem for which many have been willing to barter their souls. Here it is in the rough, apparently a bit of dull glass, sticking like a limpet on its native rock, or matrix—in this case the volcanic breccia, of “blue ground,” from the prolific mines of Kimberley. Does it always assume the same form? By no means, for these South African gems afford evidence that at some remote time there has been great disruptive action here, and what the Kaffirs find to-day are often fragments broken off from larger masses. Frequently, however, the pick turns up an all but perfect



*Kimberley diamond on Matrix : Blue ground.
(British Museum.)*

natural crystal. A beautiful thing it is, in form like two miniature Egyptian pyramids stuck together at their bases—or, in other words, a true octahedron.

Here we see a notable gem of this character which originally belonged to Professor Ruskin, and was given by him to the British Museum. As it was considered necessary that the beautiful gift should have a name, it was decided to call it "The Colenso Diamond," and the donor made the curious stipulation that the label of the gem should be written by himself. In the mineral gallery at the South Kensington branch of the British Museum both diamond and label can be seen. The latter runs thus:—

THE COLENZO DIAMOND.

Presented in 1887 by John Ruskin,

*"In honour of his friend, the loyal and patiently
adamantine First Bishop of Natal."*

The chemist will tell us that this exquisitely beautiful thing is nothing but a bit of carbon—so much charcoal, which by heat and pressure has been coaxed by nature into the crystalline form. And he will demonstrate the truth of his words by pulling it to pieces, not by any mechanical tearing asunder of its particles, but by burning it in a jar of oxygen. For carbon in combustion combines with that gas to form carbonic acid, the weight of which product left in the jar will exactly amount to the weight of the original diamond together with the oxygen in which it disappeared. A piece of charcoal treated in the same way will give the same result. What further proof need we have that the two substances are identical in composition?

Some years ago, when a ring of speculators ran up the price of coal to some fifty shillings a ton, a picture appeared in *Punch* of a gentleman with a coal scarf-pin, which he proudly declared to be "real Wallsend." Many a true word is spoken in jest; and, as we have seen, from the chemist's point of view a bit of Wallsend is of precisely the same value as an equal weight of diamond.

Possibly the time may come when the intrinsic value of the two will more nearly approximate, for diamonds can now be made in the laboratory; but the cost of the operation is at present greater than the value of the gems obtained. But who knows what the future may bring forth?

Most diamonds come from the South African mines, and are found deeply buried in the "blue ground." "The Colenso" remains uncut, and in order to show what it would look like after being fashioned by the lapidary I was reduced to the expedient of having a model made—by a skilled worker, and my photograph is



A.



B.

The Colenso Diamond—actual size.

A.—Rough. B.—As it would appear when cut.



Hand with jewels to indicate the size of the stones.



The same radiographed.

taken from it. The same remark applies to the succeeding pictures of cut emeralds and rubies.

There are several recognised tests by which a diamond can be readily distinguished from a less valuable stone; but in olden times it was not so, and the most common test was to place the doubtful stone on a smith's anvil and give it a smart blow with a hammer. According to Pliny—who, in common with writers of his day, was not too particular in verifying the truth of his statements—a diamond when laid on the anvil will give back a blow with such force as to shiver both anvil and hammer to pieces. Pliny did not recognise that the diamond is both hard and brittle. So brittle is it that in photographing the Colenso at South Kensington every precaution was taken in case the stone should slip and fall on the floor.

An interesting modern test for the diamond is afforded by means of Röntgen's X-rays. Bits of coal, graphite, charcoal, and lignite, are all transparent to these X-rays: so is the diamond. Note that they are all different forms of carbon, and behave in precisely the same way under the searching glance of the X-rays. Glass, rock crystal, and nearly all the common things which we call transparent, cast heavy shadows under the X-rays: they are transparent to light, but opaque to those rays which are not of light.

For the sake of comparison, as well as to show the unusual size of the gems, I have photographed some in contact with a man's hand; and the reader can compare the picture with an X-ray study—a radiograph—taken of the same hand and jewels a few minutes afterwards.

Let us look at the photograph first. The stone at the top is a fine brilliant; next below it is a heart-shaped opal; then on the right comes a magnificent sapphire, which Mr. Leopold Claremont, who cut it, tells me is one of the largest which ever passed even through his busy hands; and the remaining stone, a little to the left, is a beryl or aquamarine.

Now turn to the radiograph of the same hand. The flesh is almost transparent

to the rays, the bones being much less so. The place of the large diamond is marked by a slight shadow, and the same may be said of the opal; but in the former case we have a very deep stone to deal with, while the opal is very flat and shallow, and thickness in X-ray work is an important factor in the results. Both the sapphire and beryl cast shadows as dense as does the glass stopper put for comparison nearer the wrist. It is evident that a white topaz or other stone masquerading as a diamond would be immediately detected by this method; but, as I have already indicated, more ready means exist for testing the genuineness of a diamond.

The relative transparency under the X-rays of the four gem stones under present consideration is perhaps better seen in the separate radiograph—where they are shown side by side. Here, too, in the case of the diamond, we can clearly see the effect of the thickness of the stone, which causes a slight increase of density in the pale shadow towards the centre. This extra thickening would have been exactly central if the X-ray tube during excitation had not been placed somewhat to one side of the stone.

The Ruby occupies a supreme position among precious stones, and I show it both in its rough and educated states. The rough stone here photographed is, like the Colenso diamond, the property of the nation, and came from the same generous donor. It is called the Edwardes Ruby, the reason for which is duly set forth on its label.

THE EDWARDES RUBY.

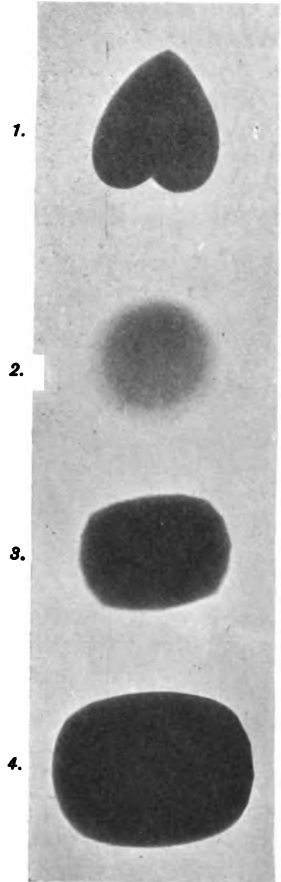
Presented in 1887, by John Ruskin.

"In honour of the invincible soldiership and loving equity of Sir Herbert Edwardes' rule by the shores of Indus."

The irregular form of this ruby points to one of the difficulties of the lapidary's art—namely, the task of getting the most out of any given stone. In this case it is the best policy to cut the stone across, and to make from it two distinct gems, as shown.

"Wisdom," says Solomon, who is supposed to be an authority on the subject, "is better than rubies,"—by which we may judge that these stones even in his day were the most precious things to which he could point. They have retained their value through all the centuries which have elapsed since; and to-day, by right of their rarity, they are priced very highly. They come almost exclusively from Burma, Siam, and Ceylon, and the first-named country has the proud distinction of furnishing the best—*i.e.*, those of the true "pigeon-blood" tint.

How constantly this important consideration of colour crops up in estimating the worth of gem-stones! The ruby and the sapphire are of identical composition with the mineral corundum, a kind of crystallised alumina, which is common



Radiographs of four precious stones.

1.—Opal. 2.—Brilliant.
3.—Beryl. 4.—Sapphire.

enough in the form of emery. When red it is called ruby, when blue it is sapphire. Tavernier, the famous traveller and hunter after gems, describes how in Pegu most of the coloured stones were in his day called ruby, and were only distinguished by colour, a sapphire being known as a blue ruby. It will be noted that this form of classification is, from a mineralogist's point of view, strictly correct.

The Emerald comes from quite another family; but here again we find the question of colour the dominant note in determining the value. The emerald is in its nature the same mineral as the beryl—or aquamarine as it is called when of the colour of sea-water. Its rare green gives it its value, for the beryl is comparatively common, and valued chiefly because it retains its beauty under artificial light. We have already noted its behaviour under the X-rays: its beautiful columnar form in the rough state is indicated in another picture.

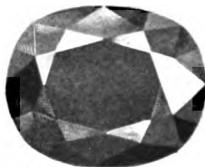
Another photograph shows the Amethyst—a variety of tinted quartz which occurs nearly all the world over. But there is a far more valuable stone—the *Oriental Amethyst*, which is



A.

The Edwardes Ruby—actual size.

A.—Rough. B.—As it would appear when cut to the best advantage.



B.

a corundum, and may sapphire of violet colour. This stone is, however, so extremely rare that it is very seldom met with.

There are fashions in precious stones, as in most other things, and the amethyst is not valued as it was. It is said that a certain amethyst necklace which belonged to Queen Charlotte, in which the stones are well matched and beautifully cut, once valued at two thousand pounds, would

probably not fetch more than a twentieth of that sum if placed on the market to-day.

Looking again at the various specimens which are shown here of stones in their natural condition, it is very difficult to imagine how they can ever be converted into glittering gems, and few persons have anything but a vague idea as to the manner in which the transformation is brought about. It is known in a general sort of way that rough stones find their way from all parts of the world to Hatton Garden, and by some mysterious process emerge cut, polished, and ready to be set in ring, tiara, sceptre, or crown—according to size and value.

For obvious reasons it is difficult—nay, almost impossible—for any one outside the business to get a peep at the operations by which a rough diamond or other stone is refined into a gem. Within a stone's-throw of Bond Street and Regent Street, where the beautiful gems are exhibited for sale, they are cut and fashioned into form ready for the jeweller's use. By the aid of a series of photographs taken for the purpose, the reader will be able to follow the delicate operations involved, and it will quickly be seen that, although mechanical appliances are to some extent employed, success lies in the skill and thought bestowed upon every detail of the work. A number of craftsmen are employed at this busy hive, but the most important stones are cut by the head of the firm.

The aphorism—"diamond cut diamond"—has so long formed a figure of speech

that every one is aware that a diamond, being the hardest thing known, can only be operated upon by a diamond. The first process is a rubbing or abrading one, two diamonds being cemented each to the end of a holder about one foot in length, and rubbed together until angles are worn off, and the stones assume a rough symmetry. If it should be necessary in consequence of some flaw or projection to cut off part of the stone, the tap on a steel blade placed against it will bring about the desired result, provided that the blow is so delivered that the separation takes place in a certain direction—known as the cleavage plane of the stone.

In the accompanying illustration (p. 189) the man with the rod upraised is in the act of splitting a diamond, while the other operator is roughing a couple of stones into shape as already described. It may be mentioned here that the particles worn off by this abrading process are caught in a sieve, and that this valuable *débris* is reduced to the finest dust—not unlike slate-pencil dust in appearance—by means of the conical steel pestle and mortar seen in the right-hand lower corner of this illustration. This dust is subsequently used as a general cutting agent throughout the lapidary's work.

The diamonds having been thus roughly shaped, are removed from the sticks, and soldered into cone-shaped metal sockets or holders, for they have to be very firmly gripped to withstand the rather rough usage to which they will presently be subjected.

At the next bench we see how this soldering operation is performed, by means of the heat from two atmospheric gas flames. Thus rigidly fixed in their new holders, the gems pass to the next craftsman, who is called the polisher, although his work also comprises the cutting of the facets, upon the correct fashioning of which depends so much of the beauty and value of the finished stone.

Referring to the next illustration, we note that the gem-cutter has in front of him a horizontal cast-iron wheel, which revolves by means of a Royce electric motor at the rate of three thousand revolutions per minute. This wheel is charged with diamond dust and oil, and a diamond pressed against the rapidly moving surface is gradually ground away and a facet is formed. In this case the cutter has four gems in hand, each in its holder being pressed against the upper surface of the wheel by means of weights; and it is no light work to shift these heavy things continually, as they must be shifted. Several times in the course of the operation the gems must be resoldered in their holders into new positions, so that in turn every part of the stone can be faceted on the wheel. A craftsman, therefore, polishing four diamonds simultaneously, will keep his neighbour—the man with the soldering apparatus—very busy; and even now we see an assistant waiting at his elbow with a freshly soldered stone, ready for the wheel.

It has been calculated that during the operation of polishing a diamond weighing in the rough one hundred carats, the lapidary's wheel will revolve no



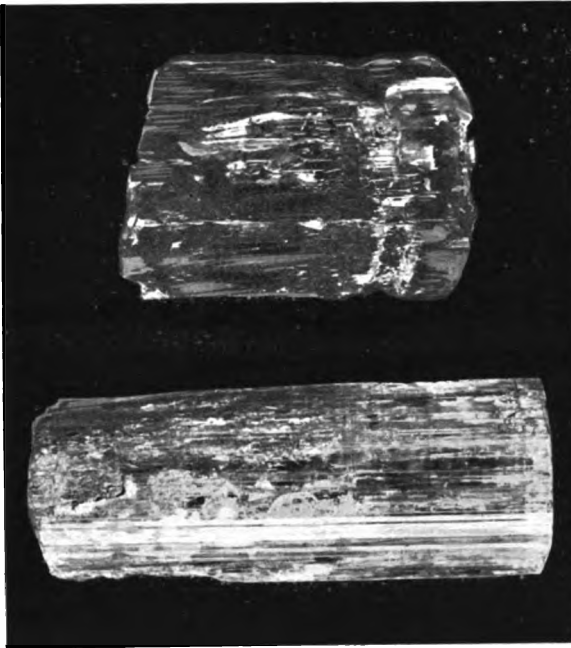
A.



B.

Emerald—actual size. (British Museum).

A.—Rough. B.—As it would appear when cut.



Beryl, or Aquamarine. (British Museum.)

fewer than fifty-two and a half million times.

Diamond-cutting is usually regarded as a distinct industry, and very few engaged in it handle any other kind of gem stone. But in this busy atelier coloured stones such as rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, to name the more familiar ones, and the hardly less beautiful beryls, peridots, star stones, zircons, tourmalines, green garnets, phenakites, cat's-eyes, and alexandrites, whose names are stranger in our ears, are also reduced from their rough state to glittering gems. The alexandrite has the curious property of appearing pistachio green by daylight and red as a raspberry by night. We illustrate the

appearance of this curious stone in the rough, before it reaches the gem-cutter's hands.

The treatment of these coloured flowers of the mineral world is very different from that of the diamond. The lapidary's wheel is used, but instead of being of cast iron, it is made of copper, and has diamond dust pressed into its surface to give it the necessary cutting quality. It is revolved by a handle at its side, as shown in the last picture, for every cut must be regulated with the greatest nicety, and brain and hand must work in harmony to ensure just so much pressure and rate of turning as to produce the desired result.

It will be noticed that the operator turns the wheel with his left hand while his right holds the gem to be cut, which is fixed by cement at the end of a stick about the length but half the diameter of an ordinary cedar pencil. Close to the wheel is the cutting rest—seen in the picture just behind the worker's right hand. This takes the form of an inverted cone, which has little notches in it from top to bottom, in



Amethyst. (British Museum.)

which the end of the gem-holder can be inserted so as to ensure a perfectly flat cut at any desired angle.

The prime object of the experienced worker is to cut with as little loss as possible, and to get as big and effective a gem as he can out of a stone which is often at the outset of most unpromising shape. When the coloured stone has received all its facets, it is not finished, as a diamond would be under like conditions, for the surfaces are comparatively rough. The gem is therefore polished, an operation which is performed on another wheel, the material of which, as well as the polishing agent, will vary with the kind of stone under treatment.

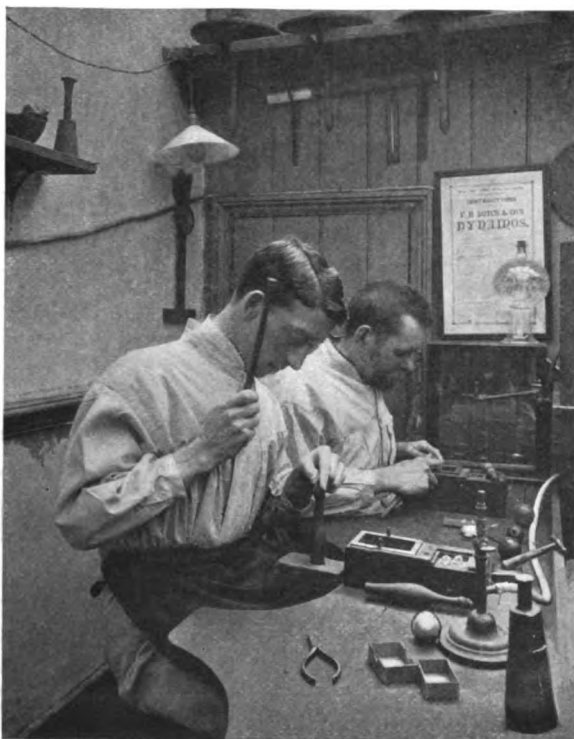
Each particular gem requires special study and attention, even if they all be of the same nature, for the lapidary never finds two individual stones precisely alike. Visionary inventors again and again have devised machines by which rough stones shovelled in at one end will come out in the form of cut gems at the other end. Nails, pins and needles may be fashioned that way, but gems never. The work requires the cunning hand and eye of the craftsman, who must bring to bear upon his work a knowledge of the optical properties of the minerals he handles, before he can reveal all their latent beauties.

The exquisite charm of rippled water lies in its many reflecting surfaces, which throw rays of light to the eye. It is the same with a well cut gem, which by the lapidary's art makes sport of light produces rainbow tints, and causes a dull

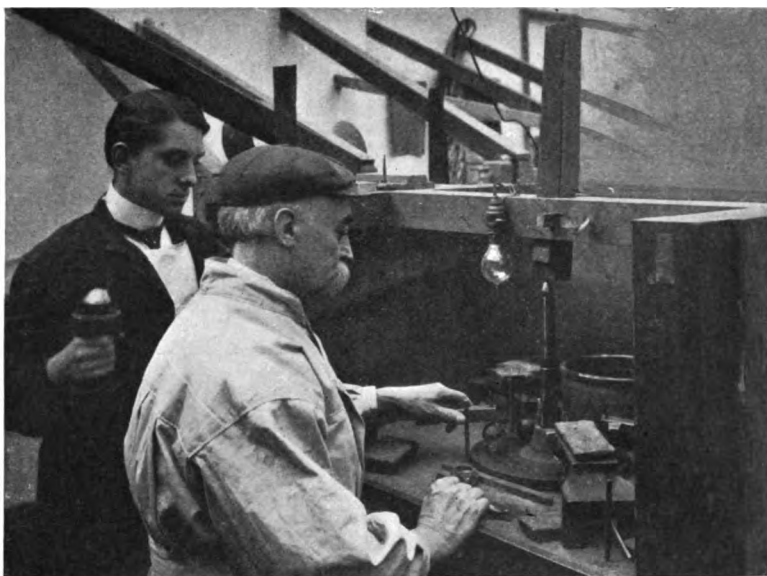
stone to become a thing of beauty, and a veritable joy to the beholder.

Antwerp and Amsterdam are the world's great centres for diamond cutting, but London can boast of being the chief place where all other gems are cut. All the finest coloured stones are cut in our metropolis, and, judging from the treasures which I have seen, not a few of them find their way to the wheels pictured in these pages.

It will be surmised that the risk of loss in dealing with these valuable gems is very great. In truth, the gem-cutter has much responsibility upon his shoulders, for he knows that a very slight mistake in the working of a stone, a hair's-breadth deviation one way or the other, may mean a reduction of value representing many pounds. Then there is the risk of theft, and we can better comprehend what this means when we compare the value of a fine diamond with that of gold. A hundred



Splitting a Diamond.



Polishing Diamonds.

thousand pounds in gold will weigh just about one ton,—not an easy burden even for an elephant. A diamond of the same value could be carried in a corner of the waistcoat pocket without attracting attention.

If a gem be lost or mislaid in the workshop, no man is allowed to leave the premises until it is found. And gems, like the proverbial collar stud, have a trick of hiding themselves very effectually. Sometimes a lost stone has been found embedded in the floor, or in the leg of a chair; oftentimes one has slipped between the floor boards; and occasionally they will stray into folds of the clothing in a very remarkable manner.

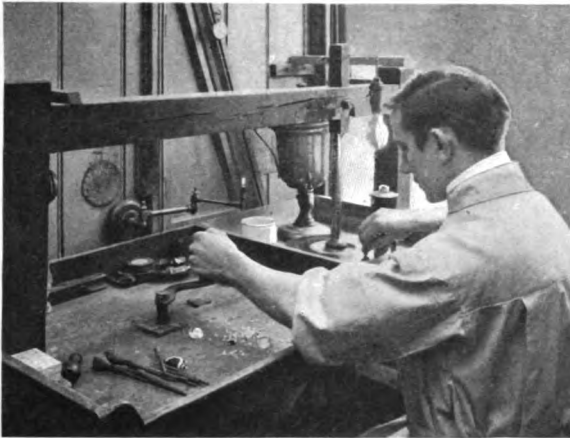
We have already noted that different stones require different treatment; and one reason for this is their varying degree of hardness. It is part of the lapidary's art to know what kind of material to employ in the cutting of each sort of gem



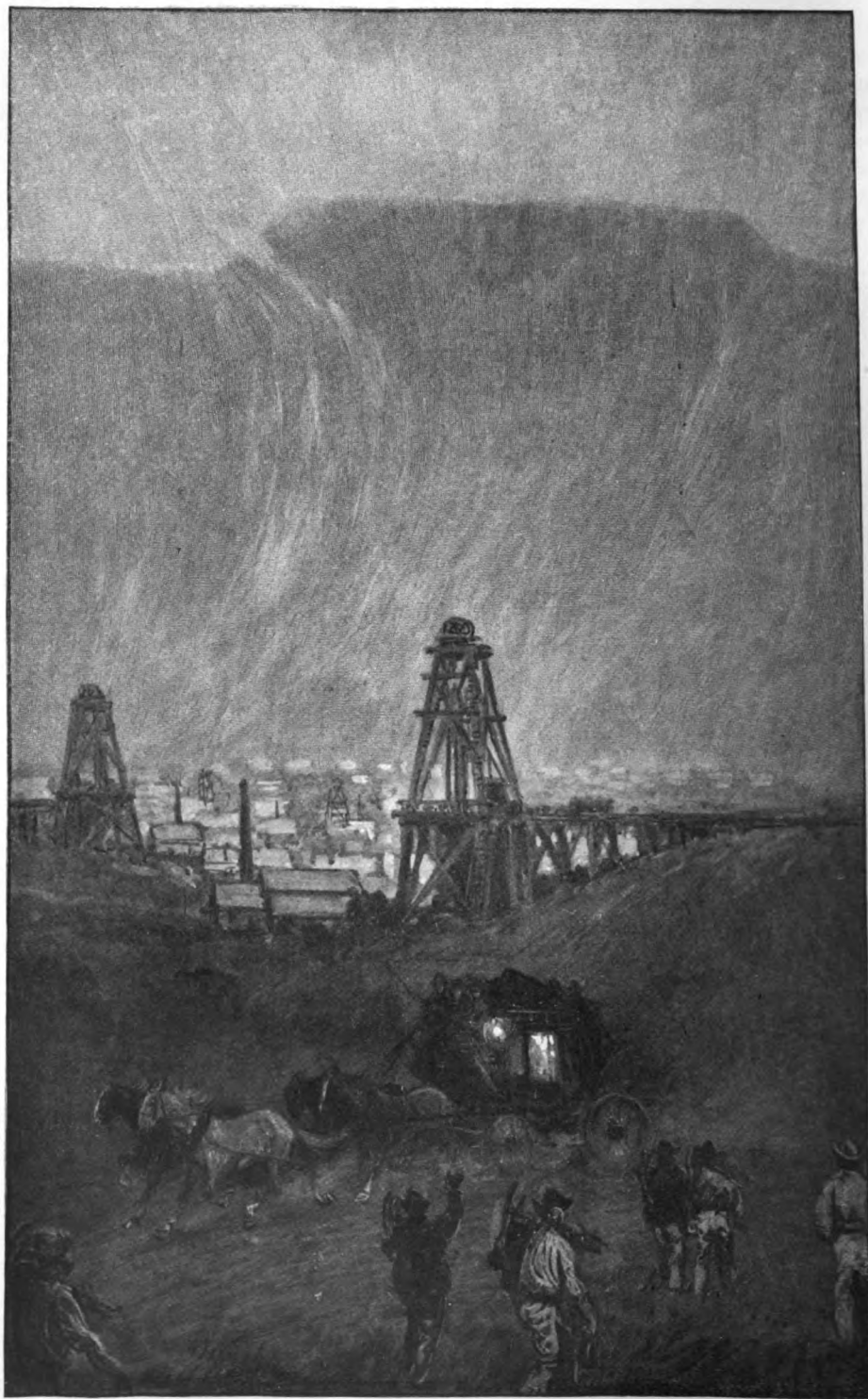
Alexandrite—Rough. (British Museum.)

stone ; and he has at his hand wheels not only of iron and copper, as we have seen, but of tin, lead, gun-metal, antimony, pewter, brass, steel, stone, wood, felt, leather, and silk. Besides these he has grooved wheels, and wheels with teeth, some very small, some as large as two feet in diameter—some having a vertical position while others revolve horizontally. With these strange tools, and with infinite skill and applied science, the dull pebble which the unpractised eye would throw aside as valueless is transformed into “a gem of purest ray serene.”

T. C. HEPWORTH.



Cutting Coloured Stones.



"I came by coach, at dawn, to Tinker's Gully."



A MICROCOSM OF EMPIRE.

THE row at Tinker's Gully, although I write of it beneath a stately title and endow it with a great significance, was in itself essentially a parochial affair. The theatre of its immediate effects was limited to the few craggy hills and narrow valleys that receive and guide the head waters of the Muldoon River, away up in Northern Australia.

In the racking heat and hurry-scurry of a tropical coast-town, I, on bare nerves, was working rapidly through my journalistic ideals, when Cubitt, a local apoplectic magnate of great possessions, offered me the editorship of the *Tinker's Gully Times*. The position was of no importance whatever, and chiefly on that account, also because it would bring me to cool table-lands and amongst running streams, I accepted it. I was commissioned by Cubitt to "fire out the sucking agitator, one Grey, in possession," and instal myself editor of the *Times*. Grey, I was told, was fomenting some ridiculous local squabble: I was to be diplomatically inert. On the following Sunday I came by coach, at dawn, to Tinker's Gully. It was heavenly cool, and I heard the music of running water.

Coming towards me down the ramshackle street was a man who struck me with a vivid interest. He was an image of great strength and good confidence; his steady sable-coloured eyes beacons of intelligence.

To behold such a man and such a morning, after the swelter and the scramble that I had left behind me, was to be re-born into a serener world. I filled my lungs to their uttermost, and said to the stranger, "This is a good place."

"You're from the Port?" he said. I nodded. "My name's Grey. I'm the——"

I bit short a bad word and turned away. This was the man I had come to evict—the editor. I felt mean, and very ridiculous. I had looked to find a small, soiled, querulous and incapable pressman sulking in the office, and had planned for myself a part of great and pitying dignity as I—kindly, but with befitting sternness—displaced him.

"My name is Sellars," I said in a lost way, as I turned to him.

"Welcome!" he returned heartily, and offered me his hand; then he laughed. "No fear: I haven't pied the type or crippled the venerable hand-press." I shook his hand very humbly.

It wanted half an hour of breakfast time. Grey took me up to a little crag that overlooked the town, and whence we could see the houses mapped at our feet and the clear run of the amphitheatre of hills, their shoulders notched and shaved here and there at the mining claims; and in a panoramic method he gave me the story of the trouble that, unheeded of the outside world, was parting the men of Tinker's Gully, as with a sword-blade.

He pointed to a small black tunnel-mouth, a framework of poppet-heads standing astride the mullock-heap, a tin engine-shed with a little funnel in its roof whence issued blue trailing coils of wood smoke. In the morning sunshine and the clear distance it all looked toylke, serene, entirely peaceful.

Five years before, I learned, a certain Mr. Larry Muldoon, then a penniless prospector, stumbled, where the mill stood now, over the cap of a gold-studded quartz-reef, gave the watercourse his name, and blossomed within a twelvemonth into a person of wealth and prominence. In the rush that followed immediately upon Mr. Muldoon's discovery, his compatriots had been somehow mysteriously favoured. When Tinker's Gully grew to be a community on its own account, the best gold claims, the stores, the machinery of local government, yea, even Mother Church herself, were found to be held fast in the grip of a staunch minority; and this minority, again, Mr. Muldoon held in the hollow of his hand, and guided as he pleased.

He swayed them much to their profit and his own; but in a manner so little to the liking of the suffering majority of men who hailed from anywhere but certain specified parts of "the most distressful of all countries," that complaints of the Muldoon monopoly ripened into protest.

So far Grey had told, when a bell rang beneath us. "Lie low, and watch the boys," he said, as he hurried me off. "When I came here, six months ago, a grass-green banner waved above Tinker's Gully. Glory to the god of ructions, it was left to me to raise up the orange one over-against it."

I followed him, dazed by the living truth of how swiftly and surely Faction, out of old memories of party wars, here at the world's end, had raised its opposite.

We came to the house whence the summons had sounded. It was the Bank, and within five minutes I found myself seated on Grey's right at the foot of a long table. An armchair at the head was vacant, and along the sides were a dozen men who had suddenly and silently gathered in. I read at a glance that there were no two of them but were leagues and oceans apart, so far as creed, class, nationality and temper were concerned; and yet, as they took their seats and exchanged a muffled word or two, and then by one consent all turned and bent upon me an inhospitable stare, it was clear that some relentless purpose of enmity had riveted them together into utter unanimity.

Bowls of porridge were being served with astounding dexterity by a Chinaman with a soap-coloured face and still, inscrutable features. By way of diversion I made to attack my share of the food; but at that Grey pinched me hurriedly beneath the table; and a clumsy, gigantic, red-haired man along by the empty chair smote the table with a huge hand and rose.

He pointed to me and said, with a warning quietness, "Putt down yon spüne." I obeyed weakly; the words were said in the dialect—intensified tenfold, however—into which, I had noticed, Grey had stumbled in his excitement.

Grey rose up submissively. "Gentlemen," he said; but the red-haired colossus smote the table again, a growl went round the board, and Grey corrected himself,—
"Brethren—"

"Whü's yon stranger among us?" asked Redhead, still pointing at my chest.

"Master McVicker and Brethren," said Grey, "he's my successor, and I'll answer for his good faith and loyalty to our Lodge and Cause."

A strikingly handsome and clean-bred-looking Englishman spoke up; there was a ring of the public school and the cheep of the 'Varsity in his words, but he was wedged between a German storekeeper, spectacled, and bearded to the eyes, and an enormous, timid, hulking Swede. "Steevie,"—the Briton began; but again the Master beat the table,—
"Ah, er, Brother Stevenson and I parted—oh—early."

"Dhrink," the Master said, and there was a withering contempt in the word,

and in the way he eyed the culprit. And yet, such was the spirit of discipline informing this curious company, that the English gentleman hung his head and flushed all over his blue-veined temples at the rebuke of this shaggy commoner, who had the airs and manners of a hodman.

Then, holding out his enormous hands above his porridge, the Master invoked God's blessing on the meal and on these men, their Cause and their adherents, and sought confusion to their enemies. I looked up furtively: every eye was closed and every head bowed except the Master's, whose big face and shock of red hair were thrown back. I seemed on a sudden to be set amongst a company of old Ironsides, whilst their Cromwell, on the morning of a bloody day, called for Christ's mercy to speed the bullet and keep the powder dry. It seemed to me, in my suddenly changed condition of mind, that to fix upon the affairs of these men the tag "parochial" had in it something of sublime ineptitude, as though a boy should scribble his contempt in chalk upon the muzzle of a loaded cannon.

I was in the headquarters of the Orangeism that had risen up in revolt against the Muldoon tyranny; and I found that I, a passive onlooker, had been set down to behold the fusion of injured items into a Party, and the progress of an injured Party, on the lines of greatest resistance, through constitutional methods toward the fighting-point.

Though they fed like navvies they ate merely to live, and lived to hold counsel that they might confound their enemies. I saw one living token that convinced me for all time how danger breeds strange intimacies. On either side of the handsome Briton, the Swede and German sprawled and slobbered at their feeding in a manner that I knew must in ordinary times have raised a murderous disgust in him, fine-bred and nice-mannered as he was. Yet he sat unmoved between them, and ate as stolidly, if less emphatically, than they. That stood with me, and still stands, as a fine exemplification in little of how elegance is driven like a cobweb before the breath of war.

The men spoke with a stern brevity and an economy of phrase that was the very perfection of counsel. Before the porridge was finished I had learned that these men were the chosen ambassadors of the miners, traders and settlers of the town and the outlying camps, who had been galled by the Muldoon monopoly and tactics, and who meant to end them. The Swede, for instance, was a dairyman, and stood for a knot of cow-keepers. Two of his own cows had been hamstrung, a neighbour's cattle-dog had died of strychnine; another had found his week's butter beaten into unmarketable mud with a spadeful of red earth; the thatch of another's milk-shed had taken light in the small hours, and the shed was now a heap of ashes. . . . The spectacled, hairy German was the boycotted storekeeper of a mining camp; and he told how disasters came thick and fast upon those few diggers who still persisted in dealing with him: night by night their mining shafts caved in, their tools vanished or were broken, with a fatal persistence. Stories of this order, of similar dark deeds and mysterious revenges, and of a hopelessness of redress against them on the part of these unelect of Tinker's Gully, were told by every man at the table. A swarthy Italian charcoal-burner with gold rings in his ears, a hard-faced Scottish timber-getter, an eager little Welsh drayman, a purring Somerset man and a throaty Northumbrian, had each his tale of woe.

Though not a word was wasted, yet the business went slowly, because at every step it was clogged and loaded by the scrupulous McVicker with the inflated ritual of the Orange Lodge. This struck me at first as merely portentous flummery and solemn humbug; later, when I saw that somehow by its help the common

enmity amongst these men of many minds was drawn together and made destructive, as sun-rays are gathered in a burning-glass, I thought differently. Before we rose two little church bells began to ring hastily across the town, and after another long-drawn invocation by McVicker of Divine wrath upon its enemies the meeting broke up.

"Well," said Grey triumphantly, when we were alone, "where's your storm in a teapot now?"

"The utensil and the breeze," I said, "both seem bigger than my estimate, I'll allow. But—but—" I continued dazedly—"to look for Arcadia and land in—in——"

"—in Drogheda, on the morning the Boyne Water was fought," he struck in gaily.

"I don't believe it," I said stoutly; "it's impossible—your artillery's all popguns. Look here, Grey, you're a war correspondent that's missed his vocation; you smell powder where there's only rags burning. And—and where the blazes do I come in anyhow? what am I to say to Cubitt? do you expect me to carry on this Orange flummery?"

He pounced on a copy of the *Times* that had been passed from hand to hand during breakfast, and as he flourished it before me he addressed me with undiminished fervour. "My son, we saw you coming, and I brought this business to a head. Before next Friday, when you go to press, this fight 'll have been lost and won, and you can chip in and play jackal to the winning side, and lead opinion in real newspaper fashion, to the glory of Cubitt and Capital. There's our Manifesto. Read it."

I did so. The leading article flung defiance at Muldoon and his following, and called upon every man on the goldfield who was not of the party of oppression to pitch them from their strongholds, no matter what the cost. A bolder and clearer bit of writing I have never read; the words rang like a bugle-call.

"Grey," I said, "either you're a dangerous lunatic, or you're a bit of a Washington born out of time. Play your game out—I'm a benevolent neutral."

He smiled approval as he patted my shoulder. "Come along then, and behold how wars are made holy by help of the Gospel."

"What do you mean?" I asked, as he hustled me out in his joyously energetic way.

"Church, of course"; and as we went slowly along, Grey commented in strenuous undertones upon that which was passing about me, and filled in much that had escaped me at the breakfast table. The empty chair had been that of the Bank manager, Stevenson, Minister of Finance to the party of revolt.

"He's as keen for a row," said Grey, "as his two fox-terriers, that follow him like his shadow, are after rat-hunting, only he's liable to be 'overtaken'—he and Whately—hence the holy wrath of the McVicker.

"Observe," said Grey, as we drew up at the corner, "how hate ministers to devoutness. Come along, and you'll hear the parson serve out spiritual and sanctified bludgeons to suit our side in the shindy. The same business—only opposite—goes on over the way."

It was not fated, however, that we were to attend divine worship that day; a sterner business was at hand. Grey stopped suddenly and gripped me by the shoulder; his face was hard set, and he stared across the street.

I followed his look. Over the way I saw a wooden cottage and fence, painted in excruciating colours; over the door stood the legend "Mangling done here,"

in a drunken-looking series of letters. On the doorstep two small, trim fox-terriers were dozing in melancholy resignation, and upon the sidewalk a man had halted and was staring at the unconscious dogs. I could not see his face, but oily grey hair hung almost to the shoulders of his voluminous frock-coat; he wore trousers of rumpled broadcloth, gigantic bulbous boots, and a furry-looking venerable chimney-pot.

"Muldoon," Grey whispered; "Stevenson's dogs,—he must be in there."

"But—Mangling?" I whispered back.

"Whisht! It's the local Jezebel. She mangles men. These two are rivals. There's Crisis at hand—I feel it in my bones. Steady!"

Muldoon had turned. Out of one small flint-grey eye—the other was dead and sunken—he was looking at us with an intensity of malevolence that made my skin creep. As he looked the door of the cottage opened, and he turned his head again.

The two fox-terriers burst forth into rapturous welcoming of a small, cheery, bright-eyed man who stood in the doorway. Behind his right shoulder there appeared the boldly-handsome face of a woman, framed in a mass of dead-gold, dishevelled hair. She looked frightened, pushed the banker gently down the steps and closed the door behind him.

Steevie gave a hand to each dog, and contemplated his enemy with cheerful benignity.

"Nice morning, Muldoon," he said: "off to church?"

I saw Muldoon's fingers clutch the sleeves of his coat. He answered nothing, but presently fixed his eye upon the church and moved slowly towards it, the centre of a little group that had gathered round him as he stood.

The banker came blithely over to us, his dogs frisking obsequiously about him.

"'Morning," he called heartily—by now we were also the centre of a cluster that included Whately, McVicker, and the hairy German. "It strikes me," Steevie concluded, "there will be Hell to pay shortly."

"Steevie, little man," said Grey, "you've fired the fuse."

McVicker's eyes lit up with tawny fire. "Luk at them, the snakes!" he growled, with biting fervour: "man, but I cud light their Popish shanty and roast every man of 'em ready for——"

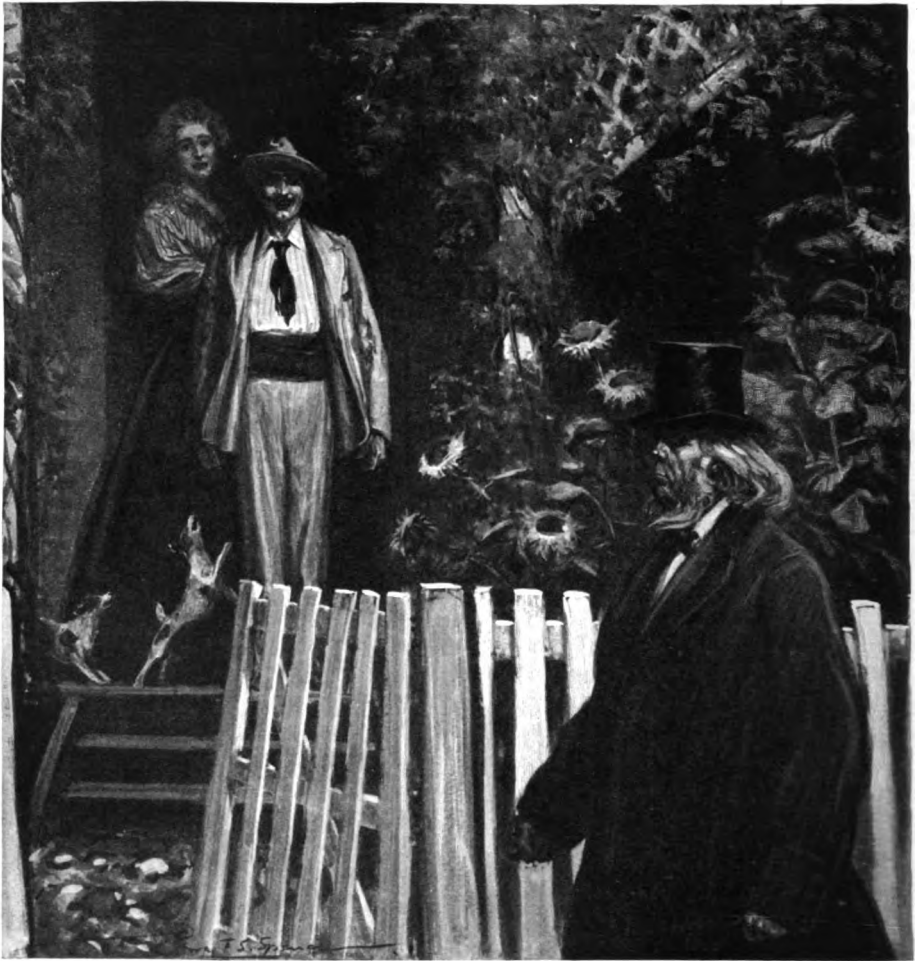
"Quiet, quiet!" Grey said gently, and faced the Orange group. Muldoon and his followers had paused upon the church steps, and were looking back at us.

"I see them," Grey went on. "Shift your eyes off 'em—so—now, every one of us, as mild as milk. Look here"—he was suddenly a model of heedless innocence—"that's it: we make for our own Gospel-box till Muldoon and his lot get inside. Now then!"

Every man straggled tamely after him. The bells were stopped; the group over the way melted unsuspectingly into the church, till Muldoon was left alone to watch us out of his single eye; at last he too disappeared. By then we were in the chapel porch.

Grey beckoned, and we followed him silently to the rear of the building. A hymn was started inside at that moment, and was taken up by the whole congregation; the tune was of the rollicking order, but the massive lumbering voices of the men thundered so that the iron rang, and the cheap little melody was rolled out like a battle-song. Grey jerked a thumb towards the sound, and the faces round him lightened ominously.

"*That's* the music," he said; "but here—sharp's the word. Knives are out; there's only the pretext wanting now—they'll get that in the sermon, and we've



"'Nice morning, Muldoon,' he said: 'off to church?'"

got to be beforehand. Whately, slip that little collection of artillery you've made at the store, over to the Bank, and disperse it handy in the front room. And *you* know where the Muldoon arsenal is. Fix your plan to cover that."

More commands as deadly and precise were given, all in the same strenuous whisper. The hour had come, and the occasion, and the man had risen up to meet them.

As they fell apart to go upon their several missions, I was left standing and forgotten, a prey to mixed feelings, in which humiliation, cold terror and a vague lust of daring were oddly commingled. "Where do I come in?" I called out vaguely to the departing conspirators, who faced about and stared at me.

"Better stand out," said Grey. Then he grinned privately at me: "'Ware Cubitt, old chap."

"Ay," the dour McVicker added, "the man's feart, an' it's not his business for till mix in sthrangers' quar'ls."

I felt sore at this blunt exposure at once of my cowardice and caution. Then Whately came up, and looked close at me with a wonderful radiance in his sea-blue eyes.

"You're both wrong—all wrong," he said ; then to me alone, as he tapped me gently on the shoulder-blade : "Come and help me to man the guns, won't you ?"—and he felt along his jaws, as if settling an imaginary chin-strap.

No more was said ; fear and calculation went down the wind ; I merely nodded and followed him, feeling gloriously happy.

He led me by rocky byeways to the office at the rear of the Cosmopolitan Store—of which, I learned, he was the manager—nearly opposite the Bank, and locked the door inside. He brought a metal washing-tub and two empty sacks, then flung open the door of a big safe in the corner ; and inside, as he plucked away a sheet, I saw, neatly stacked—in staring contrast to the ledgers and the filed and docketed papers—about a dozen six-shooters, several sporting Martini rifles, and a pile of cartridge boxes. All these we carried, in the wash-tub and covered by sacking, to the Bank. The street was empty.

In the Bank office, Grey, Stevenson and McVicker were apparently busy arranging documents. Two of the Orangemen I had seen at breakfast came quietly in at the back ; Whately set them to unpack the arms and to clear the big front room for action ; then he hurried me back to the Store, and out of an inner compartment of the safe he took a sealed packet.

"What's this ?" I asked, as he gave it me to hold.

"It's—ah—the ultimate appeal of the down-trodden, called dynamite for short. Oh, just peremptory enough for the purpose, if required." He had opened the shutter, and was peeping cautiously out.

I suppose I paled, but I neither winced nor shook when Whately turned again and looked me over for signs of quailing. Beneath his eyes, my heart and nerves were strung and steady like his own.

"You'll do," he said : "get to the front window and keep nicks on the street ; if there's danger, sneeze like billy-o at the side-door."

Left empty-handed and alone to play the sentinel, strange and growing tremors seized me. But the sight of Whately, as he presently returned by the back, made me completely confident again.

"No one?" he asked.

"Not a soul."

Then he unrolled his empty sack, and I weakened. "Whately," I began explosively, "for God's sake——"

"Not so loud," he said gently—he was blithely putting the office in order—"it's startling, no doubt. But—'desperate diseases,' you know. The 'appeal' is plumb under the Muldoon arsenal, and if necessary . . ." he snapped his fingers with an upward flourish.

"Merciful Christ!" I shrank away. "You'd blow him up?"

"So-ho!" he said soothingly,—“no, only his guns ; the house is empty. Oh, it's all fixed ; there's a buried quick-fuse with the detonator end in the 'appeal' and the other in the gully, and there's a man, with a match, told off—that fire-spitting little Welshman—to be there and await the signal to light up, should matters come to such a squeeze."

His back was towards me, and my doubts still came crowding. "You saw the trouble afar off, so plain?"

"Like a battle-ship at sea ; Grey was at our mast-head, and saw farthest. We're ready ; church out to-day, and we're at shooting distance. Since the Woman tempted us."

"In South America," I said blankly, "among Spaniards crossed with the nigger, I should regard this as normal ; but—here amongst tame Britons ! There's

a police barracks: where are your troopers? Where's your Police Magistrate? Is the Queen dead and the law——"

He faced me suddenly, looked at his watch, and held up his forefinger. "Time's short; I'm off to my command. The local law is the genuine Anglo-Saxon article, never fear: it's living up to its traditions by winking and letting the community fight it out sociably. The P.M., I estimate, during these crowded moments, is either practising the flute or sticking in his postage-stamps. He keeps on sending the troopers to scour the distant country for imaginary horse-thieves; the troopers are Irish, but they're policemen, and being buttoned inside the Queen's uniform are loyal, to their pockets and to her—loyal to the marrow." Then, quite abruptly, he grew haughty. "I'm going to the Bank, to take what comes; you will of course . . ." he pointed in the direction of the fuse and the dynamite, then spread his hands and bowed, as if to free me of a pledge.

"Break my parole?" I answered hotly: "thank you!"

"Nay," he said finely—"my fault; I'm sorry. Not the ghost of such a question in my thoughts—there wasn't, honour! But—no question of fear either: why should you mix in others' shindies?"

"Come on," I said; then he led and I followed, just as we had left the chapel.

As we crossed again to the Bank, the sleepy street woke up, for down by the turning to the churches a close column of men swung suddenly out and towards us; and Muldoon, white-faced and hatless, was at their head. Whately stood; his face lighted up wonderfully, and his fine nostrils opened like a racer's.

"Ready," he soliloquised; "right and ready to the very tick." At our right, the Bank was close-shuttered and still; but now the shutters and the wall were freshly loopholed. As we came to the door, it opened silently and without summons to let us in.

"They're coming," Whately said gently, and immediately the great voice of McVicker boomed out a battle-prayer. Once again mine were the only unclosed eyes; and again—now that armed men sued grimly, in the fashion of their fathers, that the Prince of Peace might prosper them in the shedding of blood—the dry bones of history became flesh to me: at Leyden, at Londonderry, afloat and in many fields, in a flash I saw dogged Teuton and fiery Latin meet and make war; I saw the fights run to their bloody issues, and saw victory ever at the last upon the side of the slow-minded, computing Northern. And I saw, as I looked about me, that, to whatsoever length this little war might run, old stories would be here retold, and that already I stood amongst the winners.

By then the trampling of the Irish host had surged up and stopped before the Bank; a single footfall had sounded upon the verandah, and a voice that must surely be Muldoon's was asking with suggestive sweetness whether the manager was at home. Then a deep silence fell.

Whately had placed himself at the flank of the line of armed men that stood by the loopholed wall of the front room; Grey, McVicker, Steevie, and myself were left behind the door. The little banker was about to open it and meet Muldoon's challenge, when Grey stopped him.

"Give him rope," Grey whispered steadily; "let him lose his temper and promise violence, and above all let's have the pretext. Then face 'em, and let loose your eloquence, little man."

For many long-drawn seconds there sounded inaudible mutterings from without, and in the Bank it was still, and stifling close; then Muldoon asked, stingingly this time, whether the man and the men whose practice it was to rob their Christian fellow-countrymen of bread, which they subsequently flung to yellow-skinned, filthy

heathens, were disposed to make restitution and mend their ways. And again there was silence in the Bank, and mutterings, this time growing louder, outside.

Muldoon, misreading the silence of the Bank, let his hate appear, and soon, in a fury of arrogance, and borrowing epithets and accusations from the growing clamour of the crowd behind him—he was pouring forth his ready eloquence in the noblest of moral and patriotic sentiments. Then, as the discourse became more heated, threats of a looting of the Bank and a hounding from the town of every upholder of the employment of Alien Labour were mingled more and more freely amongst the nobler phrases, and a biting denunciation of Sunday morning profligates was thrown in as if by an afterthought. The close of this speech—which was shouted at the keyhole and was backed now by blood-curdling yells from the crowd—took the shape of a demand that the Bank Chinaman should forthwith be handed over to the street assembly to be dealt with as they thought fit, for the good of the country and the community. A heavy blow fell upon the panels of the door, and once more there was silence—a silence this time so profound that the cry from a caged parrot far down the street fell vehemently upon my ears.

The door-handle was turned from the outside, and the door was shaken so that the bolts leapt in their sockets; heavy feet were planted upon the verandah edge; Muldoon, at the keyhole, finally discarding all flowers of rhetoric, shrieked hideous threats to an accompaniment of tumultuous yells; from the midst of the crowd there was the hard, flat detonation of a pistol, and a little ragged hole was flipped in the iron overhead. I saw big hands tighten on the weapons, and a few steady eyes looked up at the blink of the sky in the torn roof, but no word was spoken in the Bank.

Steevie shot back the bolts, flung open the door, and with Grey and McVicker to right and left behind him, was face to face with Muldoon, who gave back a pace, then stood.

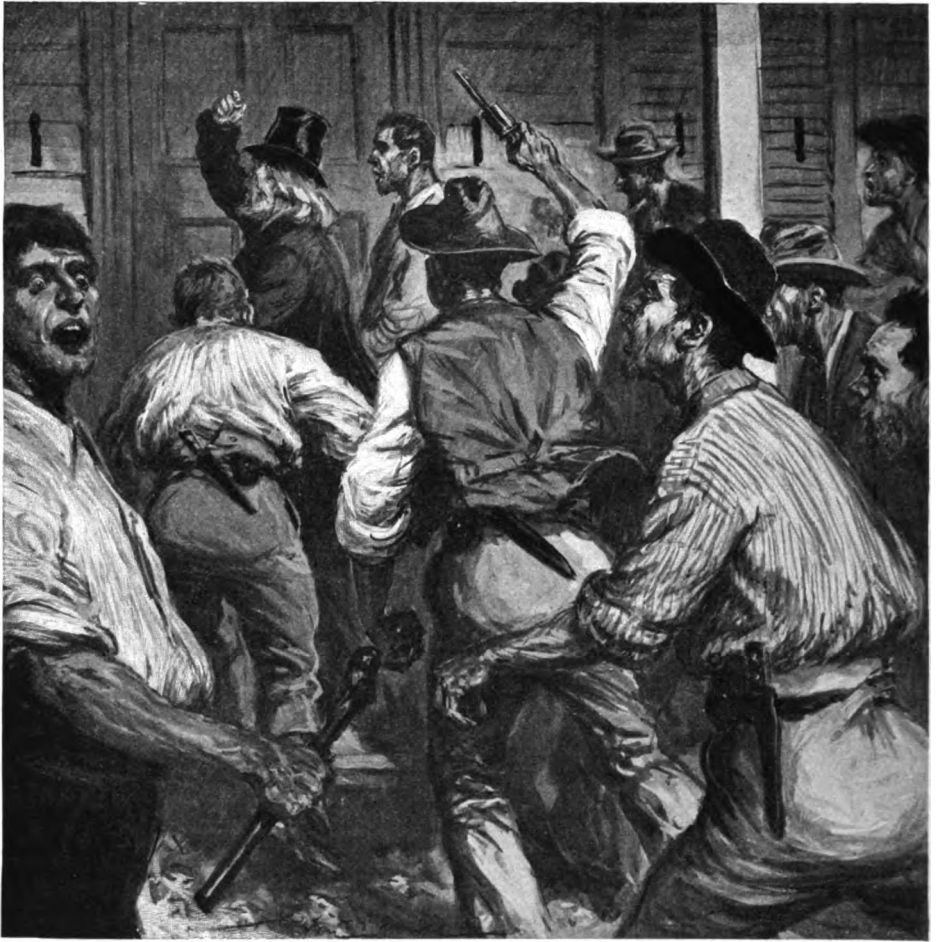
They left me alone, and at a point whence I could without moving observe the leaders and the dangerous sections of both parties. During the strung and silent interval that fell until the parleying began, I, the sole onlooker, stood to watch. As clearly now as then I see the single-eyed Muldoon in his Sunday broadcloth, the oiled and lanky hair falling about a face that was ashen-grey, knotted in every line with hate, and with the wild look in it of lust for the imminent wreaking of his wrath frozen by the stern and sudden manifestation of the Orange headmen. All that Muldoon's features denoted, of rage confronted by ordered, unexpected opposition, and of palsied speech in consequence—all was merely repeated fifty times over amongst the faces beside and behind him. I watched an uplifted pistol-muzzle disappear in the crowd; and saw the hold slacken on sundry arms and bludgeons. Within the Bank, Whately had merely made a gentle movement of his arm, and a dozen weapons had been quietly advanced till their muzzles were within a foot of the double line of loopholes.

"You called me," Steevie cried in his sunny voice to the crowd: "here I am."

At the sound of that voice two small notes of anguish went up from the rear of the Bank, where Steevie's dogs were chained; but the crowd, misreading his look of friendliness, surged up towards him.

"And here are *we*," Muldoon shouted back, restored to confidence and his flowing periods, "the friends of peace and freedom and the servants of the Holy Church; and sworn we are in Her name to give decency and justice to this town."

There followed a savage yell of approval, and the host of grey faces packed



"Muldoon shrieked hideous threats."

closer in. The weapons looked ugly again. The little banker gave nothing, and I saw his back stiffen.

"Then, by God,"—and this time Steevie's voice rang like a trumpet,—*"both decency and justice you shall have—full measure—curs, beggars a-horseback, skulkers in the dark that you are. Not the decency or the justice of a hundred cowards that come up armed to look for one defenceless man—as you looked to find me, you holy hypocrites—and send a bullet through his roof as earnest of the justice that——"*

The mob had given, and then rallied; and now—"Shoot him, the bloody Saxon, and thim Orange dogs behind him!" was shouted. Several gun-barrels were laid towards the defenceless three, who stood their ground unflinchingly.

"There was a gentle sound within the Bank, and from every loophole the small bright ring of a rifle- or revolver-muzzle looked out upon the Irish. And I could see, although yet once again the tyranny and the hot unreadiness of the Celts had already wrought their own betrayal, that Tinker's Gully hung upon the very brink of war.

"Shoot? Ay, shoot!" cried the dauntless Steevie, and the little man towered

in his ecstasy; "and take the answer that's ready for you, here behind me. Oh, shoot!"

Already in the last words there lay triumphant banter: the scale was turned—toward peace and the downfall of the Muldoon dynasty. For that strange Irish spirit—the spirit that in its varying moods will hurry to extremes and bring in turn despair, delight, and black disgrace upon us, whom Fate has appointed to mishandle it—quailed and was crushed before my eyes, almost in an instant.

Under those silent Orange guns a table was brought out, and the documents I had seen were produced and signed. When that was done, Mr. Muldoon and all his satellites had resigned in due form every position of public trust they held in Tinker's Gully. All the roads of influence lay open to fresh control.

This work—so well foreseen—of statecraft, was near an end, and my new-born, white-hot partisanship was already cooling down to reason and a pity for the fallen, when Ah Woo, the Chinaman, whose innocent name had been made a battle-cry, strolled up the street with an armful of vegetables. He looked at the crowd with all his customary lack of expression, and came mildly on; but his dog, a huge, yellow, simple-minded mongrel, took fright at the unusual stir, and fled. Ah Woo turned and called him, with no effect; then he put a knuckle to his teeth and whistled shrilly—once, twice, and again.

I was puzzling why the collected Whately should be muttering desperately to himself, when the town and the hills shook to a mighty thud as the heart of Noonan's Universal Emporium was belched up through the roof in smoke and flaming wreckage, and a shower of splinters fell about the fringes of the crowd.

When the air was cleared, we saw Ah Woo lying before the wrecked Emporium with his vegetables scattered round him and his legs moving slowly in a death agony. A fragment of timber from the torn roof had broken his neck. Orangemen, armed and unarmed, poured out from the Bank; friends and foes, in one undivided company gathered about the writhing Celestial. No one spoke: McVicker was holding in his hand the sheaf of resignations—Ireland's submission.

I remembered now that at the instant of supreme danger I had seen Whately with two forefingers between his teeth, while with the other hand he had signed to the Orangemen to make the demonstration of force at the loopholes. Poor Ah Woo had given the signal for the destruction of the Muldoon arsenal.

* * * * *

With that explosion, and the death of Ah Woo, an enduring peace descended upon Tinker's Gully as swiftly as war had threatened the town. The Irish supremacy was over; the stealthy outrages ceased from that moment.

The Orange Lodge dissolved into the jarring fragments whence it had arisen. McVicker became the stupidest of normal working miners; within a month I found the genial Steevie and the then most amiable Muldoon—by then also my fast friend—drinking at the same bar, and joined them. The occupant of the House of Mangling had left some time before.

And yet, ever since that stirring Sunday, I read my history—past and in the making—with new eyes; hence the imposing title of this narrative.

HERBERT C. MACILWAINE.



THE CAUSES OF THE WAR.

THE experience of the last few weeks has, if anything, impaired our power of forming any trustworthy forecast as to the duration of our South Africa campaign, and still more as to the policy we may have to adopt when the campaign has been brought to an end. As to the ultimate outcome of the war, there is no more doubt in this country than there was when President Kruger issued his insolent ultimatum. The words used by Lord Salisbury, "We have got to see the matter through," express the well-nigh unanimous sentiment of the British nation, both in these small islands and in the Greater Britain beyond the seas; and our candid friends on the Continent, who are never tired of exaggerating our mishaps and foretelling our defeat and disgrace, may console themselves by the reflection that all their ill-will towards England, and all their enthusiasm for the Boer Republics, if they should produce any effect at all west of the Straits of Dover, will only result in strengthening our national resolve to see the matter through, be the cost what it may. No lack, therefore, of sympathy with the ends for which Great Britain has gone to war is conveyed by the acknowledgment that the duration of the war seems likely to be more prolonged, its vicissitudes more chequered, than the great majority of Englishmen—I myself amidst the number—anticipated only a few weeks ago.

But if experience has so far taught us little about the future, it has taught us a good deal about the past. We are able to understand far more clearly than before the true causes of the conflict in which we are now engaged. As the causes of the war must of necessity have an immense effect in determining the conditions on which alone peace can be safely restored, I think it may be useful to point out the inferences which we are justified in drawing, as to the causes of the war, from the evidence supplied by the initial stages of the campaign. The conclusions to which I have come, after a careful study of the facts, are four in number. The first is that war was inevitable, sooner or later. The second is that the war had been deliberately and wilfully prepared for beforehand, by the Boers in the Transvaal and the Free State, and by the Afrikaner Bond in the Cape Colony. The third is that, from a Boer point of view, a war against England, with the object of replacing

British by Dutch supremacy throughout the whole of South Africa, was by no means so insane a conception as it appeared to the British public at home. The fourth, and last, is that there can never be any settled peace in South Africa till the Boers have been convinced by the stern teaching of war that the restoration of Dutch ascendancy is a manifest impossibility. Anything which tends to make these conclusions clear will operate to remove any doubts which may still be entertained at home as to the justice of the cause for which we are fighting, and will lessen the danger of our consenting, out of a laudable wish not to press too hardly upon a defeated foe, to any settlement which might be based upon a peace that was no peace.

To use a French phrase, it would only "be preaching to the converted" to waste words with the view of proving that neither the British Government nor the British nation had any wish to engage in a war with the Transvaal. If it takes two to make a quarrel, there could never have been any quarrel between England and the Transvaal. Whatever may have been the case with our fellow-countrymen in South Africa, Englishmen at home viewed the idea of a war with the Transvaal with extreme distaste and disfavour. In such a war there was little of credit or profit to be gained, while there was much to be lost. The cry that our defeat at Majuba Hill had got to be avenged found no echo in English hearts. To undo the past is beyond the power of omnipotence itself; and no slaughter of Boers, however heavy or however often repeated, could alter the plain hard fact that the war of 1881 had been brought to an abrupt close after the decisive and ignominious defeat of British troops by the Transvaal burghers. Moreover, in British popular opinion the disgrace of our surrender had been more than eclipsed by the grandeur of our abnegation. How erroneous this belief was is now proved by Lord Kimberley's disclosure that the real reason why Mr. Gladstone surrendered the Transvaal after our crushing defeat by the Boers at Majuba Hill lay in the fact that the Orange Free State, excited by the Boer victories, actually threatened to go to war with England. To speak the plain truth, our surrender, if the then Minister for the Colonies is to be believed, would be more justly described by the epithet, not of magnanimity but of pusillanimity. Up to a very recent period, all that the British public either demanded or desired was that Englishmen under the rule of the South African Republic should be treated with common justice. Very moderate concessions to this demand on the part of the Government of Pretoria would have been welcomed most heartily by the vast majority of Englishmen as an excuse for avoiding an ungrateful and, as they then deemed, an unnecessary war. No sane man can say that during the months which elapsed between the collapse of the Bloemfontein Conference and the final rupture of the negotiations between Pretoria and Downing Street there was any popular outcry in favour of war—such an outcry as I am sorry to say I am old enough to remember at the time of the Crimean War, when the force of public opinion, with or without justice, forced the hands of the Aberdeen Ministry after the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Sinope. On the other hand, it is matter of notoriety that the bias of the Court, the Cabinet, the City, and, I believe, even of the Army, was opposed to the idea of any war with South Africa so long as it seemed possible that war might be avoided without national dishonour or detriment to Imperial interests. If, therefore, the willingness of two parties to go to war had been of necessity an antecedent condition of war, the present war between England and the Transvaal could, I assert without fear of contradiction, have never become an accomplished fact. There was one party alone to the conflict which desired a resort to arms; and that party consisted of the South African Boers.

If this view of mine is correct, I may reasonably be asked to explain how President Kruger and his colleagues, the Boers of the Transvaal, the Orange Free State, and the Cape Colony, and the Afrikaner Bond, could have been guilty of the insane folly of desiring to enter upon a conflict in which the odds were so hopelessly to their own disadvantage. No doubt the "*Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*" theory goes some way towards explaining the judicial blindness which seems to have fallen upon the minds of the Dutch Afrikaners. But there were other causes at work, besides the extravagant conceit of an ignorant and isolated race, to account for the madness which has driven the South African Republic to measure its power against that of the British Empire. I am firmly convinced that, up to the very last, neither the Government nor the people of the Transvaal believed that England would ever really go to war, either on behalf of the Uitlanders or of British supremacy in South Africa. This suspicion on the part of the Boers was far less irrational than it seems to us. After all, the Boers judged—and were entitled to judge—the probable action of Great Britain by their own experience of the past. We in England can to some extent understand the peculiar combination of circumstances which led the British Government of 1881 to propose, and the British nation to approve, or at any rate to sanction, the surrender of the Transvaal on the morrow of a disastrous campaign, terminated by an ignominious defeat. In the eyes of the Boers it was not Mr. Gladstone, it was not the Liberal party, but it was England which capitulated at Majuba Hill. The idea that England was actuated by any sentiment of magnanimity was utterly unintelligent to the Boer intellect. To their thinking, the only possible explanation of our surrender in 1881 was that England was either unable to prolong the war or that she was too indifferent to her South African possessions to run the risk and cost of a prolongation of hostilities. I may add that this was the view, not only of the Afrikaners, but of the great majority of the British Colonists in South Africa. If England, to use a sporting phrase, threw up the sponge after Majuba, how was it possible to suppose she could ever go to war again with the Transvaal? So the Boers argued; and any fair-minded person will, I think, admit that such an argument was well calculated to carry weight with the great mass of the Boer population. Moreover, their readiness to accept this argument was increased by the narrow creed of the Boers. They are taught by their ministers that, as members of the one Church which believes firmly in the verbal inspiration of the Bible, they are under the special favour of God Almighty. To God's favour, in conjunction with their own courage, they attribute their victories in the past; and on the theory of Divine intervention, there was no reason why the intervention exerted, or supposed to have been exerted, in 1881 should not be repeated on any subsequent occasion.

This theory of the utter improbability of England's ever going to war again with the Transvaal was confirmed by the outcome of the Johannesburg insurrection and the Jameson Raid. I do not think Englishmen have ever realised the injury done to British prestige in South Africa by the attitude of the British public after the collapse of the Johannesburg insurrection, and the surrender of the Jameson Raiders at Krugersdorp. I am not going to defend the Raid, either as a matter of principle or of policy. I have often before now expressed my opinion on this subject, and that opinion I still hold. All I contend is that the superfluous fervour with which the British public repudiated all complicity on the part of England, denounced the insurgents of Johannesburg as conspirators, called for the punishment of the Raiders as traitors, and went out of their way to apologise for the outrage committed against the South African Republic, did much to bring about the present war. The

unanimity displayed by public opinion in England in renouncing Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, the Chartered Company and all their works, was considered at home as certain to command respect in South Africa. In reality it inspired contempt. The Boers knew that Mr. Cecil Rhodes and his followers were the chief champions of British interests in South Africa; they were aware that the insurgents of Johannesburg and the Raiders were Englishmen who had taken up arms, rightly or wrongly, wisely or unwisely, on behalf of their British fellow-countrymen. Knowing this, they attributed our desire to wash our hands of any connection with the insurrection or the Raid, not to a high-minded disapproval of an illegal act, but to a dread of being involved in any complications which might possibly lead to a conflict with the Transvaal. The conduct, which to us seemed to be dictated by a respect for law, seemed to the Boers to be dictated by indifference on the part of England to her supremacy in South Africa, if not by actual cowardice. If this is so, it is intelligible enough that the South African Republic should have believed that the power of England might be safely defied without any serious risks of her going to war in defence of her menaced supremacy. The possession of a weapon which its owner is known to be either unable or unwilling to employ is of no practical value as a protection against assault and battery.

All evidence points to the conclusion that the idea of replacing British supremacy in South Africa by Dutch first assumed an active form after our surrender of the Transvaal. The Convention of London had removed almost all the restrictions placed upon the absolute independence of the Transvaal by the Treaty of Pretoria. But independence did nothing towards replenishing the Boer treasury. It was only when the mines of the Witwatersrandt were discovered, developed, and worked by English labour, English energy, and English money, that the Transvaal got clear of its financial embarrassments, and became the wealthiest state in South Africa. The revenue—of which at least nine-tenths was derived directly or indirectly from the taxes, imposts, and duties paid by the Uitlanders of Johannesburg and the other mining cities of the Transvaal—left an enormous surplus after all the legitimate expenses of the administration had been provided for; and this surplus placed President Kruger and his partisans in a position to carry out schemes which, in the absence of the sinews of war, had not seemed likely to enter the domain of practical politics. How far Kruger was the tool of the Afrikaner Bond is never likely to be known with any degree of certainty. My own impression is that, being a far shrewder man in his own line than the founder of the Bond, Mr. Hofmeyr, and being also more strong-minded and less scrupulous, it was he who made a tool of Mr. Hofmeyr. Both these politicians, however, had the same end in view—namely, the conversion of British South Africa into a Republic, in whose administration the Dutch element was to be supreme. They may have wished to achieve this end by different means, but they were at one about the end. The first open step towards the carrying out of an anti-British policy was the formation of an offensive and defensive alliance between the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. It is almost inconceivable how this alliance could have attracted so little attention in England, as the fact of its being intended to thwart British interests in South Africa was patent to all the world. Mr. Reitz owed his election to the Presidency of the Free State, and Mr. Schreiner owed his accession to the Premiership in the Cape Colony, to the moral, if not the material, support of the Transvaal Government. Thus a coalition was formed by which, in the event of a war between England and the South African Republic, the Free State engaged to furnish armed assistance to the latter; while the Cape Colony undertook to maintain a policy of “benevolent neutrality.”

The formation of such a coalition was undoubtedly facilitated by the so-called partition of Africa. The Boers felt instinctively that they were being hemmed in by the policy of extension, of which Mr. Cecil Rhodes was the chief author. They had always looked upon the half-savage territories by which the Transvaal was surrounded at the time of the Great Trek as a sort of reserve fund, upon which they might, whenever they felt it advisable to do so, draw in the interest of their flocks and herds. The name of farmers is a misnomer as applied to the Transvaal Boers. Their real trade is that of graziers and cattle-dealers. They only cultivate such small portions of the soil as are required to supply their own homesteads; and as their herds increase in number, and the pasture on their farms becomes scanty, they are obliged to look out for new grazing-grounds. The stock-breeding industry, as conducted on the Boer system, demands an infinite supply of open land for its maintenance. It is, therefore, not unnatural that when the Boers saw Zululand, Swaziland, Basutoland, Bechuanaland, Mashonaland, and Matabeleland occupied successively as British territories, or under British protectorates, they should have felt that the growth of British influence in South Africa was a source of danger to the industry by which they gained their livelihood, and in which alone they felt it consistent with their dignity to engage. In consequence, the idea propagated by the Afrikaner Bond, of replacing British supremacy by Dutch, appealed to the material interests of the Transvaal Boers even more strongly than to their racial sympathies. There were, in as far as one can form an opinion from data which are necessarily imperfect, two programmes—an exoteric and an esoteric—put forward by the leaders of the anti-British agitation. The former was based upon the assumption that if the Dutch party in South Africa asserted itself by constitutional means, and took advantage of the reluctance of Great Britain to engage in another Transvaal war, they might obtain by pressure the recognition of Dutch supremacy. The latter was based upon the belief that if the Dutch population could be stirred up to united action, a war with Great Britain might be brought about, with a fair chance of success. The first of these programmes was that of the Afrikaner Bond, the second was that of the South African Republic.

Thus, from the date of the London Convention in 1884, the policy of Pretoria, in conjunction with the Afrikaner Bond, was to undermine British influence in South Africa, so as to bring about a state of affairs which would enable the Transvaal to repudiate British suzerainty, and thereby to become the leader of an agitation destined to secure the triumph of Afrikanerdom—by pacific means if possible, but if not, by war. I am informed that in 1884, while President Kruger was negotiating in London with the Colonial Office for the revision of the Treaty of Pretoria in favour of the Boers, he made no secret, when conversing with his Dutch acquaintances, in acknowledging that the aim he had in view was the overthrow of British supremacy in South Africa. Be this as it may, it is certain that, as soon as he returned to Pretoria, he attempted to extend the area of the Republic by a series of raids against outlying territories under British ownership or British protectorates. In the very year in which the Convention was concluded, Boer commandos invaded British Bechuanaland, and proclaimed a Boer protectorate over the country. In the same year the Boers took violent possession of portions of Zululand. In 1889 an armed force of Boers trekked into the territory of the British South Africa Company. All these filibustering expeditions were baffled by the action of the British authorities in South Africa, and were then disavowed at Pretoria on the ground that they had been undertaken without the sanction or knowledge of the Republic. Given the conditions of public life in the Transvaal,

the assertions on which these disavowals were founded are manifestly false, while the fact that they were accepted as satisfactory by successive British Governments confirmed the Boer belief in the invincible reluctance of Great Britain to incur the risk of another Transvaal war. It is commonly asserted by Boer partisans in Europe that the warlike preparations admittedly made by the South African Republic during the last few years were initiated subsequently to the Jameson Raid, and were taken in order to prevent the occurrence of similar raids in future. As a matter of fact, their commencement coincided with the period when the wealth poured by the labour of the Randt into the lap of the Transvaal enabled the Republic to raise loans in Europe. In 1893 a fort under the guise of an armed prison was erected at Johannesburg in such a position that its guns could command the city. In 1895, long before the Raid had been set on foot, an enormous outlay was incurred in the purchase of arms and ammunition in Europe. Indeed, the fact that these military preparations were known to the Uitlanders, and were believed to be intended to reduce them to subjection, was one of the chief causes of the abortive insurrection in the last days of the above-named year. The net upshot of the Raid was to furnish the South African Republic with a plausible excuse for making military preparations to an extent out of all proportion with the real needs of the State; and of this excuse President Kruger did not fail to avail himself.

From 1895 the military budgets of the Transvaal increased by leaps and bounds. Very shortly after the Raid a considerable number of German immigrants arrived at the Transvaal, with the nominal object of obtaining occupation in Johannesburg. These immigrants were men who had just completed their period of duty in the German army, and their services were forthwith enlisted by the Government of Pretoria. It was under German officers that the Boer peasants received such military instruction in drill and discipline as they were capable of acquiring. In 1897 a permanent State Artillery was established; and it was under foreign—and for the most part German—instructors that the Boers have developed a proficiency in the use of artillery of which they were completely devoid in the campaign which ended in our surrender after Majuba. Concurrently with these preparations for war—preparations which could only be directed against Great Britain—the South African Republic sent Dr. Leyds as their official agent to Europe, and carried on a number of intrigues at the Continental capitals with the view of securing the assistance of some powerful European State—Germany for choice—in the event of the Transvaal being involved in war. Now, the only Power with whom the Transvaal could conceivably be engaged in warfare was the British Empire.

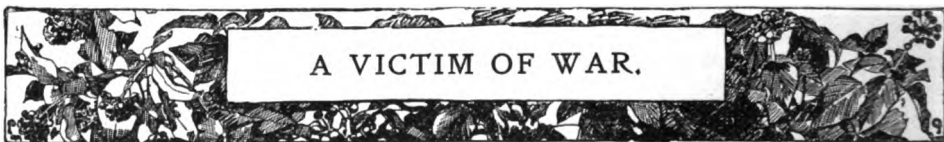
Taking these facts into account, it seems to me impossible for any candid person to come to any other conclusion than that the South African Republic has been for years past contemplating and preparing for a war with England. It does not follow that such a contingency was viewed with the same enthusiasm by the Boers of the Cape Colony, or even of the Orange Free State, as it was by the Boers of the Transvaal. But the fact that the Republic had by this period become not only the richest state in South Africa, but the only one possessing any organised military force, rendered her mistress of the situation. It was her place to call the tune, and when she called it Bloemfontein and the Afrikander Bond had either to follow suit or surrender all hopes of re-establishing Dutch supremacy throughout South Africa.

I am strongly of opinion that President Kruger himself did not desire war at the present juncture. It was obviously his policy to wait for some European

complication, in which England might get entangled, before raising any question which might possibly eventuate in a war between England and the Transvaal. But, according to my view, the determination of the British Government to obtain the redress of the wrongs of the Uitlanders, by securing to them a reasonable voice in the administration of the South African Republic, compelled President Kruger to take immediate action. To give the British settlers any legislative power or any control over the action of the Executive, was to take a step clearly fatal to the achievement of his lifelong design of overthrowing British supremacy in South Africa, and thus rendering the Transvaal the leading state in an Afrikaner Confederacy. He was therefore absolutely opposed to any concession, however moderate, tending to weaken the authority of the Boer oligarchy, of which he was the recognised leader and spokesman. As soon as he found out at Bloemfontein that the British Government was really in earnest in desiring the concession of fair electoral rights to the Uitlanders, he made up his mind to accept war sooner than yield to the demands of Great Britain. Up to the last he lived in a fool's paradise, believing that Great Britain would give way, as she had done so often before in her negotiations with the South African Republic. But when this belief was shown to be a delusion, he had no hesitation in resorting to war. If this is so, it is obvious that the sole choice for Great Britain lay between war and the surrender of her Imperial position in South Africa. The only question was whether the war should come sooner or later. Under these circumstances, there has seldom been a war in whose inception Great Britain has been more amply justified than that now being waged for the defence of our fellow-countrymen in South Africa, and for the maintenance of the British Empire.

EDWARD DICEY.

December 6th, 1899.



THEY told her he was dead ; that from the war
 He never would return their troth to plight ;
 That night would follow day, day follow night,
 But he would come again, ah, nevermore !
 Yet to her heart she whispered o'er and o'er :
 " He'll surely come when days grow long and bright ;
 Still will I watch till he appear in sight,
 Then run to give him welcome at the door."

The dreary winter passed, and summer stept
 Upon the skirts of spring ; then, one by one,
 Her fragile hopes like faded leaves were shed :
 As, from the heedless clasp of one that slept,
 The rose slipped from her hand, and from the sun
 She turned her face, and murmured " He is dead !"

H. A. G.



HIS NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE.

A SKETCH.

THE rushing water brought down the coffee berries from the hills, and the ever-turning wheels crushed and tore away their red husks, throwing their acrid clean scent out into the air.

A man and woman looked on listlessly, for they had seen it all so wearily often before.

They had got into the habit of strolling about together, these two, and of talking of all things under the sun—but especially of her husband.

She was the manager's wife, and not at all in love with the big-nosed young fellow beside her. But the manager was a bully, and rough with women, and—there were other troubles.

At first the compassion in young Kepler's eyes had stung and shamed her. Then he fell ill, and she had tended him—soft-handed and low-voiced, though her husband raged or whimpered—and being so often near him, it had become a sort of comfort to feel that the aching silence between them was electric with his pity and indignation, and with a something else, that pulsed like a third presence.

So she called the something sympathy—and the silence broke into whispers. And the woman's lot seemed harder when the man painted it before her tired eyes.

He never asked himself what he meant, or planned. He just lived on from day to day in a dull rage with fate, and the manager, and the utter hopelessness of it all. He didn't want to love the brute's wife; and yet, and yet—life wasn't worth a cent without her—especially on a coffee plantation at the back of the Molukkos.

Kepler had lost his money in Java, and gauged the worth of his friends. So he had taken himself in hand, and determined that work was the order of the day; and at first he had set to with a will, and written letters home to his mother, which she called "answers to prayer."

But the poor old lady would have lifted up trembling hands again, had she seen her boy standing by the crushing machine, with his hungry miserable eyes fixed on his chief's wife.

"It can't go on," he said—"it can't! This new insult is too dreadful."

She looked round nervously. "Remember the coolies," she whispered.

"Ah! they don't understand—besides, the machine is making an infernal noise." Still her rebuke had shamed him, and he glanced at her guiltily.

She had adopted the native sarong and cabaja; her fair hair was tied loosely with a ribbon—her bare feet twinkled in her little gaudy slippers. She prodded at



"Eva began to cry,—miserable tears."

the red slimy pulp aimlessly with her paper parasol. She really wished that he would go on talking.

"Oh! *do* let us get into the shade!" he groaned at last.

She turned quickly, and they disappeared behind the glistening bushes. The coolies looked at each other and grinned.

"What's the good of it all?" he demanded impetuously, when they were alone.

"I wish you wouldn't keep on asking riddles!" she retorted.

"Eva!"

He had never called her by her name before. He had not meant to do so now.

"Well, do talk sensibly," she pouted, with a petulant movement of her shoulders.

Then her voice changed suddenly. "I am in awful trouble," she faltered.

As she stood under the shadow of the trees with their drooping red flowers he thought she had never looked so beautiful.

"What is it now?" he asked, under his breath.

"It's money," she wailed—"money—money; and it means ruin."

"Money!—with this harvest?"

"Yes; the books are all wrong!" Then—as she looked away, he saw how her neck flushed darkly—"you know his temptations," she added.

"Yes, yes, I know! I wish I could strangle them," he replied savagely, yet a wild joy bumped and banged in his heart. If, after all, his chance were coming!

She drew very near. Her hand lay beseechingly on his arm. "He says it is your fault," she whispered. "That he is injured—innocent; that——"

"And you believe him?"

"No! Ah, no!"

"Then I don't mind. Thank God, I can prove my case."

"And the children? Oh, the poor children!"

"Oh, bother the children!" is what he would like to have said, but didn't. The children were always getting in his way. Besides, they were just like the head manager.

Eva began to cry,—miserable tears. "And things were going so well," she sobbed.

"So well?" He started from her, and held her at arms' length. "Why, your life here is a hell!" he gasped, giving her a little shake.

"Oh, no! it is better since you came; sometimes I have been quite happy,—and——"

"And?"—he bent down to look under the paper sunshade: he wasn't thinking much about the errors in book-keeping—"And?"

"It was Van Berg's last chance," she sighed, "and I thought he had taken it."

The under-manager straightened his back. "Yes, I thought he had taken it," he repeated stupidly.

And they wandered on again through the sweet, prim coffee groves.

Eva was very quiet—fearing the strong current of the man's passion would carry her where she would not. And the man was only conscious that he wanted to take her into his arms—and mustn't. The sultry air had madness in it, and they both remember that walk.

A muttered execration from Kepler—a child's cry—a grinning baboe.

Eva caught her little son to her heart, kissing him passionately. As a rule she was not effusive with her children.

* * * * *

It was starlight, and the calm of rest brooded in the shadows.

Only some tall palms and torn bananas stood out clearly against the sky. When the night-wind rustled through them they stirred softly, to sleep again—like children dreaming of fairies.



"There had been high words in the office."

There had been high words in the office. The manager hectoring, and kicking things about—till the younger man, arising, spoke his mind.

Some one from somewhere was on his way to "look into matters." And some one else would "have to go."

Now, Van Berg wanted to stay. As Eva said, the plantation was his "last chance," and he had hoped to shift the trouble on to young Kepler's shoulders. It was most inconvenient now to have the truth flashed over his figures with ill-concealed scorn!

Kepler was six feet high, and, as his anger waxed, he seemed to turn into a giant. His dumpy, tippling superior felt that the interfering "Some one" would believe Kepler. So he pretended to think of Eva and the children, and wept—a pitiful bully—conquered.

And the under-manager, rejoicing fiercely, left him to his tears, and joined Eva in the back gallery.

"Don't go on crying like that," he said roughly.

She did not look up nor speak, nor even sob audibly. She was just a mute lump of humanity with the heaven of happiness left out of it.

Kepler took the limp little hand and held it tenderly.

"Don't, dear!" he prayed. "You'll break my heart."

Still she was silent.

Outside, the tangled stars hung in the blue stillness.

"Eva," he whispered, "can't you trust yourself to me?"

She looked up at him. And her eyes were twin with the stars. She had never so nearly loved him as now, when she realised what hurting him would cost her, and a chill vision of the long future without him caught her breath for a moment. She threw out little fluttering hands.

Then, though knowing that she would repent when she had rung down the curtain, the good in her conquered for his sake—almost against her will.

"Don't, don't talk like that," she said. "You know better than any one what my life here is. Yet I can't leave my husband—because I love him."

And young Kepler dropped her hands, and turned away. For he knew that she had spoken the truth. And after that nothing mattered—much.

So when the "Some one" came, the under-manager left. Van Berg said it was lucky that he did not go with a policeman! And Eva watched the mailboat till it had faded into a breath of smoke. Then she crept homewards. And her husband cursed her white face, and marvelled he had ever found her fair.

Kepler's mother still prays. Her faith is great. And she needs it.

ANNIE LINDEN.

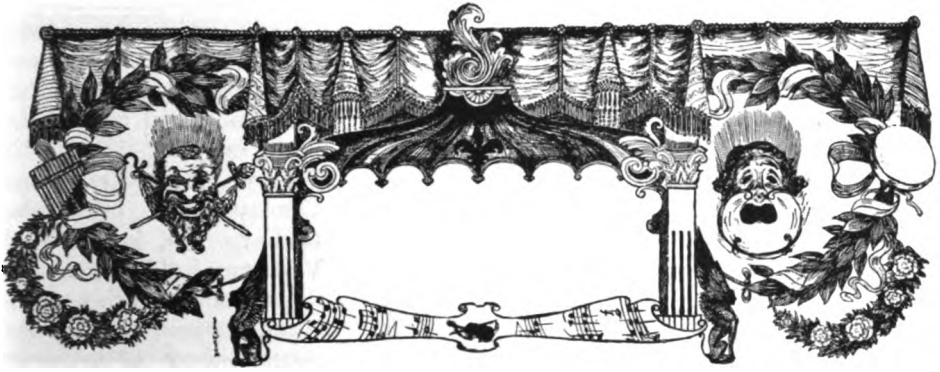


• UPON ROOKE •



ROOK HE SELLS FEATHERS,
 YET HE STILL DO THO' HE
 FIE ON THIS PRIDE, THIS
 FEMALE VANITIE
 THUS, THOUGH THE ROOKE
 DO'S RAIL AGAINST
 THE SIN,
 HE LOVES THE GAIN
 THAT VANITY BRINGS IN.
 • HERRICK •

• C. J. •



CONCERNING PORTRAITURE.



SIR HENRY IRVING.

WE stood together—she and I—in front of one of Velasquez' masterpieces. A ray of sunlight shot through the dim old chamber and fell equally upon the picture on the wall and the dainty living picture at my side, linking in golden romance the dead stateliness of the past and the delicate femininity of a graceful modern woman. "A portrait of a soul rather than of a body," she murmured, as we turned from its dark splendour and passed into rooms beyond. "Yes," I replied; "but is not that perhaps the secret of the highest portraiture—that in some sense it should reveal and bring to light

the best in humanity? And Velasquez appears to me far more than any other to have realised this, and so to have influenced the great modern movement of which we see and hear so much to-day." My companion seated herself within a



"EARLY ENGLISH."
(MRS. BROWN-POTTER.)

or another so few appear to me to reach his dignity of effect, or the subtle beauty and the glowing brilliancy of his colour expression. Somehow, with the exception of Sargent's wonderful portrait of Miss Jane Evans, they appear to me, as a rule, to miss the dignity of Velasquez' men and women." "Is the painter always to blame?" queried my companion: "don't you think the sitter is sometimes at fault? Mortimer Menpes was taking me round his exhibition in Bond Street this last season, and I remarked how wonderfully he had differentiated Mrs. Brown-Potter in so many costumes and attitudes. And he at

deep old-fashioned window, through which the summer breeze stole in to play upon the clinging tendrils round her head, and asked me if I did not think that Whistler in England "made school," and Carolus Duran in France, fired by the influence of Velasquez, had brought about the movement which has produced Sargent, the greatest portrait-painter of to-day in Europe; "and yet it is Velasquez all through," she declared, with charming finality. "Yes," I replied; "I think that in his fine decorative sense—the marvellous spacing of the black and white, and the largeness of his massing—he has greatly influenced the men of to-day, but somehow



"MILADI."
(MRS. BROWN-POTTER.)

once gave her the credit for his success: he had at last found some one in her with whom he was absolutely in sympathy. 'So great an artist is she,' he told me, 'and so completely does she assimilate herself to the character for which she is posing, that a story which I had begun to tell her when she was sitting to me as a *cocotte* of the sixteenth century I could not continue when a few moments after she changed her gown and her whole atmosphere with it, and became the haughty and aristocratic beauty in *She Stoops to Conquer*.' Of course," continued my fair



"THE ROMNEY HAT."
(MRS. BROWN-POTTER.)



"JULIET."
(MRS. BROWN-POTTER.)

companion, with a smile, "that was Mr. Menpes' way of putting it; but I quite see how important a part the sitter has to play in the portrait-painter's studio. And then there is the question of costume—'Naturally,' you will say, as I am a woman—but I am trying to speak from the artist's point of view. Men and women of Velasquez' day—women at all events, to judge from their portraits—must have had a keener sense of the fitness of things, and even, I think, a greater sense of humour, than we moderns. A lovely woman comes to be painted in the so-called artistic but—as a matter of



THE DUCHESS OF
SUTHERLAND.

did greater work than when following in his steps. Millais' supreme child-portrait, if you remember, is his 'Souvenir of Velasquez' in the little-known Diploma Gallery at the Royal Academy."

"Children are always difficult to catch," I said. "You speak of Millais' child-portrait; but I always quote Whistler's little Miss Alexander as being perhaps the greatest portrait of 'the graceful gracelessness of lank young girlhood' the centuries have yet given us. But his portrait of Carlyle and the world-famous portrait of his mother, now in the Luxembourg

fact—very sloppy costume of the Romney period, who really ought to be clad in a smart Parisian frock: all women are not Lady Hamiltons. I do think—and I mentioned it to Mr. Menpes—that costume in portraiture ought to be up-to-date. It is so few who, like Mrs. Brown-Potter, with a swish of her splendid red locks and a whirl of her petticoats, can in a moment of time throw herself into any century she likes. Velasquez painted the men and women of his day, and so we get their simple dignity without any of the affectation of to-day, and Whistler and Sargent have made his tradition the guiding influence of their lives; and Millais never



MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS.

Galleries, are to my mind the most direct results of the influence of Velasquez we can imagine. What makes me recall especially those two portraits is a letter I had only yesterday from a well-known art-critic, who maintains in his curious tortuous manner that the genius of Whistler can hold its own against the great English period of Reynolds and Gainsborough and Romney, and of Hogarth, or the best period of French Art. Here is what he says of Whistler—I will read it to you," I continued, taking out his letter. "Of course you are enjoying the galleries, but don't forget your Whistler. To me he is unsurpassed. His great beauty of colour, his unerring decorative sense, the musical instrumentation of his

brushing and of his paint'—though what on earth the dear good man means by that only himself can tell," I interjected; "however, to continue, 'These are the qualities which are possessed only by the masters. But even his high technical achievement is surpassed by that which is above all the gifts—the master-gift, the perfect expression of the idea. The portrait of Carlyle must remain for the ages an example of the masterly use of every factor in the whole range of the painter's craft to express with subtle power the quaint personality of the man, and especially to set down in the music of exquisite colour that strange

genius in its grey and grimly philosophic old age.' There," I said, "that's your portrait of a soul rather than a body over again."

"Exactly," replied my dainty critic, "but that is what I maintain to be the chief, if not the whole essence of portraiture. Any man of fine technical mastery in art, and who has gone through a careful apprenticeship to his craftsmanship, can build up a technical triumph in the form of a picture of the man; but it required the genius of a great artistic seer to set down with Whistler's rare cunning the very atmosphere and entity of this great philosopher. Oh! but I do so agree with your friend. It is by such portraits as that of Carlyle and his own mother and little Miss Alexander, and through Whistler's wonderful vision, that the



MISS BARBARA JOHNSON.



MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS.

incarnation of crimson evil; and I said to him, 'Now you'll show us her soul'—
 "women *have* souls sometimes, Maude," I added; she tossed her head, and I went on with Menpes' reply: "'My dear friend, my model is simply a scheme of decoration; I make it a rule always to keep out the personal element. A woman, however beautiful, is to the portrait-painter a mere blot of colour. Curiously enough, whilst you possess the capacity for romance you must put it away and see only the form, the colour, the scheme of decoration. And in getting these latter you get the romance.' I didn't agree with Menpes at all: 'No portrait could possibly

character of these times will be stamped upon the perceptions of those who walk through these galleries some summer day, like to-day, a hundred or two hundred years hence, it may be."

"I am afraid," said I, casting a side-glance at the pretty face gazing out into the purple distance and the golden blaze of sunshine in the courtyard beneath us, "I am afraid that you and your friend the critic take a more ethereal view of these matters than the majority of us. I was talking this very thing over with Menpes the other day when he was painting his wonderful series of Mrs. Brown-Potter. She was flashing about the room a very blaze of colour, and the



LADY DOROTHY NEVILL.

be beautiful with all the soul's expression,' I said, 'that was painted only on these lines.' 'Well,' said he, 'that's as may be. But I don't think you take quite sufficiently into account the marvellous speaking power of the concrete colour and costume. Character can be as much expressed in colour and in costume as by the soul's expression. For instance, you wouldn't dress the Magdalene in the vermillion costume of a modern Parisienne. Red is passion; black is sinister, tragic; white is emotional; green is spontaneous, expectant. To me, to a great extent, portraiture is a question of colour and costume.'

"Oh, but he's wrong," said my companion; "I cannot bear to think that the life that lies beyond that which we see in our friends, and even in those of whom we know nothing, can ever be expressed by mere costume and colour. I know you



RT. HON. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, M.P.

say sometimes a woman's soul is in her bonnet, but it isn't in that way that the great artist ever sees her. Think of the art of a dozen remarkable men in the schools either of Glasgow or of Paris: they look, like their first great master Velasquez, to the soul that is in the man, and so they paint, to use the splendid words of the apostle, those things which are not seen, but which are eternal, rather than those things which *are* seen, but which so soon fade from earthly vision. A painter is like a poet or a great musician. Now, don't you think," she went on, with a pretty clasping of her hands, "that is true of Sargent? An art critic somewhere said that of him; I was so struck by what he wrote that I have never forgotten it. He was speaking of his portraiture, and he compared its quality and handling to 'extremely brilliant orchestration.' 'The whole backgrounds,'

said he, 'of his portraits are resonant with great depths of sounding colour, as though mighty 'cellos thundered majestic music to enhance the harmony. I always think there is something of Handel in his genius.'

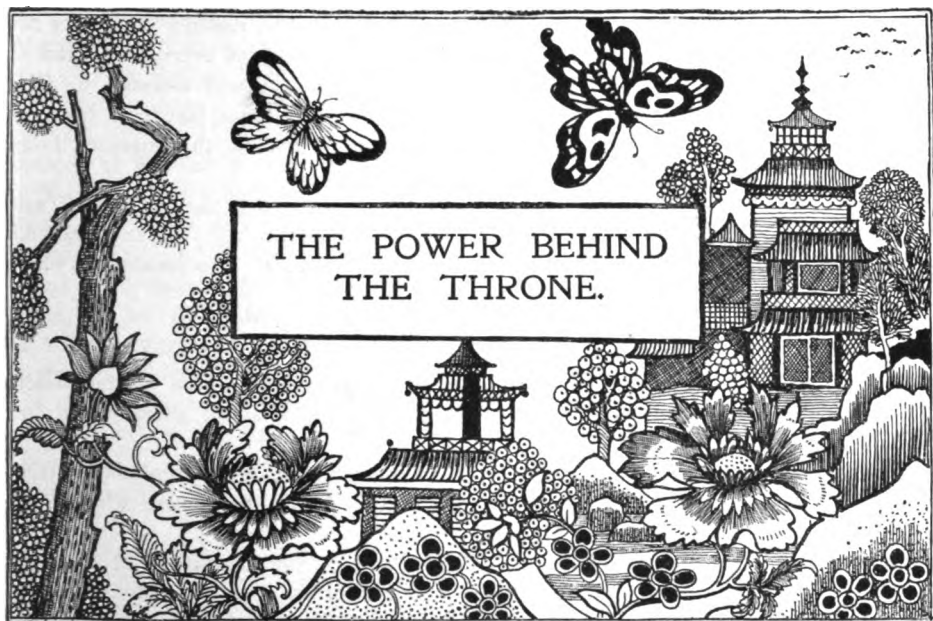
"H'm," I doubtfully murmured; "it sounds very grand,—rather like the old-fashioned portraits with a battle forty feet long behind them. But what I like in Sargent is what I reverence in Velasquez and Rembrandt, the painters of a greater day than that which has fallen to Whistler and his school, dainty and charming and vivid though in many ways it be—and that is the stateliness and the dignity of the portrayed. Take Colonel Ian Hamilton's portrait in the New Gallery. It is lifelike; it is the very man, just as I remember to have seen him when we have leaned over the ship's side in the Indian Ocean many a time, and talked of the art of this very man Sargent; and Miss Jane Evans' portrait will live for ever in the memory.



MR. WALTER DOWDESWELL.

"But I am afraid the phrase concerning 'the orchestration and the thundering 'cellos and the resonance of sounding colour' is almost beyond my limited comprehension, unless it be applied now and again to Rembrandt or Rubens painting with red burgundy at their side and martial music behind them. But we must be going. One more glance at the Velasquez, and thank you for the phrase you used about it, 'the portrait of a soul rather than of a body,' and so across the sunlit, shadow-stricken, dim old hall we passed into the blazing glory beyond.

RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.



ALTHOUGH I strove hard to conceal the part which I had played in the story of the "Emperor's Watchdog,"* I experienced much uneasiness lest some mischance should disclose my identity. For in those days to thwart the Power Behind the Throne was tantamount to opposing the most important person in China. Unfortunately the Emperor, with all his gentleness and all his good intentions, was but a sickly figurehead. The real power was in other hands, and it was wielded with energy by an unscrupulous and a designing woman. Loyalty to the monarch's person is a superstition which grows in proportion to the distance from which one contemplates a throne. The unobtainable is the thing always most greatly to be desired. Her Greatness, knowing something of thrones, had no inward, and very little outward, respect for their occupants.

I had been warned by two or three who surrounded the Emperor, among whom was my good friend Cheng-Li, one of the Imperial Secretaries, that Her Greatness had been instituting inquiries respecting the manner in which the conspiracy of Ping to kidnap the Emperor was nipped in the bud. So far no one but Cheng and the Emperor shared my secret, and with them I knew it was absolutely safe; but rumours were flying about, and I had borne too prominent a part in many things to be able entirely to hide my light under a bushel. That she knew something of my manner of life, and of my doings, I had no doubt; but so far, thanks to her insuperable objection to foreigners, I had never come in personal contact with her, and I sincerely hoped that I never might. The ordinary woman fills my timorous bachelor soul with alarm: a woman of the calibre of Her Greatness is, for a plain man, a prodigious terror.

Yet this rumour filled me with an uneasiness which I found somewhat difficult to allay. On more than one occasion I had been instrumental in thwarting the good lady's designs, and knowing from the character of the woman that she was one little likely to brook interference, I was considerably perturbed at the thought of her beginning a serious investigation. And after all, though I had long since

* PALL MALL MAGAZINE, December 1899.

become convinced of her designs against the throne, I had neither the power nor the temerity to accuse her. Indeed, the efficacy of such a step, even if undertaken, might be doubted. Moreover, the Emperor had not the moral courage to force his will, even had he sufficient will for the occasion. Without boasting, I believe I could have done something for a man of purpose; but in this instance I saw too surely the way his tottering steps led.

Things were, then, in this unsettled condition when one day a knock came to my door and my servant ushered in a little gentleman with whom I was not personally acquainted. I rose and bowed him to a seat. He looked nervously round the room and then at my servant.

"Leave us," I said.

The boy retired. The little gentleman smiled.

"I have the honour of being received by the most able man in the Middle Kingdom—after the Illustrious Son of Heaven," he added as an afterthought, and not without a suspicion of insincerity.

"Your magnanimous condescension utterly overwhelms me," I replied. "What has my contemptible intellect done to merit such praise from one who moves amid the refulgence of the Full Moon?"

"You know me, then?" he asked, evidently not a little astonished at my reply.

Now, I did not know him, but I was quick to read, and not above a hazard now and then—and I had learned the value of a little suggestive flattery.

"Is it possible," I said, "that the Light of the Middle Kingdom should once shine upon an object and leave no trace of glory?"

"Her glory is my reward," he answered. "The Light of the Middle Kingdom."

I bowed low to hide whatever my face might have betrayed; for without doubt I was startled, notwithstanding a certain prescience of the truth. What did Her Greatness want with me?

"Tremblingly I await her commands."

The little gentleman scanned me closely, with inscrutable eyes. Then, as if satisfied with the survey, he said, "Many tales are told of your lion-like courage, of your surpassing wisdom."

"Nay, I know not who could have invented them. My wisdom is contemptible for a man of my race; my courage such that I have brought shame upon my people."

He smiled. "Such is not the reputation which has reached Her Greatness."

"Has my unworthiness obtruded itself upon her illustrious superiority?"

"To this extent, that I have come to escort you to the magnanimous Presence. It is her wish to behold with her own eyes the one wise man of China. If your Excellency will condescend to honour with your exalted presence my contemptible inferiority, I will lead you to her."

"Her wish is a command," I replied gravely. "She is ill?" For I thought, or hoped, that rumours of my professional skill had reached her, and that, even against her inclination, she had been forced to call in the medical aid of the West.

"She was never better in her life. When one has a destiny, the gods do not forget."

This was news of a startling nature. The immunity for which I had hoped was not to be. Yet she could know nothing, whatever her suspicions. There was some consolation in this.

"I will come at once," I said. "Pardon me for one moment." And I moved towards the door which led to an inner sanctum, one in which I kept many changes

of apparel and many curious trophies of dangerous enterprises. There was also here a secret outlook into the room which I had just quitted, and one that had been used to some purpose more than once. Instantly, upon entering the room, I applied my eye to the hole; but my little gentleman sat very still, and seemed oblivious of the fact that my papers might have yielded some valuable information.

Watching him intently, I saw that he was much too circumspect to walk into a trap, and, fully satisfied, I presently rejoined him, having meanwhile donned my best coat and shoes. Then we set off together, our mutual preoccupation rendering all superfluous conversation absolutely unnecessary.

He led me direct to her apartments, which we were permitted to enter with but scant ceremony. There, in a cushioned seat at the far end of a long room, surrounded by some three or four women, sat she whom I well knew to be the most remarkable and the most formidable person in China. Her face was painted and powdered in the orthodox native style, which made her look as though she wore a mask. For your Chinese woman has none of the mock modesty of her Western sister. She never leaves you in doubt as to the quantity of paint and powder.

I advanced slowly, making a profound obeisance with each step or so: my companion flung himself upon the floor and went through the evolutions of the *kowtow*. She received me with a smile, and, like all such women, knew how to flatter with a look. She was aware that we English do not make the *kowtow*.

A curious, trussed-out, dumpling of a woman she seemed, swathed in her rich clothes, her ghastly white face adding incongruously to the whole picture. The ravages of time were entirely obliterated by the mask of make-up, though not one spark of fire had been stolen from the keen, penetrating eyes. These she fixed resolutely upon me as I approached, and, steady-eyed as I was, I felt their influence. It was a keen brain that lent a fire so keen to such eyes.

"Welcome," she cried graciously. "I have long wished to make the acquaintance of the one wise man of China."

"Your condescension, Excellence, is richer than rubies. The worm dare not crawl in the face of the sun."

"But the eagle may soar high, learned doctor—if his wings be strong!"

"I fear much that the wings which have hitherto borne me in my ignoble flight have lost all their feathers."

"The feathers may grow again, learned doctor. The wise man knows of many changes."

"May the gods blind change when it approaches your Excellence."

Her black eyes marked me strangely. It was as though they strove to pierce my brain. That they could not was a thing which laid me under an undying obligation to Providence. The affable smile which followed that look would not have been for me could she have read my thoughts.

"Change," she said, with a sigh, and yet with a tone of insolent impatience, "is always with us. The holy tradition has become a jest: the gods themselves war vainly against the new order of things."

"What is written in the book of destiny shall be written on the hearts of men."

"You think so? But may not we be destined sometimes to shape destiny?"

"The destiny of your Excellence is the care of the gods."

The shadow of an impatient frown crossed her face. A masterful mind has as little patience with the gods as with idiotic mortals.

"Is it not curious," said she, her lip curling with a smile which was half a sneer, "how often the gods favour those who grip destiny by the throat?"

"I have observed that fact, Excellence, and duly noted it."

She smiled. "Else you were not the man I imagine. I have heard strange stories of you, my friend. I am deeply interested."

"The condescension of your High Superiority honours me too greatly."

"Perhaps. But we women are only permitted to look on and admire."

Unless rumour belied her, this woman had done something much more than that. If I did not misread her entirely, she was to play a still greater part in the affairs of empire.

"Your doings," she continued affably, "have latterly created considerable speculation in certain circles. Wisdom and courage do not always walk hand in hand."

What could I do but protest my insignificance—decry my wisdom and my courage?

"Folly," I replied, "has often led me to a contemptible victory—folly and the stupidity of my opponents. To triumph over a fool is nothing. In the daylight of wisdom my rushlight of intelligence burns low."

"But in the night of ignorance it may well show the way. Your modesty, learned doctor, is equal to your courage; both of which I am anxious to enlist."

"Your Greatness has but to command," I answered promptly, though I was not a little perturbed at the course events were taking. An offer to enter the service of the Power Behind the Throne was what I neither expected nor desired. My own wish had been to avoid any contact whatsoever with her.

"Alas! I may not command a servant of the Emperor, even if he were not a foreigner. Sometimes I forget that your Excellency is English."

"It is my misfortune," I replied, with a solemn bow.

"Truly. But what say you? Are you willing to work for me as you have worked for the Emperor?"

"Worked for the Emperor," I repeated, reflectively. "Your Excellence is pleased to be amused at my contemptible efforts?"

A shade of annoyance crossed her face. She had no patience with my simulated ingenuousness.

"Something more than amused, I think," she answered. "One would indeed be a strange sort of person who saw nothing but amusement in the doings of the Emperor's Watchdog. I am told that you work alone?"

"Always, Greatness."

"If possible, a course which shows much wisdom; but dangerous, eh?"

"Life is a chance. If I am to die this year, so be it. Heaven is just."

"But even to heaven you would not surrender without a struggle?"

"The people of my race always die fighting."

This outburst of patriotic pride did not seem to impress her greatly. I am afraid that certain political events in which, latterly, we had all been more or less interested, had not conduced to the prestige of England.

"To die fighting," she said, "is to die like a soldier; but it is *to die*. Suppose you were to die now?"

"If I were to die in the light of your magnanimous presence, I should want no other heaven."

She smiled, and with difficulty kept her lips from twitching.

"Your tongue is as sharp as your hand is swift; but you do not quite understand. This working alone has its drawbacks. Suppose any sudden misfortune were to befall you, your disappearance would be a mystery?"

I smiled, although I knew the thought that was rioting in her brain. Of course Her Greatness could entertain none but the most honourable intentions.

"Though I work alone, I still am well served. Some one always knows where I have gone. If I fail to return, inquiries will be set afloat. The Emperor——"

She shrugged her shoulders, and made no effort to subdue the contemptuous curl of her mouth.

"Then I am a British subject," I began; but she cut me short with an impatient gesture.

"That is nothing. You English talk—the others make us pay."

"And yet, Excellence, if it were not for our good-nature there would be no 'others' in China."

"You must not blame them if they think differently. Good-nature, learned doctor, sometimes may come perilously near to cowardice."

"Then your High Superiority can have no further need of me," and I bowed somewhat stiffly, and kept a tight lip.

"On the contrary," she was quick to reply, "I have great need of you, and should esteem it an honour if you would place your illustrious intelligence at my disposal."

"Your Greatness has but to command."

"They call you the Emperor's Watchdog?"

"I believe some loungers about the court have taken that liberty."

"There is also another name, I think, pregnant of meaning, which reflects much credit on your exalted astuteness."

"And that is——?"

"The Illustrious Weasel." I bowed. "They say you are never caught asleep. It is this wisdom, this wakefulness, which can serve me in this crisis."

"I am the contemptible slave of your Greatness. Command."

She waved her women to the far end of the room, and bade me advance. Then she began to speak in a low voice.

"Serious news has reached me from the Viceroy of Shansi. Revolutionary placards have appeared upon the walls of Tai-Yuen-Foo, denouncing the Emperor and me. The Viceroy, an able man and a devoted servant, has, through his inability to discover the conspirators, become intensely alarmed, and he has duly petitioned the throne to be relieved of his responsibilities. His request has been refused, though we have promised him aid. In the whole of the Middle Kingdom there is no man like you to whom we could entrust a mission so important."

I bowed very low, seeking the opportunity to collect my thoughts.

"The mission with which you would entrust me seems too overwhelming for my despicable pretensions."

"Modesty," she replied, "is a well-known attribute of your race, learned doctor; but I have not forgotten who saved the Son of Heaven from the Society of Illustrious Doubt, who brought to book the Governor Chung-Ki and his League of 'Ten Thousand Hopes.'"

I protested, but protestation was met with delightful flattery. With all her faults she was a clever woman, and worth a dozen vacillating and anæmic emperors. I admit that the prejudice I had hitherto entertained against her blinded me to her great abilities. I believed her to be pushed forward by a lot of worthless and unscrupulous officials whose one object was power, which meant plunder. In China official life, so wide, is yet so narrow, and punishment is swift and awful. A Viceroy to-day, a degraded outcast to-morrow, and all because there may be an



"Then she began to speak in a low voice."

enemy at court. Under such conditions men fight only for self, and I knew that the mob that was out was only waiting to oust the mob that was in.

When, however, I met the woman face to face, my opinion of her changed, and I hope I may without vanity say that she might take to herself some satisfaction on that account. If she entertained ambition it may have been a fault, but it may also have been bred of patriotism. Her country was passing through

perilous times, and they were but pale, weak fingers that grasped the helm. The ship of state is not yet fitted with steam steering-gear.

Before I left I had—not, perhaps, without some misgiving—acceded to her request. After all, the Power Behind the Throne was a good friend to have : one whom it might not be wise to thwart.

“Then present yourself here to-morrow,” she said, after I had professed my willingness to serve. “I have a despatch for you to bear to Chan the Viceroy. It is one of the utmost importance, and must be delivered into no hands but his. You will guard it with your life?”

“If I live, Excellence, it shall be placed in the hands of His Excellency, Chan the Viceroy.”

“Good,” she cried ; “I have no fear. The Weasel will not be caught asleep.”

I walked away from the palace profoundly impressed, and not a little puzzled as to the motives which had caused her to summon me. To be candid, she did not inspire me with that reverential awe which I had been led to believe was the chief characteristic of her exalted sanctity. That she was a clever woman I was eager to admit ; nevertheless she did not impress me as possessing either a superabundance of intellect or of energy. I take it that no hero ever equals expectations, and if I was disappointed in her it was entirely my own fault.

That she should seek me out from among the many who were willing to serve, was, however, food for more serious reflection. That in helping the Emperor I played at cross-purposes with the Power Behind the Throne could not be denied, and rumour spoke with bated breath of those who were unfortunate enough to suffer the displeasure of that important personage. I confess that I was sorely puzzled, and though I would rather I had not been brought into personal contact with her, yet I could not deny that I had found in her a more amiable creature than I had been led to expect. Whether her admiration for my work was sincere or not, I could not possibly say ; but a close analysis of her moods and words left me little cause to doubt. Perhaps she was one of those shrewd persons who think that no auxiliary, however contemptible, is to be despised. Perhaps, also, I flattered myself in thinking that she might prefer to have me on her side. Heaven knows. There is no depth to man’s vanity.

With a light heart I presented myself at the palace on the following morning, and I was not a little flattered to see with what celerity I was conducted to her presence. She received me graciously, gave me the despatch, and wished me all manner of good luck. Then, just as I was about to bow myself from the room, she said : “Your well-known reticence is much in your favour, learned doctor. I wish this mission to be conducted in secret.”

“Naturally, Excellence.” It was not usual to shout one’s doings from the housetops.

“It must not even be known where you are going, for if our enemies should learn that you are in their midst there would be an end to their plotting, and an end to our hope of discovering them. You will not let even your servants know?”

“I never let my servants know the nature of my engagements.”

“Nor must they know your destination, nor that you are setting out in my service.”

“It shall be as your Excellence desires.”

“Good. Your task accomplished, come back to me for the reward.”

“The serving of your Illustrious Superiority is reward enough.”

A strange smile played about her lips, but her eyes fixed me with a curious

insistent stare—a look which affected me strangely, though I was utterly unable to fathom it.

As I cleared the sacred precincts of her exalted privacy, whom should I meet face to face but my friend Cheng-Li, one of the Imperial Secretaries! Cheng opened his eyes wide on seeing me; then smiled knowingly.

“My dear Clandon,” said he, “this is a pleasant surprise.”

“I am glad you think so, Cheng; but may I ask in what way?”

“Merely, my dear doctor, that you are about the last man I should expect to see coming from that quarter.”

“Why?”

He smiled confidentially as he laid a hand on my shoulder.

“I may be mistaken, but I have good reason to believe that the Emperor's Watchdog is not among the pets of Her Greatness.”

“And what reason have you for such a belief?”

“Rumour, my worthy doctor. In spite of her magnificence she is a woman, and women, you know, have tongues.”

“And Cheng, being adored of the sex, is a gentleman who hears things?”

“Cheng, my illustrious man of medicine, makes it a rule never to see anything or hear anything that does not personally concern him. As I have already remarked, I have good cause to believe that the Emperor's Watchdog is not among the pets of Her Greatness,” and with a smile, which was half a warning, he passed on.

I too went my way in company with some extremely diverse thoughts. That Cheng had been hearing things was evident, and things not complimentary to me; and yet in the face of it I had her despatch in my pocket, while her pleasant words of congratulation and good wishes still rang in my ears. I knew she hated the foreigner, or at least rumour credited her with such an antipathy; but that is a feeling which more or less will always be found among the natives of every country. That she had called me in was proof conclusive that her antipathy did not go to the root of her existence; and when I had duly sifted the arguments for and against, I could not regard her confidence as other than a direct compliment.

Well, without any unnecessary delay I started for Tai-Yuen, in the province of Shansi, my journey progressing satisfactorily until I reached the city of Ching Ting. Here I stopped for the night at an inn which seemed to suit my purpose admirably; but which, however, I left with some precipitancy in the early hours of the following morning.

Being a stranger to Ching Ting, and not unmindful of the despatches I carried, I asked a soldier at the gates if he could recommend me to a respectable hostelry, my purpose being to complete the journey with all haste and secrecy. The fellow smiled and answered glibly enough; but nevertheless eyed me in a way which, perhaps, was not uncommon in one who had developed the police-like habit of suspicion. At the sign of the Full Moon I should find everything I wanted. Had I come from far? To this question I did not reply, but, learning the whereabouts of the inn, I thanked the soldier and marched on.

The landlord of the Full Moon was a bare-footed, picturesque-looking rascal, with a glib tongue and a dreadful snub nose; but his manner was affable in the extreme, and he welcomed me with an effusion which could not have been excelled had he been apprised of my coming. To be sure, a very paragon of landlords, and one of whom I shall retain a memory to my dying day.

“Your Excellency has come far?” he said.

"Yes," I answered.

"From the South, perhaps?"

"Perhaps."

"It was a proud day for me when your Excellency condescended to honour my contemptible hovel."

"Candidly, my friend, I like not the situation of your house,"—for it was indeed in a quarter which I would not willingly have chosen.

"Alas, Excellency, it has but one qualification: it bears an honest name."

"An excellent qualification too, my friend." But inwardly I was not as pleased with the obtrusive honesty of the place as I pretended, while the landlord's solicitude did not impress me as strongly as he desired. However, the place would do for the night. On the morrow I should resume my journey at an early hour. And I did—only the hour was a little earlier than I had anticipated.

"Your Excellency would like something to eat?"

"Not at present, thank you. But you may send some supper to my room. I shall walk for an hour."

For a moment the landlord looked a trifle distressed; but only for a moment. Then his face brightened into a broad grin.

"Excellency, you shall be served."

As I was now on the borders of the enemy's country, it behoved me to be extremely circumspect; for, from experience, I had learnt most wholesomely to regard the power and the ubiquity of some of the more dangerous Societies. So far I had journeyed void of incident, but the time was now coming when of necessity I should suspect even my own shadow. If it was once known that I was on my way to Shansi, those who feared the law would prepare for me a reception peculiarly Chinese. Nor did I like the suggestion of the landlord that I had come from the south, when he must have known, from the direction in which I approached the house, that I had entered Ching Ting by the north gate.

To one who dwells in a world of suspicion and distrust, the most insignificant trifle often appears full of meaning; but while I fully believed that my movements were still a profound secret, I was not inclined to credit to cunning and prescience what more probably was merely ignorance or stupidity.

As I re-entered the inn I found the public room in possession of three or four rough-looking coolies, who were so deeply engaged in some gambling game that they scarcely deigned to notice my presence. The landlord, however, greeted me with a profound obeisance, informing me that he had placed food and drink in my room. Thanking him, I passed on, but after going half a dozen paces I stopped, hesitated for a moment or two, and then hurriedly retraced my steps, re-entering the public room just in time to see the landlord's head bowed low amid those of the gamblers.

My sudden and unexpected appearance seemed to disconcert him somewhat, and though he came towards me smiling, there was an anxiety in his efforts to appear at ease which was little likely to escape recognition.

"I continue my journey early. You will not forget?"

"No, Excellency."

"Good night."

"Good night, Excellency. May the zephyrs of paradise waft you sweet dreams."

"Thanks."

The landlord bowed low, the gamblers honoured me with certain furtive glances; then I made my way up the creaking stairs.

Before retiring to bed I examined the room carefully, and I was but little



"Just in time to see the landlord's head bowed low amid those of the gamblers."

pleased to find that a primitive wooden bolt was the only fastening the door could boast. This, however, I supplemented by building up certain articles of furniture which, if pressed from without, would necessarily come down with a clatter. Then I opened the window and looked out.

The night, though dark, was clear, and I stood for an unconscionable time gazing across the roofs and endeavouring to pick out the one faint star which

twinkled feebly in the west. Then, kicking off my shoes, I flung myself upon the mattress which had been spread upon the floor, and resolutely closed my eyes.

But sleep absolutely refused to be coaxed, and for a full hour or more I lay there with a brain beating fast, suspicious of every sound. My landlord had not impressed me too pleasantly: it seemed to me that his house harboured a rather indifferent class of patron. Yet it was by frequenting such houses that I escaped observation. I often wondered if I had not a too facile habit of rearing imaginary structures upon unsubstantial foundations; and as I thought of the illustrious landlord of the Full Moon, and his coolie customers, I smiled in a tired sort of way, when——

What was that?

I lay very still and listened; but the sound, which in my state of semi-dozed I could neither locate precisely nor distinguish correctly, was not immediately repeated. Nevertheless I was now wide awake, and I concentrated my energies upon the door, listening intently. Nothing coming, I sat up and peered hither and thither into the dark, until I almost persuaded myself that the noise I had heard was one of those strange voices which pervade the stillness of the night.

Now, it so happened that in turning round to look at the door I had sprawled somewhat across my bed, and in so doing my left hand had come in contact with the floor just at the edge of the mattress. This in itself was nothing, and would be quite unworthy of recording but for what followed.

At first, though even then the thought was so appalling that I failed to realise it, I felt a peculiar pressure upon my wrist, as though a part of me was *falling*. Scarcely knowing what I did, I stretched out my fingers, and then in a moment I realised the truth. *The bed was sinking under me!*

With a quick movement I rolled off the mattress, and only just in time. There was a sudden swish, the bed disappeared, and a dark cavity opened beside me. Instantly there was a noise in the room below, and a voice, which I recognised as belonging to the landlord, cried out, "The spy is not here. Up to his room—quick!"

By this time I had fully grasped the danger of the situation, and knowing that the door could not possibly hold out against the force which would be brought against it, I sprang to the window, scrambled through, and let myself down on an adjacent roof. And only just in time, for as I stumbled across the roof to where I knew the street lay, my bedroom door fell in with a crash, and the dark outline of a man appeared at the window as I dropped from the roof into the street.

I think he saw me, for he shouted something. At all events, before I had quite regained my equilibrium, a man dashed out from the darker side of the street and with a curse was on me. Taken by surprise, I fell back, and to that movement I probably owed my life; for his knife, instead of piercing my body, as had been his amiable intention, merely slashed my blouse. However, before he could strike again, I sprang at him and caught him a violent blow on the side of the head, which sent him reeling back into the shadow from which he had emerged. Then I took to my heels and fled.

Turning now to the right and now to the left, but instinctively from my late lodging, I soon satisfied myself that I had left pursuit behind. Then I composed my gait into a more sober stride, and walked slowly on, congratulating myself sincerely on the good fortune which had enabled me to outwit my enemies. In an ordinary way I might have regarded such an attack as a desperate attempt at robbery; but the cry of the landlord, "The spy is not here," indicated pretty



"There was a sudden swish, the bed disappeared, and a dark cavity opened beside me."

clearly the impossibility of robbery being the motive. In some way or other this Society, of which Her Greatness had spoken, had got cognisance of my expected visit, and the whole affair was probably the outcome of a plot for my destruction.

And yet how could this mysterious Society know that which was known only to two persons—Her Excellence and me? I confess to being somewhat puzzled. There was a suspicion here which I contemplated with no delight. Insensibly my hand went to my breast. The despatch was still there, in spite of the slit blouse.

Day broke early at that time of year, and the first glimmer of it found me still wandering about the streets, waiting for the gates to open; but, at length finding a quiet corner, I sat down to watch for the stirring of the city. Then cautiously I withdrew the precious despatch from my breast pocket, for I was anxious to see if it had suffered in the struggle. One glance was enough. The knife, taking a perpendicular course, had so severed the seal that the contents of the package were mine for the looking. I confess I did hesitate some little time, owing to a mistaken sense of honour. But knowledge is power, and I was deeply puzzled, not to say suspicious, of what had occurred at the inn. For without a betrayal on the part of Her Greatness, I did not see how my journey into Shansi could possibly be known. Therefore I used some gentle persuasion with the document, and the seal came away almost intact.

The message was addressed to Chan, the Viceroy of Shansi, and contained these startling words:—

"The bearer of this despatch must not return to Peking."

CARLTON DAWE.



II.

LOWER down on the same side a monument to Lieut.-General Guest (buried 1747, East Cloister), carries us on to the romantic days of the Young Pretender, while recalling the same campaigns as the names of Kane and Kirk, for Guest also fought in Flanders and Spain. He began life in a very humble capacity—probably as an ostler, and enlisted in the Dragoons during the last decade of the seventeenth century. Although he rose to high military rank and honours, Guest never forgot the privations of his early days, and would often send the sentry who stood at the door of his tent food from his own table. When the '45 rebellion broke out, the honest old soldier, who was then eighty-three years of age, was made Governor of Edinburgh Castle, and the story goes that he resisted a bribe of £200,000 offered him by the Pretender. He distinguished himself at Culloden (April 1746), where he was so severely wounded that he had to be carried to London in a horse litter, when he was summoned there to receive the thanks of King and Parliament, and he died in the following year (1747), having served his country for sixty years. On the tombstone of one Mary Smith, who lived to the age of eighty-eight, in Lightcliffe churchyard, near Halifax, is recorded the fact that (by her first marriage) she was the mother of Colonel Guest. At Culloden, it is interesting to note here, there fought a certain Colonel Webb, buried 1785 in the East Cloister, where is a monument to his memory, whose granddaughter became the mother of our famous novelist Thackeray. We all know and love Esmond's Colonel of that name.

Another conspicuous person connected with the Pretender's rebellion was Lieut.-General, best known as Marshal, Wade (d. 1748), whose heavy monument is in the Nave; the most lasting memorials of his genius are the good roads which he laid down for the passage of his troops through the Highlands, and which are commemorated in the well-known distich, inscribed on an obelisk that used to stand on the road between Inverness and Inverary:

“Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You would lift up your hands and bless General Wade.”

His grandfather was one of Cromwell's major-generals, and George continued the military traditions of the family. He fought throughout the Spanish war, and was, like Stanhope and Kane, concerned in the conquest of Minorca, where the capture of the fort of St. Phillip in a fortnight was a notable exploit.

Another general, whose military career covered that of all his contemporaries, and who took part in the early wars of the eighteenth century, has a bust in the

North Ambulatory, opposite the huge cenotaph which tarnishes the memory of James Wolfe. John, Earl Ligonier (1777), was a French refugee, and belonged to an old Huguenot family from the south of France. He joined Marlborough's army as a volunteer in 1702, and attracted the great general's attention by his brave and dashing conduct at the siege of Liège, where he and one other man (Alan Wentworth), who was killed by his side, were the first to climb by a breach in the walls into the city. At Blenheim all the captains in Ligonier's regiment were killed except himself, and their commander, Lord North, lost his arm.

Ligonier acquired the sobriquet of *Tasnière* after Malplaquet, when he took a leading part in driving the French out of the wood of *Tasnière*, where they were strongly intrenched behind barricades of trees, and had a narrow escape of his life, twenty-two shots passing through his uniform. He wound up a long and brilliant military career at the lost battle of Val, in Flanders (1747), where he led a brilliant charge, which temporarily checked the French advance, and saved Cumberland and his retreating army from destruction. Ligonier's horse was killed, he was taken prisoner and presented by Marshal Saxe to the French king as a man who "by one glorious action has disconcerted all my projects"; and Louis XV., who had watched the charge from afar, complimented him upon his brave conduct. From this time Ligonier left active service; he succeeded Wade as member for Bath and as general of the ordnance, and finally became an earl, dying at the great age of ninety-two. Upon his memorial are the names of the principal battles in which he took part, and medallion heads of the four British sovereigns whose cause he served. He erected a tablet in the Cloisters to his brother Francis (1746), who sacrificed his life at Falkirk Muir, when he left a sick bed to rally Hawley's Dragoons, and died of pleurisy contracted on the battlefield. To him, when Colonel Gardiner fell at Preston Pans, deserted by his men, George II. had given the command of his regiment, swearing that they should have an officer over them who would show them how to fight.

The Ligoniers are only two of the many French Protestant exiles who fought for us during the eighteenth century. When the French Chapel of the Savoy was pulled down, in 1740, the bodies of three of the Duras family were removed to a vault in Henry VII.'s Chapel, according to the directions of one of them, Charlotte de Bourbon, who left £400 for the purpose. The elder, Louis de Bourbon (d. 1709), son of the Marquis de Duras, and created Earl of Feversham, came to England before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and although not in any way a distinguished soldier, he was given, by favour of James II., several high military posts. He was Turenne's nephew, but according to Macaulay had learned from his uncle only how to devastate, not how to conquer. When James fled from Whitehall it was Feversham who gave the order to disband the royal army, and was much blamed for his conduct; his military career practically ended with William's accession. His nephew Armand de Bourbon, Marquis de Miremont (d. 1732), was also an adherent of James's, and was made a general by Anne; his brother was killed at the battle of the Boyne. He pleaded the cause of the persecuted Camisards so successfully with Queen Anne that the good-natured sovereign took up their cause, and did not relax her support till three hundred were released from the galleys during her reign; the remainder were set free under George I. At one time an invasion of France on the prisoners' behalf was contemplated, and Miremont drilled a band of refugees in St. James's Park, but the scheme came to nothing.

In connection with James's flight it is interesting to note here the burial, in the North Transept (1750), of Lieut.-General Richard Philipps, Governor of

Nova Scotia 1720—1740. He was born the year of Charles II.'s restoration, and as a young man narrowly escaped death by hanging, for he distributed the proclamation of William of Orange's approaching arrival in London round the camp at Blackheath, was caught, and, it is said, actually had the halter round his neck, when he was saved by the news of William's landing at Torbay (1688), and lived to fight on the new King's side at the battle of the Boyne (1690). He is remembered in military annals as the first Colonel of the "Fighting" 40th Foot, the "X L—ers" (Excellers), which regiment he raised in 1712. He died at the great age of ninety.



Wolfe's Monument.

In the Cloisters a tablet records the names of two Frenchmen, Alexander and Scipio Duroure, the sons of a refugee Huguenot officer. The former died (1765) a general in the British army, after fifty-seven years' active service, and is buried below the monument. The latter, Scipio, is chiefly interesting to us now as the Colonel of Wolfe's first regiment, the 12th Foot; the colours of which corps were carried past George II. at Blackheath, just before they embarked for Flanders in 1742, by the future hero, then a young ensign, and a slim boy of sixteen. At Dettingen (1743), where the regiment covered itself with glory, Wolfe, who was already adjutant, had one of Colonel Duroure's horses shot under him, and has graphically described the victory in a letter home. He was, however, transferred to another regiment after Dettingen, and so missed the glorious defeat of Fontenoy (1745), where his old corps was almost cut to pieces, losing 318 officers and men, including their brave colonel, in that desperate and over-rash conflict. Duroure, who was mortally wounded, died a few days later, and was buried on the ramparts of Aeth. Wolfe's subsequent career is too well known to follow in detail. From Flanders he went with General Wade to Scotland, and shared in the defeat of Falkirk and the final victory of Culloden. Twelve years later came the first campaign against French Canada, and Wolfe took a leading part in the capture of Louisburg, the Dunkirk of North America. The following year (1759) saw the fall of Quebec; and the young general met a glorious death in the moment of victory, a victory

which was practically the final establishment of British rule in Canada. The huge cenotaph here was unveiled thirteen years after Wolfe's death; and the tasteless group by Wilton, on the summit, is supposed to portray the actual death-scene, when the dying man, hearing from his attendant that the enemy was in full flight—"They run! they run!"—gasped out his final order, and then, murmuring the words "God be praised! I die in peace," gasped away his young life. The bronze bas-relief by Capizzoldi, which is the only redeeming feature in this gigantic erection, shows the landing of the British troops and the battle on the heights of Abraham, and is exact in every topographical detail.

In the Nave are monuments to the memory of two other young officers who were killed in these same Canadian campaigns. The one, Viscount Howe (1758), elder brother of the great Admiral Howe (whose memorial is at St. Paul's), fell in the flower of his age, during the first and disastrous expedition against Ticonderoga, before which fort he was killed. Wolfe speaks of him in terms of high praise, as "the noblest Englishman that has appeared in my time, and the best soldier in the British army." The monument was put up by the province of Massachusetts only a few years before their severance from the mother-country, as a testimony to their gratitude and the general's worth. The other officer, Lieut.-Colonel Roger Townshend, was slain by a cannon-ball at the age of twenty-eight, when reconnoitring the French lines at Ticonderoga, July 25th, 1759, in the same summer which saw Wolfe and his gallant band scaling the heights of Abraham. His monument is historically interesting, as upon it is a bas-relief of Ticonderoga, showing a skirmish between the French and British in the distance; with the bad taste of the period, Townshend and his men are dressed like Roman soldiers. This piece of sculpture (by Carter and Eckstein) used, however, to be much admired. Flaxman considered it "one of the finest productions of art in the Abbey," and the tourist, on his way to put Washington or André's head in his pocket, would sometimes include those of Townshend and his men in his collection of Abbey relics.

Only a few steps farther on is a name which recalls the American War of Independence to every intelligent passer-by—that of the unfortunate young Major John André (1780), whose story is too well known to bear a second repetition here, where every detail was recently given. Although André was caught within the enemy's lines in civilian's dress, and therefore hanged as a spy by Washington's orders, the bas-relief on his monument, which was put up by George III. the year (1781) after his death, represents the execution as a military one. In order to show some recognition of the thrill of horror felt in England at the tragic fate of this popular young officer, the King also created André's brother a baronet. Forty years later his bones were, by the Duke of York's request, sent over from Tappan and buried with solemn funeral rites before the monument. The chest in which they came is still to be seen in the Islip chantry chapel.

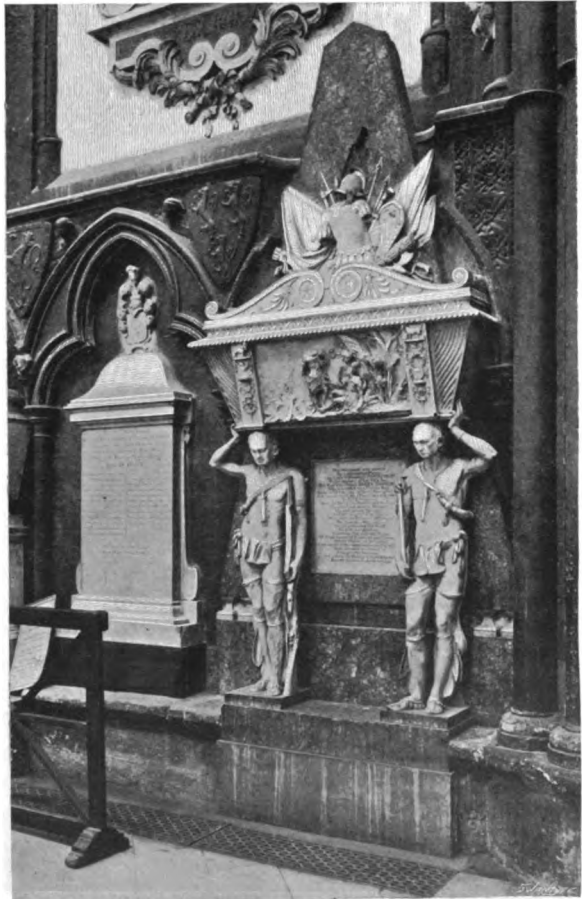
In the North Cloister lies John Burgoyne (1792), commander-in-chief of the British forces in the early part of the War of American Independence; a general whose conduct of affairs was supposed to have largely contributed to the British collapse and the ultimate loss of the States. The reputed son of Lord Bingley, Ambassador to Spain, who was his godfather, Burgoyne carried the romance which was supposed to be connected with his birth into his own life, when he eloped in his youth with Lady Charlotte Stanley, the sister of Lord Strange. Her father cast her off with a small dowry, which the bridegroom spent in purchasing a commission in the Guards. He did not see active service, however, till middle life, when he distinguished himself in Portugal, and rose rapidly to the

rank of brigadier-general. His experience there led him to suggest the formation of light cavalry such as he had seen on the Continent to the English War Office, the idea was taken up, and the first two regiments of light dragoons were raised in 1759.

Disaster was connected with both Burgoyne's American campaigns. He left his invalid wife, who died in his absence, with reluctance to take part in the first (1774), and came home very much dispirited, blaming General Carlton for his inaction. Burgoyne laid his own plan of campaign before the authorities, and returned to America in 1777, with the supreme command of a small but enthusiastic British army. Ticonderoga fell after six days' siege, but the general followed up his success by attacking the American troops with a comparative handful of men, and was forced to surrender to General Gates at Saratoga. Disgrace followed, and though ultimately restored to favour, Burgoyne never fought again; he ended his life at a little house in Park Prospect, close to the Abbey, surrounded by his friends and books.

Close to his grave is that of Colonel Enoch Markham (d. 1801), who served throughout the American war. When quite a youth he had fought as a volunteer in the Canadian campaigns, and on his return had raised the 112th Foot or Royal Musketeers at his own expense; he lies wrapped in the colours of this his old regiment, which had long ceased to exist.* His brother William became Archbishop of York; their father traced his descent from Bridget Fleetwood, Cromwell's daughter, and was himself a major in the British army stationed at Halifax and Nova Scotia. In Poets' Corner is another name connected both with Canada and the States. Sir Archibald Campbell (1791) began his military career in the Fraser Highlanders during the North American campaign of 1758, and was wounded at Wolfe's capture of Quebec.

When the American War of Independence broke out Simon Fraser (son of Lord Lovat) again raised a Highland regiment, with which Campbell sailed as colonel; but he was taken prisoner immediately on their arrival in Boston harbour, and remained a year in captivity. After his release he revenged his misadventure by seizing Savannah with the loss of only four men; and his



Lieutenant-Colonel Roger Townshend.

* Also buried in the Cloisters.

services were rewarded by the post of Governor of Jamaica, which island he valiantly defended against the French. As Governor of Madras in 1786 he made the important Arcot treaty (February 1787), but, owing partly to the abuse of his opponents, partly on account of his health, he resigned his post two years afterwards.

Too often, indeed, these early pioneers suffered in fame or in health for their efforts to build up an Indian Empire, and literally gave their lives as a sacrifice to duty. Many of them were veterans in military service though not in years, and had fought against the Pretender in '45, and taken part in the Flemish and Canadian campaigns against the French. Major Stringer Lawrence (1775), for instance, whose bust is in the Nave, began his career as a marine under Admiral Wager, on the coast of Italy, and afterward served under Wade in Flanders and Scotland. Two years after the Pretender's defeat at Culloden, Lawrence was appointed Major-General of the East India Company's forces, and for the next decade conducted a brilliant series of campaigns against the French in India. Clive fought under his command at the capture of Devicota, and the friendship between the two brave officers, who were associated in many a hard-fought battle, lasted to their lives' end. They died within a few weeks of one another, but were neither of them buried in the Abbey, where Lawrence alone has a monument, put up by the Company. Upon it is a view of Trichinopoly, which place he defended against the French from May 1753 to October 1754, fighting two important battles during the siege, and finally concluding a truce with his opponents. He was fated to be again beleaguered by his old opponents, under Lully, in Fort St. George four years later, and was shut up there for nearly three months (Dec. 1758 to Feb. 1759). It is said that the French general expended 2600 shot, 2000 shells, and 200,000 rounds of small ammunition in the vain endeavour to take the fort, whence he withdrew discomfited on the approach of Admiral Pocock's fleet.

Sir Eyre Coote (1783) completed the work of Lawrence and Clive by the expulsion of the French from the coast of Coromandel; his reduction of Pondicherry in 1761 was the final blow to their empire. He, like Lawrence, had fought against the young Pretender before (in 1754), he sailed for India, where, after twenty-eight years' active service, he ended his brilliant career by the famous defeat of Hyder Ali at Porto Novo (June 1782), a victory which saved Madras from destruction. The victor himself died, broken down in health and prematurely aged, a few months after the battle, and it was not long before his vanquished foe followed him to the grave. Coote's monument, a tribute from the grateful Company, is in the North Transept.

Not long before the death of Coote, a daring Scotch boy, aged thirteen, of small stature but mighty courage, destined to add another name to the roll of Indian heroes, entered the Company's service. John Malcolm (d. 1833) delighted the Director who interviewed him by his ready reply to the question: "Why, my little man, what would you do if you were to meet Hyder Ali?" "Do, sir! I would out with my sword and cut off his head." "You will do," exclaimed the examiner: "let him pass." Indeed it was no empty boast. "Boy Malcolm," as he was called in his regiment, was entrusted three years later with the command of two companies of sepoys sent to meet the band of English prisoners released by Tippoo Sahib, and rose by one deed of daring after another to a high place in the Company's service, ending his long civil and military career as Governor of Bombay in 1830. Diplomatist as well as soldier, he was sent as envoy to Persia in 1799, the first Persian ambassador since Elizabeth's reign. Perhaps his chief military success, after years of retirement, was the final and bloody defeat of the

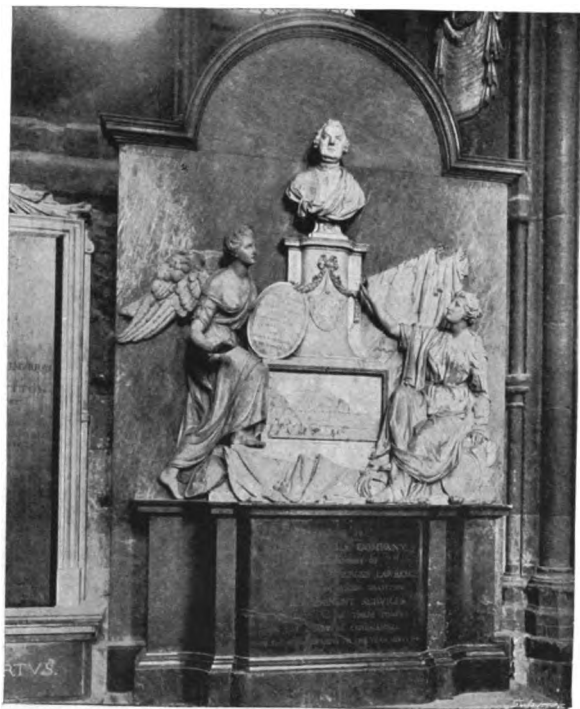
Mahratta confederacy at the Battle of Inchidpoor (1817), after which he concluded a lasting peace with Holkar. His statue, by Chantrey, was erected by his private friends, and stands in the North Transept. The friendship cemented in India between Wellington (then Sir Arthur Wellesley) and Malcolm forms one of many links between Indian military heroes and those of the Peninsular War, of which there are few memorials in the Abbey.

In the South-west Tower, however, will be found a tablet to Lieut.-Colonel George Lake, of the 29th Foot, who "fell at the head of his grenadiers in driving the enemy from the heights of Rolica, in Portugal" (1808), a feat which decided the victory. As aide-de-camp to his father, the great Indian general, Lake had been severely wounded at Laswari, one of the decisive battles of India which broke the power of the great Mahratta family. He fell to the ground, after giving his horse to his father just at the most critical moment of the battle, before the eyes of the cavalry, who were about to charge.

In 1809 a memorial was put up in the North Transept by Thomas Bishop, Commander-in-chief at Bombay, to the memory of his friend, Major-General Coote Manningham, Colonel of the 95th Regiment of foot, and Equerry to the King. Manningham had begun his military career at the siege of Gibraltar, when Kane was in command, and concluded it at the victory of Corunna, dying worn out by the fatigues of the campaign, shortly after.

Two young officers, who also fell in the Peninsular War, have tablets in the North Aisle of the Choir and the North Ambulatory. The first, Captain Bryan, was killed at Talavera, 1809; the other, Lieutenant Beresford, was mortally wounded at Ciudad Rodrigo, 1812, by the explosion of a powder magazine.

A more important person, Sir James Leith (1817), lies in the Nave: he had served as major-general of a brigade in Sir John Moore's army, and is mentioned as having led a brilliant charge at Lugo in the Corunna retreat. He was made a K.B. for his gallant behaviour at the battles of Corunna, Busaco, Badajos, and Salamanca, where he was severely wounded; he was again injured in the assault on St. Sebastian, and personally congratulated by the Iron Duke himself. His last year of life was spent as Governor of the Leeward Islands, where he had already distinguished himself. The name of Moore, who has himself no memorial here, leads us on to that of one of the great funerals of the nineteenth century.



Major-General Lawrence.

Sir Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde (d. 1863), who joined the Peninsular army under Wellesley as a youth in 1808, and was first under fire at Rolica; he also took part in Moore's advance to Salamanca, and rose to the rank of captain in five years. India soon claimed him, like his other military contemporaries; and he distinguished himself in the 2nd Sikh war, besides in other conflicts. During the interregnum of peace in India before the Mutiny he fought for his country in the Crimea, and took a leading part in the victories of Alma and Balaclava. Not a year after his labours in the Crimea, Colin Campbell was recalled to India to help in quelling the Mutiny (1857), and was appointed Commander-in-chief of the British army. On Outram's monument is depicted the famous scene at the Residency of Lucknow, when Colin Campbell finally relieved the garrison; upon it are small figures of the three heroes, Campbell, Outram and Havelock, the latter doomed to death but a short space after that joyful meeting. The other two, rivals in life, are united in their graves, lying side by side in the Abbey nave. But a short while ago, September 25th, 1898, the 41st anniversary of the memorable day when Outram and Havelock fought their way into Lucknow and thus enabled the defenders to hold their own till Colin Campbell

arrived, the survivors of relievers and relieved met together in the Abbey to return thanks for their deliverance; and veterans covered with many a medal, generals in mufti, Chelsea pensioners in their red coats, were standing beneath the bust of Lord Lawrence (d. 1879), beside the graves of their deliverers. The splendid services in peace and war of Sir James Outram, who died in the same year as Lord Clyde (1863), will never be forgotten; the words upon his tombstone which call him "the Bayard of India" fitly testify to his unselfish and chivalrous character.

The Lawrence brothers too, Henry and John, must ever be remembered with gratitude: John, "civilian by training but a born soldier," who saved the Punjaub, became Governor-General of India after the troubled days of the Mutiny were over, and lies near his bust in the Abbey; Henry, the soldier, after enabling Lucknow to

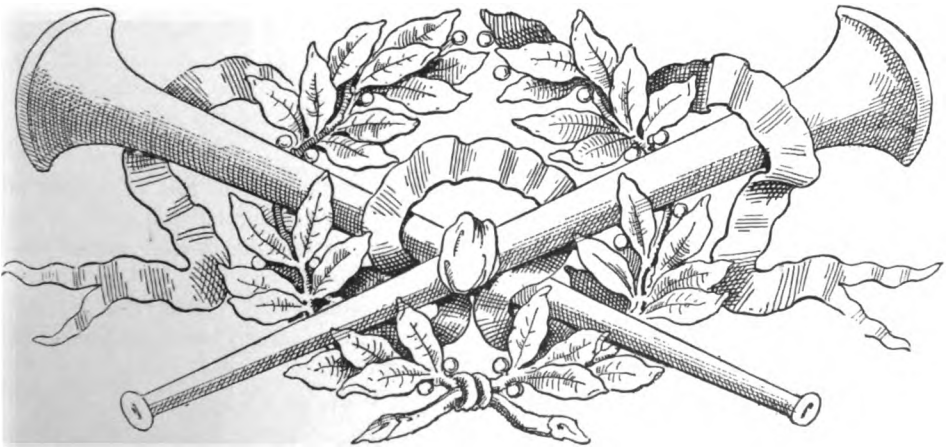


Monument to Sir James Outram, with bust of Colonel Herries in niche below.

sustain the long siege by his wise precautions, was mortally wounded on the ramparts, and is buried close to where he fell. Although there is no mention of his name in the Abbey, we shall find in the North Transept a memorial to one who acted for long as his private secretary and became his trusted friend. This was the gallant Sir Herbert Edwardes (d. 1868), who crowded more deeds of daring and active philanthropy into eighteen years (1840-58) than many men have accomplished in a lifetime. We have only space here to mention his earliest exploit, when, as a young lieutenant (just a century after Devicota), he with but one Sikh regiment and three hundred horse kept an army of twelve thousand Sikhs at bay for seven hours in the Punjaub, and after nine months' hard fighting crushed the Mooltan outbreak (1848). For this he received the thanks of Parliament and a C.B., in spite of the protests of an elderly peer, who remarked that such honours were unprecedented for so young a man, and received a well-deserved rebuke from Wellington himself: "My Lords, Lieutenant Edwardes's services have been unprecedented too."

In the nave lies another Indian hero, of the same period, Sir George Pollock, (d. 1872), who won military fame by his able generalship in the first Afghan War, after the Cabul disaster, and was rewarded by the thanks of Parliament and an eloquent tribute from Sir Robert Peel. The dark page of the early troubles of India and the terrible Mutiny has now been turned, and we have thus hurriedly reviewed the names of some of the saviours of our Empire: let us close this roll of military men with the memory of the hero General Gordon (1885), whose bust recalls another gloomy episode in our history—the fall of Khartoum, a gloom but lately dispelled by the recapture of that place and the fall of the Dervish power.

E. T. MURRAY SMITH.





THE HOSTS OF THE LORD.



CHAPTER X.

THE PIVOTS OF LIFE.

LANCE CARLYON was not, as a rule, given either to loss of spirits or temper, yet both were at vanishing point as he flung off the garb of his namesake of the lake, swearing as he did so that he would never wear the blessed thing again! It cramped him all over, body and soul. And then—for he knew his Tennyson well, as one of his name could hardly fail to do—his memory raced swiftly over the love-loyal knight's career, until suddenly he laughed at a phrase which had always tickled him :

“So groaned Sir Lancelot—not knowing he should die a holy man !”

If he had, what would have been the result? Would he simply have refrained from remorseful pain, or from the honour rooted in dishonour, which caused it?

With a mighty stretch of his sound young muscles at the relief, Lance caught up his Indian clubs, and went elaborately, conscientiously, through his daily series of exercises before putting on his dust-coloured shooting suit, and swathing himself with the necessary plentitude of belts, cartridge boxes, and gaiters. The latter being, after Indian fashion, simply a couple of bandages neatly twined, were as a

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matter of fact much tighter than his discarded greaves; but the clip of them about his calves was familiarly reminiscent of many a day spent out in the jungle alone, or at most with some companion of Am-ma's type: a man, whose only claim to be called one in these later days was his undoubted dominion over the birds of the air, the fish of the sea, the beasts of the field. How jolly it had been! And how the deuce could a fellow like Vincent Dering. . . .

Lance, sorting cartridges systematically, with an eye to a possible snipe, whistled a tune which Vincent was always asked to sing at the Smiths'—

"Sweet is true love—and sweet is death."

Well! he preferred the death! So, catching up his gun, he made his way to the crypt-like flight of steps which, half-way down the straight river-edged wall of the fort—between its northern bastion, where the stream turned hillwards at a sharp angle, and the southern one beside the bathing-steps—led to a tiny landing-stage. Here the canoe, which he had hired for such excursions from Ramanund—whose last experience of boating had rather sickened him of its pleasures—lay moored.

Keeping the paddle ready for steering, he let the stream, which here clung swift and smooth to the wall, take him with it; partly because he had no wish to be seen by any revellers in the palace. But the sight of the latter made him slip the paddle blade into the sliding water, and send the canoe swerving out for a better view.

It was wondrously beautiful seen from the river, with every line and curve of light reflected almost as clear as the reality. The sight held his attention, so that he was abreast of the bathing-steps ere he remembered his desire for secrecy; and, in his haste, the canoe—answering to his swift stroke—almost span round, bringing him, in an instant, within an ace of collision with the hard brick. As it was, he heard a faint grating sound.

"By Jove! that was a near shave," he muttered to himself.

Out of the darkness of the courtyard—for the unilluminated block of the palace rose between it and the white radiance—came a voice: "Is't thou? Hast brought the tool?—we must get the job done ere dawn. . . ." The rest was inaudible as the river sped him on.

What mischief were they up to? he wondered idly. Taking advantage, doubtless, of the absolute desertion of the courtyard, the entry to which had been blocked for the night, since the main door of the palace had been opened for the reception of the guests. Were they meddling with the padlock which Dering had put on the tampion which stopped the muzzle of the old gun? He must see to that in the morning!

He was now steering his way just on the edge of the shadow cast by the wall on the water, and in front of him jutted out a balcony smaller than the rest, and nearer the river. Those upper ones, he knew, were part of the chapel, but this . . . ? He looked at it narrowly, wondering if he had ever noticed it before, then let the paddle sink idly across the boat, and sat staring at what he saw.

Dering, of course! But the woman! Who on earth was she? A native? Hardly; and yet he did not remember seeing any one at the ball whose dress was in the least like this: even in the dark it glittered.

"Do you call that love?" came a voice echoing softly over the water. "I don't. When I love, I mean to give, not to take—and the more I give, the more I'll have to give; because, you see, love will come back—it must."

By all that was incomprehensible, Laila Bonaventura! and if there was any certainty in these shadows, Dering's arm

Phew! Lance knew his Shakespeare also; had, in fact, a curiously ingenuous and human acquaintance with even the exact words of the great master. So, as he drifted on, leaving those two in the balcony, a line drifted with him:

“She whom I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow.
The other did not so.”

He felt a righteous relief at the idea, for he was eminently virtuous. Poor old Vincent! This was better than the other. He paused doubtfully. Well, different people had different tastes! He, for instance, had never admired Mrs. Smith. And then Dering, good chap as he was, had, everybody knew, a touch of the tar-brush himself. Only a touch, still it made a difference; for one had to consider the children. For instance, when *he* married . . . Why a vision of a child's head he had once seen, far away in the north, covered with soft waving curls of sun-bright red-gold hair, chestnut—yes, chestnut hair—the very colour of that beast of a pony who boshed him at polo—should have come to him at that moment, he did not know; but he fled from it, bashful as any girl over her first fancy, and, bending forward, sent the canoe racing the foam bubbles on the swifter current with all the strength of his young arms.

That was the Mission-house, ending the long curve of the city, the Mission-house where *she* slept—the boat raced harder here—where she lived in the thick of it—God bless her! Here the boat slackened, partly because the spit was reached, and in the darkness—made visible by that soft white radiance behind him—he must not miss Am-ma's hut. Am-ma, who had dominion over wild duck, among other things in that munificent gift of the Creator to His own image,—Am-ma, who must come out and show those who had fallen from their high estate through civilisation, how to lure the birds to their death.

“Sweet is true Love, though given in vain,
And sweet is Death which puts an end to pain.”

The refrain came back in this connection, and Lance's voice as he sang it, if not musical, held a hint of something beyond the more maudlin expression-stop of the ordinary song-singer.

He need not, he told himself, have feared to overlook Am-ma's wigwam; for there, not far from the point of the spit, it stood all lit up; circled round closely with a row of little lights like those at the palace. Were the primitive folk down here aping their masters, and having a ball of their own? Smiling at the thought, he ran the canoe on shore and walked up to the reed hut. Then he saw that the circle of lights were broken by a dark patch. It was Am-ma himself, squatting on his heels. To one side of him, firmly fixed in the sand, was a freshly-killed crocodile's head, its jaws ingeniously distended by a thin cane to which a string was attached. By pulling this the dead mouth seemed to open and shut, as the pliant rattan bent under the strain, and sprang back again. In his other hand he held a bloody spear. Despite these fearful preparations, however, the first glimpse of an approaching figure set him, visibly, trembling with fright; until, on its coming nearer the lights, he sprang to his feet with a sudden blubbing shout of relief.

“I thought—this fool, this atom of dust thought—the *Huzoor* was the devil!” he explained, capering and chuckling to make much of the joke, now that the fear of its being a reality was over.

“The devil!” echoed Lance. “What the dickens should the devil come here for?”

Am-ma looked half grave, half important. Did not the *Huzoor* know, he



"By all that was Incomprehensible, Laila Bonaventura!"

explained, that when Life was coming into the world, all the demons in it wanted to get hold of the newborn thing? Hence the lights, hence the crocodile's head and the spear; also his own valiance. Hence also the impossibility of his accompanying the Presence after duck. If he, the father of the thing to be born,

was not there to fight the demons, what hope could there be for the son? And—here his quaint, broad, ugly face grew wistful—it must be a son, surely, this time! No!—he had no children—the demons had taken them all, every one; though he had left nothing undone, though he had sought out one medicine-man after another. What did it matter? he asked pathetically, if the charm were of one faith or another, if it brought a child? He had tried all: his own and everybody else's. But they all died; the children—girls and boys—died when they were born. The demon somehow slipped through the lights; the charm was not strong enough—that was all. So this time, when he had seen that the *Huzoors* had the *Dee-puk-râg*, the sign of kings—that they were, indeed, Light-bringers, as his people had been of old—he had sent for the *Miss-sahiba*, and she had come; she was there in the hut, even now, fighting the demons.

Lance gave a quick catch of his breath, and stood silent. Right over the miserable reed hut, clear against the violet of the moonless sky, rose those palaces of stars lit up for pleasure. It almost seemed to him that the slight breeze which was beginning to whisper of the dawn held in it the faint rhythm of a distant waltz.

And here, at his feet, was this hut, lit up for pain. He heard that also, in a faint moan, which sent a shiver through him: the shiver of one who finds himself bare of accustomed covering, out in the open, far from any shelter from the cold sky.

"Of course you can't come, Am-ma," he said, moving off. "Well, I hope the *Miss-sahiba* will—will keep the devil away: I—I expect she will!"

As he floated a little farther down stream, vaguely obeying the instructions which Am-ma, regretful for all his anxiety, had shouted after him, he told himself that if anybody could, she would. If a fellow married her, for instance . . .

He drew the canoe on to the sandbank Am-ma had spoken of somewhat sooner than his directions warranted, in order to stifle thought by action. And it needed every sense on the alert to tell, in the darkness, if one was keeping a fairly straight path. That scarcely audible "*lip-lip*" on the right meant that the water was close by, running an inch or two below a sheer yet crumbling edge of earth. That yielding softness on the left meant the ridge of dry sand. His way was between the two. Every now and again a watchful quack, a distant flutter, told him that the duck were not far off. And in the east the faintest lightening of the purple warned him he was none too soon; since the dawn in India comes quickly.

But this must be the place; a sort of bunker right at the end of the bank. Here, cuddling down almost luxuriously into loose, dry sand, still warm from yesterday's sun, he waited for that hint of light in the far east to grow strong enough for him to see.

It is always an experience to sit and wait for daylight, helpless, ignorant till it comes, of what lies close at hand. Lance Carlyon, crouching in that still-warm sand, felt a sudden forlornness, a sense of having parted with something. But almost on the heels of this came a sense of having found something, of strange, quick, new, yet familiar companionship. It seemed to him, as he watched that faint grey lightening in the far east, that he did so not as Lance Carlyon, but as an atom in the great, round, spinning world whose curved edge grew darker against the coming light.

He laid his gun beside him, and, kneeling in the soft, still-warm sand, rested his arms on the edge of the bunker, ears and eyes alert as any wild creature's. He could hear the soft rustle of feathers in the dark, the soft swish of the water

as something stirred in it, the soft sob with which an inch or two of that tiny unseen sand-cliff gave way to the stream, the softer gurgle, as of laughter, with which the water took its toll of earth.

So, thinking not at all, simply as a sand grain in the sand around him, the mystery, the certainty of dawn held him as it held all things.

The curved line of the world darkened, the shadow of it deepened as the grey of the sky grew tender as the eye of a mother watching her child asleep. But only for a space. Then the grey hardened, and a trumpet call from a whistling teal told that the great fight of dawn had come.

So, for another space, the Dark and the Light faced each other, waiting for that second trumpet call.

It came, borne on a faint rustle of wind, which crept over the edge of the world from the footsteps of the coming day. The shiver of it swept through the shadows; they broke into battalions to face the foe. So, into companies, till, as the red spear-points of the sun showed over the horizon, they rallied darkly, desperately, on each hint of rising ground, in each hint of sheltering hollow. Rallied in vain; for below the spear-points a glittering curve, as of a golden helmet, came resistless.

Then Lance Carlyon stood up hastily, gun in hand. But he was too late. The mystery of dawn had held him helpless, as it had held the birds; and now they, too, were freemen of the conquering day!

He fired a couple of shots after them, more as a salute to the victor than in any hope of slaughter; so, with a laugh, turned homewards.

The canoe shot against the stream gaily, but, as he neared the spit, a sudden desire to go home by land assailed him. Am-ma could take the boat back; there might be a chance of a snipe in that low-lying bit below the Mission-house; and . . .

He blushed, even in solitude, at his own moral turpitude. Why not tell the truth, to himself at least?

He found Am-ma, worn out by his night's anxiety, with his head between his knees, fast asleep; leaving the crocodile, at the agony point of an unending yawn, in sole charge of the little circle of flickering lights. Some of them had gone out, the rest looked trumpery in the growing blaze of day. But what matter? Since half an hour before Erda Shepherd had come out of the wigwam with a living child, wrapped quite daintily in an orthodox square of new flannel.

"It is a son, Am-ma, and I think it is very like you!" she had said, with a laugh at the wrinkled, wizened old face peering out at its new world.

But Am-ma had grovelled on the ground with tears and cries of blubbing joy. He had been right! The *Huzoors* were kings! They knew the *Dee-puk-râg*. They were the Light-bringers, the Life-bringers. He had never asked after his wife, but when Erda had gone inside again, he sat, and in his anxiety to keep the devil from those inside, had twitched away at his string so fiercely, that the crocodile's head lost its ferocity in what appeared to be a fit of laughter; until sleep, from sheer relief, overtaking the puller, the laugh had ended in that steady yawn.

Am-ma was on his feet alert in a second, however, at Lance's touch, like a wild beast.

"'Tis all right, *Huzoor*," he grinned broadly. "'Tis a son." Then once again the exuberance of his delight made him grovel in the sand at the feet of the Master.

"And the Miss-*sahiba*? Hath she gone?" asked Lance, blushing once more now that his own self-deception became impossible.

"Nay! she remains inside," asserted Am-ma. The look which he gave into the hut, however, proved him wrong. She must have gone out the other way while he slept, he confessed sheepishly; but there was nothing wrong. The devil had not won a way in; both mother and son were dozing peacefully.

Lance—his hope of walking back with Erda gone—felt inclined to take to the canoe again. Then a savage desire to kill something, at least, suggested the possibility of a snipe in the little swampy bit below the city wall, not far from the Mission-house; so, bidding Am-ma take the canoe up stream at his leisure, he walked off, feeling, for him, in a very bad temper.

He forgot his quarrel with fate, however, in a second, when, the bit of swamp reached, something buzzed up to fall slantwise like a stone: something which, on picking it up, he found to be the rare Sabine snipe, painted, absolutely beautiful in its delicate harmony of colour. And the luck did not come singly, for from behind a clump of tiger grass came Erda Shepherd, a trifle alarmed at the possibility of being shot if she did not show herself.

Lance walked up to her swiftly, the dead bird in his hand. "You must be awfully tired, being up all night," he began. He had a way of rushing things, Erda thought, which was disconcerting when one was anxious to keep on the surface.

"And you too, Mr. Carlyon," she interrupted. "Did you enjoy the ball?" She felt pleased at this able evasion.

"Who?—I? Oh! dear me, no," he replied absently; then he smiled. "I say, wasn't Am-ma pleased? He slobbered and blubbered with joy all over my boots; and yet"—he paused reflectively—"I don't think a little Am-ma could be a very pleasing object."

For the life of her she could not help a smile. "It was not," she confessed frankly; "in fact, I think it was the ugliest baby I ever saw. Poor little thing!" she added, in quick self-reproach. "Anyhow, it seemed beautiful to them: it is the first—the first that has lived, I mean." She pulled up short, wondering what possessed her to be so confidential with this strange young man.

"So Am-ma told me," said Lance. "He called you the Life-bringer. It is a nice name."

She fought against the tenderness in his tone. "And you are the Death-bringer," she retorted lightly, pointing to the painted beauty in his hand; "so you and I are at opposite poles, Mr. Carlyon."

He stood looking at her for a moment with a smile. "I don't know, Miss Shepherd. '*Death and Birth are the pivots of the Wheel of Life.*' I remember reading that in Sanskrit, when I went up for my Higher; for I've passed it, you know. I'm really not bad at languages when I try."

It was the first time she had ever heard him claim credit for anything; and the fact touched her more than she cared to own—touched her so closely, that she sought instantly for cover.

"I wish I were," she said, moving on; though, as she had known he would, he moved on also. "I'm afraid I shall find it a great trouble having to learn a new one."

"A new one!" he echoed quickly, in response to something in her voice. "Are you going to leave Eshwara—soon?"

She paused for a moment ere replying. "Sooner than I expected, Mr. Carlyon; most likely in a day or two. I don't know whether you have heard," she continued, looking him in the face, "but I am engaged to be married to my cousin—Dr. Campbell's son—David Campbell. He is a missionary, as I am,

and . . .” she hesitated. “He is at home—or was. We did not expect him back for two months, but he has had a good offer of a splendid place where there is any amount of work to be done. The letter telling us this came yesterday—by the same mail as—as he did. He is travelling up country now; and then . . .”

“And then?” said Lance quietly. With his gun over his shoulder, he looked what he was, a soldier; and since she began to speak, he had, insensibly, pulled himself together and fallen into a disciplined, ordered tread.

“My aunt wants the wedding to be from the mission station in the low hills where they go every summer,” went on the girl. She was trying not to look at her companion, not out of pity, but from dread of her own admiration. “So as David”—she felt better after the semi-appropriation of the Christian name—“is in a hurry to start, she thought of going there as soon as the camp leaves—in a day or two; so—so—we shall not see very much more of each other, Mr. Carlyon, shall we?”

He gave her his first look of reproach, being unable, in his absolutely honest humility, to conceive of the vague regret which forced her to the useless appeal.

“I—I hope you will be very happy,” he said quite simply. “Take care, please: that bit is boggier than you think.” For the second time in their short acquaintance she felt his hand, not as a friend’s, but as a helper, a protector. This time the blood left her face pale.

“I hope so, Mr. Carlyon,” she replied, and her hands clasped themselves tightly as if to hold some resolve. “It is what I have always hoped for—thought of.” Then suddenly she smiled at him almost appealingly. “I am a bit of a soldier too, you know: I love the fighting.”

“You are in the thick of it here, anyhow,” he interrupted, pausing.

They had climbed by a flight of steps through the city wall into the small courtyard on which the Mission-house, which had once been an outpost of the fort, opened on its inner side; the outer, with its wide overhanging verandah, forming part of the actual city wall. But the remainder of the courtyard was set round by a perfect congeries of small temples, each rearing its upright stone spire—the stone of Baal worship—about the central tank which occupied the middle of the square. It was quite a small tank, and absolutely dry; so that you could see the four or five worn stone steps which led down to the patch of earth, not six feet square, at the bottom. A dozen or more children, boys and girls of the streets, were playing a sort of hop-scotch on these steps, and, as Lance looked, one of them slipped and fell into that patch of earth. In a second the others had quitted their game, and fallen pell-mell too, struggling, kicking, shouting, screaming with laughter.

“Is it a game?” he asked, looking at his companion amused.

“Yes!” she said suddenly, her face stern as he had seen it that first time he met her. “It is the game of Life and Death. That is the Pool of Immortality, Mr. Carlyon! The pilgrims come here to bathe: there must be a secret siphon somewhere, for the water only comes when it is wanted. Three years ago the barriers put up to prevent accidents gave way—it was no one’s fault. The crowd got in; a man slipped—and—and—when the police managed to clear the crush, the tank was full up—with dead bodies. The children play at it now!”

But they had spied more amusement, and in another second were hanging round Erda’s skirts.

“Sing to us, Miss-*sahiba*—sing to us before you go in.”

She looked apologetically at Lance. “I generally do,” she began.

He raised his cap, almost obediently, with a brief "Certainly," and passed on; but as he left the court on his way to the fort, the first note of her voice made him turn, for a second, to look.

She was seated on the top step of the tank, the children grouped inquisitively round her, and she held her head high—almost defiantly.

"The Son of God goes forth to war, . . .
Who follows in His train?"

The words were distinctly audible, following him as he passed on, the gun on his shoulder, the dead bird in his hand, and something between blessing and cursing in his heart. But above and through all he seemed to hear a never-ceasing voice that said,

"The pivots of Life are Birth and Death—Death and Birth."

CHAPTER XI.

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS.

"HALF a moment, Dillon!" said the Commissioner abruptly, as the doctor, ushered in by a scarlet sin-stain of an orderly, entered the tent where the former was working. "I must attend to these gentlemen first."

These gentlemen were Dya Ram, Ramanund, and a third very different sort of person, obtrusively Hindoo in face, figure, attire.

The Commissioner's manner as he returned to the business in hand changed from careless familiarity to an elaborate courtesy.

"I quite understand, *pundit sahib*," he said in English to Ramanund, "that you are, as you say, actuated by no personal motive. A man of your attainments and culture can scarcely feel a keen interest in *jogi* Gorakh-nâth's—that is the name, I think—domicile in a gun-barrel!"

The sarcasm was lost on the hearer, who smiled, satisfied. "Quite so, sir," he replied; "it is merely, as my friend Dya Ram postulates, a question as to the legality——"

The Commissioner interrupted him suavely. "In that case it is a matter for the courts, surely."

"Unless your Honour should, as magistrate, act under section 418, providing for emergencies," began Dya Ram; whereat the official sat back in his chair resignedly.

"Of course," he answered, his brogue running riot, as it always did when he was contemptuous, "I have that power. But do ye really think, sir, that this present matter is of such paramount importance to the stability of the British Empire that I should be justified in running counter to the ordinary course of law and justice?" Here the futility of his own sarcasm seemed to come home to him, he paused to consult a file, and when he looked up again, he spoke in Hindustani—evidently for the benefit of the third party. "There is no record whatever," he said briefly, "of any previous claim to the gun. It has been worshipped, of course, but that is a different matter. The military power has no intention of interfering with this habit. I may add that a counter petition, praying me not to allow appeal, on the ground that this *jogi* is a man of ill fame and a public nuisance, has been filed by the *mohunt* (guardian of shrines) at the Pool of Immortality."

The obtrusively Hindoo figure, which had remained standing, though his

companions were seated, here folded his hands as if in prayer, leant forward, and began garrulously :—

“*Huzoor!* it is malice—malice of hereditary nature. They hope to gain money——”

“Exactly, *Mohunt jee* ; your money ! if the pilgrims haven’t the attraction of a live man in a gun close to your shrine, your trade will suffer,” interrupted the Commissioner, with brutal truth. “I am afraid I can do nothing. Of course,” he continued, reverting to English, “if you bring a suit to claim prescriptive right, you may” here his patience gave way finally—“But God bless my soul, gentlemen ! surely men like you have something better to do than bolster up your countrymen in a preposterous business like this ?”

“Pardon me, sir,” protested Dya Ram litigiously, “but if it is prescriptive right, vested in citizens, then——”

“Then, sir,” interrupted the stern, high voice, “the British Empire will have no choice but to allow *jogi* Gorakh-nâth to be a son of a gun till the day of his death ! So good morning to you ; unless”——here the suavity returned in full force——“there is any other subject you wish to bring forward ?”

There was not, apparently ; and, as the trio were ushered out, the Commissioner sat still farther back in his chair, tilting it with his feet against the table, and ran his fingers through his hair in an exasperated fashion.

“’Pon my soul ! it’s inconceivable,” he said ; then, reaching forward, took up a newspaper that was lying on the table and began to read :—

“If we are asked what we—the educated natives of India—claim, we reply boldly : all things that Englishmen of equal culture possess by right of birth. We refuse flatly to be lumped in with the crass ignorance of our fellow-countrymen who have, alas ! not yet risen to a pitch of desiring that liberty of which John Stuart Mill speaks in such glowing terms in his valuable pamphlet.”

“Hark to that, now !” he commented, flinging the paper back : “that’s Mr. Dya Ram’s last, and it goes on, as per usual, to abuse. They asked me to put a name to it, and I’ve just been telling the confidential department that, barring a horrible misuse of synonym, there’s no sedition, no harm in it whatever ! And there isn’t, Dillon. The son-of-a-gun business is ten times as dangerous. Dering’s within his rights, but I wish to blazes he’d left the brute alone ;—or he might have put a blank cartridge in, and fired a salute by mistake when Gorakh-nâth was inside ! But ye can’t keep the military in subjection. The department’s aimin’ at a fight, and small blame to it ! I’m spoilin’ for one myself, this instant moment ; so come along, doctor, an’ let me hear what your criminals have to say,—there’s a pretty sheaf of complaints for ye, ye hard-hearted, murderin’ slave-driver !”

He took up a bulky file of papers, as he spoke, and passed them to an orderly in exchange for his hat, which the man held ready.

“Yes ! it’s pretty good,” assented the doctor placidly, as, keeping step, the two passed out of the tent, so down the palm avenue towards the jail, which the Commissioner was going to inspect. “It comes of their being idle. Wait till I get them digging again. I’ll work the mischief out of them. When are we going on ; and where ?”

His companion shook his head. “Can’t get an answer out of the Public Works. Is there anything you would like done, meanwhile ?”

Dr. Dillon laughed sardonically : “Pretty considerable rather ! Only it would take

months to get sanction. But, if you pass it, Smith says he could put a wire on from the fort easily in a day. It would save sending by road if there was trouble, and the great thing is to hit back as quick as you can. The Mutiny taught us that."

"Aye," said the Commissioner, musingly, "that's the straight tip, and that's why steam and electricity rule India. One can be ready without letting people know. If that had been the case in the Mutiny . . ." he shrugged his shoulders, then went on: "These things come so easily; a touch starts them; but you mustn't show that you know it. Still, if you thought there would be any difficulty—I mean if you mightn't be able to hold your own till they came from the fort—we might make some excuse for quartering a troop closer."

Dr. Dillon shook his head. "It isn't worth it. I believe myself they'll settle down when that big brute Gopi, I told you about, gets his ticket to-morrow. If I didn't want to get rid of him I'd put him in cells for six weeks. And there's a warder too—or perhaps more. But there's no fear. I could hold the whole 'biz' myself, till the brutes managed to get off their leg-irons, and as I keep every tool *extra-mural*, I don't believe there's a bit of iron within the walls—except the shackles themselves. So I should have an hour or two, anyhow."

"Now here you are," he continued, with pardonable pride, as they passed under the mud archway which led into the jail—a long archway with a massive door at either end, tunnelling a square block of flat-roofed building. "You'll find everything spick-and-span, I can tell you, for I've been making the beggars polish their own leg-irons, so as to keep 'em a bit busy!"

It was, indeed, spick-and-span, as only an Indian jail can be, where everything, including the prisoners' beds, is freshly mud-plastered every week. Spick-and-span in a mere monotony of mud and lack of colour. The prisoners, fifteen hundred of them or more, stood in four long, straight rows, naked save for their waistcloths and the eared caps on their shaven heads; their blankets, folded to a small square under their feet, giving them a strangely wooden appearance; as if they stood on stands like the figures in Noah's Ark.

A couple of policemen fell out and drew their truncheons to walk close behind the Commissioner; but Dr. Dillon waved his pair back.

"Never show you expect anything," he said laconically, "and as I've always refused a guard, I can't take one now."

Nor was there any apparent need for one. Some faces scowled at him, but most were occupied with the Commissioner, who, when a prisoner raised his hand, paused to take the written petition which nine times out of ten was ready for presentation.

"There must be a good many warders in it," remarked the Commissioner dryly, and the doctor nodded.

"Now there's only the hospital," said the latter, when the solitary cells had been inspected, the cook-room interviewed, and the dinner to come, tasted. "It won't take you long. There was only one case in this morning."

But as they entered the long, open ward, like a cloister, mud-plastered as all else, but with iron beds looking strangely at variance with their surroundings, two of these were occupied, and, at one, a hospital dresser was standing with a somewhat scared expression.

Dr. Dillon gave a hasty exclamation as he stepped up to the bed and looked at the sick man.

"When did he come in?" he asked briefly.

"Ten minutes ago, *Huzoor*; the *baboo* hath given him——"

"Never mind what he has given him," interrupted the doctor, holding up his

hand in warning ; "go on with it, and tell the *baboo-sahib* to come to me for orders—at once. Now then, sir, that's all—and a bit too much too," he added in a lower voice as they passed out together, "for it's a case of cholera."

The Commissioner looked grave. "That will complicate matters, won't it?"

"Can't say. You never can tell. They may take it as a dispensation—or there may never be another case. That fellow's done for anyhow—he'll be dead in an hour."

"That's quick, isn't it?" asked his companion calmly.

"Rather. I've seen a man go out in ten minutes, though. The worst of it is," he added with a frown, "if there really is some conspiracy at the bottom of the discontent, it is as likely as not the devils who are working it may take advantage of this—I don't mean of this death—that goes without saying. But when cholera is about, poison is hard to detect, and even if I stamp out the *disease*—which I mean to do—they may simulate it." He bit at his thumbnail viciously as he strode on, thinking and muttering. "By God," he murmured, "if I could catch 'em at it!—However," he added aloud, "it's no good fussing. If the thing comes, it comes—and I've kept you here too long as it is, sir. Do you know it's close on half-past ten?"

"Be jabbers!" exclaimed the Commissioner. "Only twenty minutes to bathe, shave, breakfast, and put on me gold lace continuations. Well, ta ta!—I'll see you at the show, of course?"

Dr. Dillon looked puzzled for an instant—the puzzlement of a man whose thoughts are recalled from afar. "The show? Oh yes! I was forgetting. Rather, sir: why, it is as much my canal as Smith's; for we've done every inch of it together; besides, I have got to drive his wife down."

"Where the deuce is Dering?" asked the Commissioner quite ingenuously; but George Dillon flushed up. It was visible even under his leather-like tan.

"I really can't say, sir: otherwise engaged, I presume."

His elder turned to him surprised, yet with instant apology. "I'm sorry; I shouldn't have said it; but I really meant nothing."

Dr. Dillon gave a dry, sardonic laugh. "Oh! it is all right, sir; I quite believe you didn't. Nobody does mean anything in that sort of connection. It's left for the doctors to face facts as they are really; and then you call us brutal." He turned back, as he spoke, to the hospital.

Half an hour afterwards, however, having in the interim provided for every contingency he could foresee, including the bare possibility of his carrying infection, he appeared in Mrs. Smith's drawing-room, looking, for him, quite smart and spruce; since—as he had said—this end to three years' work was an event in his life also.

He found her, dressed to her daintiest, in a rocking-chair; and as he entered, his quick, trained ear took in the petulance of the recurring push of one daintily-shod foot. The room was darkened and full of the scent of flowers. It was a familiar room to him, yet he never entered it without a glad recognition of the extreme feminine refinement shown in its every detail; for its mistress was one of those women whose fragility comes, less from physical delicacy than from sensitiveness of mind.

She was leaning back in her chair listlessly; yet the white ringed hands, which clasped the fair curls on her forehead, showed an almost passionate strain of muscle.

"I believe you'll have to go without me," she said as he approached: "I've such a racking headache. I don't believe I can face it—I'm sure I can't."

He passed on to her side, and laid his hand on one of hers for an instant,



"A note had slipped from her lap to the floor."

while his quick eye took in the details around him. A note had slipped from her lap to the floor. It lay face up, and the words "Dear Mrs. Smith, so sorry——" showed in Vincent Dering's writing. So, not content with the message of excuse sent her by the offender through him, she must have written! That was a dangerous development of the situation. He stood looking down at her indulgently, as he might on a fractious child who did not understand. And she did not—poor soul!

"You're nervous," he said: "let me give you half a whiskey-and-soda before we start. It'll make you all right."

"Nervous!" she echoed irritably, her foot setting her chair aswing to match her tone. "I'm never nervous—you know that is not one of my failings, is it?"

"No," he replied, "but you are a bundle of nerves for all that. You wouldn't be the woman you are, if you weren't. And you are nervous at this moment: nervous, despondent; out of heart. Come, make an effort!"

She gave a petulant little giggle of impatience. "You speak as if I were a Mrs. Dombey; but I'm not that sort. Besides, it killed her. I am not coming. It doesn't really matter, you know: nobody will miss me—it will be all right."

George Dillon, watching her, felt sorry, for once, at the correctness of his own diagnosis. He knew her, or thought he knew her, so well that it seemed imperative to give her a hint of the reality. The danger of a final *éclaircissement* with Captain Dering seemed imminent, and the shock of it might lead to anything, if the knowledge of her own weakness came to her in the presence of the man she had cheated herself into calling a friend.

"Your husband would. It is a great day for him," he said, laying his dexterous surgeon's hand full on the raw. As he expected, the answer came passionately, and gave him an opening.

"He? Oh! he is quite happy as it is! He wouldn't miss me a bit. Why should he?—I am not complaining, mind you—but why should he?—he has interests enough without me."

Dr. Dillon deliberately sought for the nearest chair, drew it close, and sat down beside his patient in professional fashion, his eyes on her face, his hands on his knees.

"My dear lady," he said, "don't talk—excuse me—rubbish. Try and remember what women are always forgetting—that they *are* women, and that while Eve swallowed her portion of the fatal apple, his stuck—thank God for it!—in Adam's throat."

She ceased her rocking, to sit and stare at him with a growing resentment, which belied the words that came at last, almost sullenly: "I don't understand what you mean in the very least. What has Eve's apple to do with—my headache?"

"A very great deal," he answered coolly, "and with more than your headache, which, by-the-bye, is only a symptom, not a cause. The real evil is—is something different. If you do not understand—though I think you do a little . . ." she shook her head—"I can only repeat my advice about the whiskey-and-soda; for I cannot explain to you crudely what I mean."

She interrupted him angrily. "You have no right to hint at things you dare not say."

Her very indignation betrayed her, and he smiled kindly. "Perhaps not," he said. Then he paused, hesitated, finally leant nearer, with a look of resolve in his queer, intelligent face.

"But I will tell you what I can do. I can sacrifice my self-respect, and tell you a bit of my personal history, which I never meant you to know, but which may help to cure—your headache."

His voice, usually so dry, had a softness in it, though he went on without the faintest emotion.

"Mrs. Smith, I have done myself the honour, for nearly three years, of considering you as near perfection as a woman can be. Allow me to finish, please! I have done more. I have been, as the phrase runs, in love with my ideal of perfection; but I think you will admit that I have never allowed my feelings to give you, myself, or any one else a—shall we say—a nervous headache? Now, after that, don't you think we had better start?"

He rose in quite a matter-of-fact way, took up his hat, and waited for her answer.

He had to wait some time, while the petulance of her renewed rocking ceased gradually in a determined rhythm, and he felt his courage going down to his boots. It was heroic treatment, but she was a healthy subject, and her anger would pass. Anything was better than letting her perfection suffer.

The even creak of the rocker ended at last, and she rose, as he had risen, calmly, and faced him.

"I quite understand *now* what you meant, Dr. Dillon," she said freezingly, "and why you did not care to explain. I shall, of course, never be able to forgive you for daring to dream such a thing possible, but——"

"But," he interrupted, without a quiver, "you will take that half whiskey-and-soda. Here! *quí-hi!* *Whiskey sharáb belátee pâni l'ò juldí; men sahíba jâta hai.*" (Bring whiskey-and-soda; the *mem* is going.)

Perhaps the command of that assertion helped her to a decision. At any rate, she did not countermand it, but spent the rather awkward pause, which inevitably ensued, in a perfect field day of her hat-pins among her curls and veil. Whereat George Dillon, despite a certain bruised feeling, smiled, telling himself she was a true woman.

Nevertheless when, as she was stepping into the dog-cart, his friendly help came

necessarily to the fore again, she reverted to her dignified resentment. "I ought," she said stiffly, "to have thanked you for—for your good opinion of me, and your evident desire to be kind. I do so now. But I fear it will be quite impossible for me to forget or forgive the delusion."

"That is quite a minor matter," he put in gleefully. "Now, cheer up, Bacilla, you brute, or we shall be late" (Bacilla being his term of abuse for a pony which required a little stick).

They were only just in time; no more. Five minutes after they had joined the company gathered on the red brick masonry of the canal head, under a canopy of waving garlands and gay bunting—with that inevitable British flag as the centre of all—the small man with the big star on his breast took a step forward, raised a handle, and, as the first drops of water trickled through a sluice, declared—in a violent Scotch accent—"that the Victoria, Kaiser-i-Hind" Canal was open. So—keeping time, as it were, slowly, majestically to those (also inevitable) strains of "God save the Queen," the outer flood-gates swung back, allowing the river to have permanent possession—during good behaviour—of the walled basin between them and the inner ones. Thus slowly, with a gurgling of water seeking its level, the surface rose, till the half-open sluices in the second gates were reached, and a thin curve tipped over, to fall with a splash, and send a tiny scout of a stream to find out what this new straight road might mean. Only a tiny scout, since the earthworks beyond had to be accustomed by degrees to their new tenant.

Still, the new way was open, and the current of the river hesitated in the old one.

"Bravo! Smith," cried George Dillon, coming round when the cheering and general congratulations were over, to slap his colleague on the back, metaphorically and actually: "we've done that; and now, perhaps, old man, you'll have time for other things."

"Yes!" assented the tall, gaunt man, dreamily. "Now I shall have time to settle that point about the search-light."

"The what?"

"Search-light. There's been a correspondence in the *Engineer* about it; and as I've all the electric plant here, lying useless now the show's over—until it's wanted for something else, of course—I am going to see if I can't overcome their difficulty in concentrating all the power on a sufficiently narrow area. I believe I know how to do it."

George Dillon looked at him with fierce, humorous exasperation. "Believe!" he echoed. "I know you can! You are the most intolerably circumscribed, self-concentrated, narrow-minded machine of a man I ever came across, heaven help you!"

As he drove Mrs. Smith home again it was his turn to sit mumchance, until, womanlike, she relented faintly, and exaggerating her own powers, trusted she had not been, etc., though, of course, etc.

"Not in the least, thank you," he replied. "I was only meditating if I should tell you that I think Eugene has softening of the brain."

"Softening of the brain!" she echoed, horrified. "Oh, Doctor, do you think it's that?"

"Well, it isn't softening of the heart, anyhow," he said grimly. "But I'm not joking. If some one doesn't get a hold on some portion of that man—I don't care what it is—heart, brain, stomach, anything—and prevent him from killing himself with work, India will lose her best engineer. What he wants is some one to—give him a nervous headache!"

"We will leave that subject alone, please," she said loftily. But when her

husband joined them in the verandah, she went over ostentatiously to him, and pinned a carnation in his buttonhole, hoping he would like it better than the rose she gave him the day before, which—this was in a louder tone for the doctor's benefit—he had forgotten to put in.

"Did I, my dear?" replied her spouse. "Oh, yes! I remember you put it in my minim-glass, because I was working in my shirt sleeves. Then I wanted the glass. So it got withered, and the head snapped off."

Dr. Dillon laughed—his usual dry laugh. "That is one of the many tragedies which come from the delusion all women have that flowers can't be out of place."

FLORA A. STEEL.

(To be continued.)

THE SHELL.

FROM o'er the sea it came to me
Blush tinted as the dawning day,
It brimmed with murmured melody,
In chords of billow, breeze, and spray,
And whispered echoes ceaselessly
From sun-girt oceans far away.

Dream tales it wove of Faerie cove
And cavern in the deep sea-dell,
Where, ambushed by the coral grove,
The mermaids and the mermen dwell,
And hunt the reckless dolphin drove
Beneath the long Pacific swell.

Ah, well it knew the phantom crew
That ever beat against the breeze
With lagging keel to groove the blue
Of deep, unfathomed, chartless seas,
Or sought within the dark bayou
The hidden hoards of centuries.

Oh, it could speak of crag and peak
Uplift above the climbing tides,
Of still lagoon and tropic creek
Wherein the alligator hides,
Or those clear depths the divers seek,
And where the pearling galley rides.

And now within the city din
Its spell is o'er the aching jar;
The roaring street finds echo in
The songs of Southern seas afar,
The voice of wanton waves that win
The ramparts of the coral bar.

FRANK SAVILE

Must be Decided on that Day.

Quite an egg every minute will seem

Sixteenth only One Pound.



Forsooth, my dear girl, heaven calls me away.
And that is a summons a bar must obey;
'Tis the glory of Britain I go to maintain,
But with victory crown'd, I will meet you again.



In pursuit of the foe the brave hero departs;
And who will in the wrong of our British hearts
To oppose British courage is always in vain,
For the male will rule as the Queen of the Main.



She's boarded, and see the fierce carnage begun,
And many more laurels their prowess shall gain,
While the standard of Britain flies over the main,
But soon by our arms is the victory won.



Safely anchor'd *afloat*, with money galore,
His luck in the Lott're he tries:
Fortune smiles on his pains, now he's counting his
In the shape of a Capital Prize.

in the shape of a Capital Prize. [gains,

Year	1955	1956	1957	1958	1959	1960	1961	1962	1963	1964	1965	1966	1967	1968	1969	1970	1971	1972	1973	1974	1975	1976	1977	1978	1979	1980	1981	1982	1983	1984	1985	1986	1987	1988	1989	1990	1991	1992	1993	1994	1995	1996	1997	1998	1999	2000	2001	2002	2003	2004	2005	2006	2007	2008	2009	2010	2011	2012	2013	2014	2015	2016	2017	2018	2019	2020	2021	2022	2023	2024	2025	2026	2027	2028	2029	2030	2031	2032	2033	2034	2035	2036	2037	2038	2039	2040	2041	2042	2043	2044	2045	2046	2047	2048	2049	2050	2051	2052	2053	2054	2055	2056	2057	2058	2059	2060	2061	2062	2063	2064	2065	2066	2067	2068	2069	2070	2071	2072	2073	2074	2075	2076	2077	2078	2079	2080	2081	2082	2083	2084	2085	2086	2087	2088	2089	2090	2091	2092	2093	2094	2095	2096	2097	2098	2099	2100
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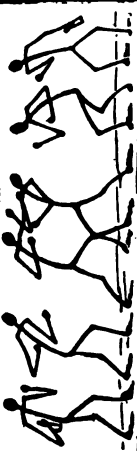
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Introduction

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LOTTERIES, LUCK, CHANCE, AND GAMBLING SYSTEMS.

PART III.—CHANCE.

IN Parts I. and II. of this article we had an account of the State Lotteries of this country, and a proof of the existence of Luck—and of lucky persons.

These two parts contained facsimiles of some of the more curious specimens in my collection of original lottery tickets and lottery advertisement bills, and this selection of these tangible evidences of our lotteries is continued on these pages. These lottery notices have nowadays an intrinsic interest, and they also show to us some of the ingenious devices by which in the early years of this century the keepers of the lottery offices tempted the public to buy tickets in our State lotteries. I will leave these lottery relics to speak for themselves, as I have now to deal with

some of the curious problems supplied to us by Chance—by the calculation of “the odds” in favour of this or that event happening.

In Part I. was mentioned a very simple instance of the usual ignorance of people in the calculation of probabilities—an instance where an acute stockbroker confidently asserted to me that the odds are two to one against head coming twice if a coin be tossed twice—the true odds being three to one. Here is an extract from a newspaper published February 12th, 1898:—“Evens are offered against Cambridge winning either the Boat-race or Sports.”

We may safely assume that the newspaper-words “Winning either the Boat-race or Sports” include the chance of Cambridge winning *both* of these events; and, on this assumption, what are the odds against Cambridge winning the Boat-race, assuming that the chance of Cambridge winning



the Boat-race is equal to the chance of Cambridge winning the Sports?

Clearly, if the odds are even [*i.e.* if the betting is £1 to £1] against Cambridge winning at least one of the three events—the Boat-race, the Sports, or both the Boat-race and the Sports, Cambridge must be considered weaker than Oxford;

for if Cambridge win any one of these three events [two single events and one double event] then the backer of Cambridge in the bet just quoted wins his money. The only case in which the backer of Cambridge can lose his money is if Cambridge lose both the Boat-race and the Sports. Omitting the complication of a tie in the Sports, or a dead-heat in the Race, the results which enter into this bet are four in number, as follows:—

- I. Cambridge wins the Boat-race and wins the Sports.
- II. Cambridge wins the Boat-race and loses the Sports.
- III. Cambridge loses the Boat-race and wins the Sports.
- IV. Cambridge loses the Boat-race and loses the Sports.


The backer of Cambridge wins his £1 if any one of the results I, II, III

happen: and he loses his £1 if result IV happens. Therefore, the combined chances of results I, II, III happening must be equal to the chance of result IV happening; *i.e.* the combined chances of results I, II, III must equal $\frac{1}{2}$, and the chance of result IV happening must equal $\frac{1}{2}$ —all four together adding up to unity, or certainty. The chance of result IV happening is made up of two independent events, and we have assumed, for convenience, that the chances of both of the two independent events which make up result IV are equal. This being so, we have to find out what chance, if multiplied by itself, will be equal to $\frac{1}{2}$, for the chance of two independent events happening is represented by the product of their respective chances of happening. Thus, in order to reply to our question, we have to find the square root of $\frac{1}{2}$. This is $\cdot 7071$, and $\cdot 7071$ multiplied by $\cdot 7071$ is equal to $\frac{1}{2}$. Therefore we now know that the chance of result IV happening is $\cdot 7071$ multiplied by $\cdot 7071$; *i.e.* that the chance of Cambridge losing the Boat-race


S I G N S
To be well observed before the
21st of JANUARY,

Showing the Wonders that may be performed on that Day by the Purchase of a Ticket or Share in the present popular Lottery, which consists of only 12,000 Tickets, containing 2 Prizes of 20,000 Guineas, and upwards of 40 other Capitals, all in Sterling Money (No Stock Prices). Begins Drawing JANUARY 21, 1817.


BY A WHOLE TICKET YOU MAY
build set up and become




BY AN HALF YOU MAY
retire into buy and be the of




BY A QUARTER YOU MAY
become of the and after provide for those



BY AN EIGHTH YOU MAY
portion off in provide for or secure a in



BY A SIXTEENTH YOU MAY
set up buy or advance in if in you may be



BY A WHOLE TICKET you may build a mansion, set up a carriage, and become Member of Parliament.

BY AN HALF you may retire into the country, buy a farm, and be the squire of the village.

BY A QUARTER you may become independent of the world, and after death provide for those you love.

BY AN EIGHTH you may portion off a Daughter in marriage, provide for a Son, or secure a support in old age.

BY A SIXTEENTH you may set up in business, buy a commission in the army, or advance in the church: if in distress you may be relieved, if in affluence you may do a thousand good and charitable actions.

(Whitting, Printer, Tinsbury Place.)

is '7071, and that the chance of Cambridge losing the Sports is '7071. Thus the chance of Cambridge winning the Boat-race is unity *minus* '7071, say '3, and the chance of Oxford winning the Boat-race is say '7, which two chances give us the odds of 7 to 3 against Cambridge winning the Boat-race, or odds of not quite $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 1.

This is the reply to our question, arising out of the newspaper statement already quoted, and we can check the accuracy of this reply by repeating the four possible results, with the chance of each one happening appended to it:—

<i>Nature of event.</i>	<i>Chance of event happening.</i>
I. Cambridge wins the Boat-race [$\frac{7}{10}$] and wins the Sports [$\frac{7}{10}$].	$\frac{1}{100}$
II. Cambridge wins the Boat-race [$\frac{7}{10}$] and loses the Sports [$\frac{1}{10}$].	$\frac{1}{100}$
III. Cambridge loses the Boat-race [$\frac{1}{10}$] and wins the Sports [$\frac{7}{10}$].	$\frac{1}{100}$
IV. Cambridge loses the Boat-race [$\frac{1}{10}$] and loses the Sports [$\frac{1}{10}$].	$\frac{1}{100}$
Total of Events I to IV.	$\frac{4}{100}$ or unity.



IF YOU DESIRE



of a sh lay



Go to BISH, 4, Cornhill, or 9, Charing-Cross, London, or his Agents in the Country, and buy a Ticket or Share in the present grand Lottery, containing Three Prizes of £20,000, and 6,711 other Prizes! All Sterling Money!—Not Two Blanks to a Prize!—No Stock Prizes!—No Classes!—Every Ticket drawn singly!—£20,000 Money for the First-drawn Prize on the First Day,

The 30th of OCTOBER.

EXPLANATION.—Time is on the Wing! and if you desire wealth, or if you wish to lay by a fortune for your children, go to BISH, &c.



Mrs. B.—WHY, DENNIS BAULRUDDERY, surely you're mad! Are these times, I wonder, to laugh and be glad? I suppose that, as usual, you've been in the cellar, And, boast as you are, with the ale have got mellow

Dennis.—Be quiet now, Mistress BAULRUDDERY, dear. And let me just whisper a word in your ear: Be airy, my darling, and open your eyes; Don't you see I've got hold of a Capital Prize!

We see that the backer of Cambridge, in the bet quoted, has on his side 51 chances out of the 100 [$9 + 21 + 21$], and 49 chances out of the 100 against him. This is practically 50 to 50, or even betting, and the difference of one point (between 51 and 50, and between 49 and 50) is due to the fact that, for convenience, we have here written the chances as being $\frac{3}{10}$ and $\frac{7}{10}$ respectively, instead of the correct figures '2929 and '7071 respectively. Therefore the chance of IV happening is, accurately, $\frac{5}{100}$, and each of the three others, I, II, III, is a shade less than the chance here-written.

One gets other results, in addition to the reply to our question, from this little statement. For example,

we see that the chance of Oxford winning the Boat-race and the Sports is $\frac{1}{100}$ (see IV) as compared with Cambridge's chance of winning the Boat-race and the Sports, which is only $\frac{1}{100}$ (see I). Thus the odds for a bet on this status should be 50 to 9 against Cambridge, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 1.

I do not know whether betting men study the calculation of chances, but they certainly ought to. Not only would such study be valuable to them as mental gymnastics, but it would show them how to make profitable bets, and conversely it would show the more foolish backers how to avoid unprofitable bets.

Let us take another simple piece of betting, and find out what are the odds against head turning up exactly once, and only once, when six coins are thrown into the air and allowed to fall on the ground? The haphazard reply will probably be "six to one," or perhaps "five to one." But the true odds are nearly *ten to one* against one coin, and one only, turning up head when six coins are tossed. This can be reasoned out thus; and in order that the meaning may be quite clear, we will suppose that each of the six coins is numbered, the numbers written on them being 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6:—

The chance that coin No. 1 turns up head is $\frac{1}{2}$, and the chance that the other five turn up tail is $\frac{1}{2}$ for each of them. Therefore the chance that No. 1 coin turns up head and all the five others tail, is $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ —viz., $\frac{1}{64}$.

And there will also be a $\frac{1}{64}$ th chance that coin No. 2 should alone turn up head, that coin No. 3 should alone turn up head, etc., etc.; so that the combined chances of

one of these six coins turning up head, all the five others being tails, is obviously six times $\frac{1}{64}$ th, or $\frac{6}{64}$ ths. Therefore the odds are 58 to 6, or nearly *ten to one*, against one coin, and one coin only, turning up head when six coins are tossed.



My Lord—and Gemmen of the Jury—
A glorious brief this I assure ye:
It tells me here—I crave attention—
That BISH announces his intention
To compliment us with a bonus
(To ease of gratitude the onus)
Port Wine—Old Wine—Pipes Sixty Four
(Choose where you will from any store;)
Besides the splendid Money Prizes:
Munificence like this surprises.
Take my advice: to crown your wishes,
Go scramble for the leaves and fishes.

NEW STATE LOTTERY

October 19th

The Reader is respectfully informed, that the Present State Lottery contains Five Prizes of Twenty Thousand Pounds, besides other Capitals and inferior Prizes, amounting to **Two Hundred Thousand Pounds**; the whole of which will be distributed to the Public on the 19th of Next Month; Tickets and Shares which are much cheaper than last Lottery, are selling in great variety at the fortunate Offices of

L 200,000

SWIFT and Co.
No. 11, Soulay;
No. 12, Charing Cross; &
No. 31, Aldgate High Street.

If you take five shillings and one sovereign and toss the six coins into the air, what are the odds against the sovereign, and the sovereign only, turning up head? Clearly, the reply to this is given in the reply to the question just answered—viz., 63 to 1 are the odds, for the chance of the sovereign turning up head is $\frac{1}{2}$ and the chance of the five shillings turning up tail is $\frac{1}{2}$ for each of them, so that the chance of winning this bet is:—

$$\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{64};$$

or odds of 63 to 1.

Similarly, if a sovereign and two shillings be tossed, the odds are 7 to 1 against the sovereign turning up head and the two shillings turning up tail.

Here is a little betting problem not quite so simple as it looks. Put four coins into a hat, shake them, and turn them out on the table. What is the chance of exactly two of the coins being head? An even chance—most people will say at once—the betting is £1 to £1, for or against this event happening. But this is not the case, and I proceed to show that persons who may back their opinion that the odds are even in this bet about head turning up exactly twice out of four coins will lose money—if they back the heads.



The four coins can be turned out of the hat on to the table to produce five different results, and only five, thus:—

<i>Nature of result.</i>	<i>Number of ways in which each result can happen.</i>
I. Four heads and no tail	1 way.
II. Three heads and one tail	4 ways.
III. Two heads and two tails	6 ways.
IV. One head and three tails	4 ways.
V. No head and four tails	1 way.
Total	<u>16</u> ways.

But all these five results are *not equally likely to happen*, as will be seen by looking at the number of ways (stated above) in which each of the five results can happen. As regards these “ways” in which each of the five results may

happen, it is obvious that results I and V can happen in only one way each, viz, by all the four coins turning up head, or by their turning up tail. As regards result II, as any one of the four coins may be the *one tail*, it is clear that there are four ways in which result II may happen, and the same reasoning applies to result IV. As regards result III, the one that now mainly concerns us, we see that as any two of the four coins may be the two heads, there are six ways in which result III may happen.

To make this point quite clear, imagine that the coins are marked in pencil A, B, C, D; then we can make up our two heads thus:—

A and B.
A and C.
A and D.

B and C.
B and D.
C and D.

That is, we can get the result III, two heads, in six different ways.

As there are sixteen different ways in which results I to V can be got out of the hat, and as only six of these sixteen will give us exactly two heads, the chance of exactly two heads turning up out of the four coins is $\frac{6}{16}$, or odds of 10 to 6 (nearly 2 to 1) against exactly two heads turning up, which are very different odds from the even betting chance that at the first glance this simple problem seemed to give.

Other chances that are given by the five results, I to V, just mentioned, are:—

If the four coins be tossed,

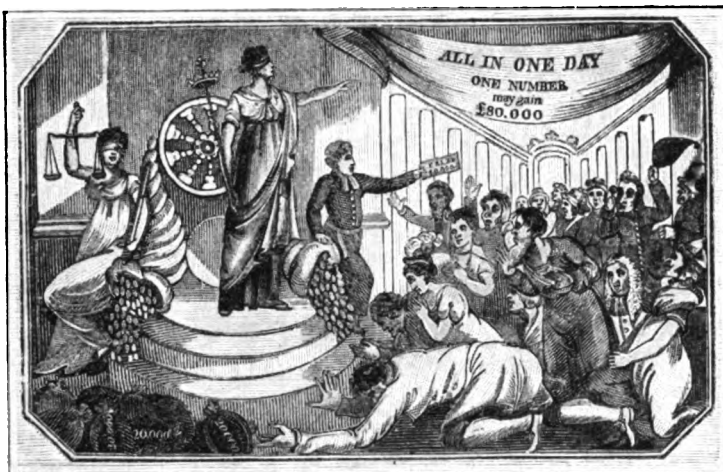
as in our problem just decided, the odds against four heads turning up are 15 to 1, and similarly for four tails; the odds against all the four coins turning up alike (*i.e.* all heads or all tails) are 7 to 1, for this event has two chances out of the total sixteen—see results

I and V, a little way back. The chance of the four coins turning up three alike and one different (*i.e.* three heads and one tail, or three tails and one head) is exactly half, or even betting, for we combine the chances of results II and IV, so getting eight chances out of the total sixteen.

I made an experiment with this four-coin game: the results may be interesting as showing the approximation of actuality to theory, in even so small a number of trials as forty-eight, the number of trials I made:—

Nature of result.	Number of times for each result to occur in 48 trials.	
	(By theory.)	(By experiment.)
I. Four heads and no tail .	3	2
II. Three heads and one tail .	12	10
III. Two heads and two tails .	18	21
IV. One head and three tails .	12	13
V. No head and four tails .	3	2
Total	48	48

The results by experiment were obtained by putting four coins into an empty tobacco-tin, shaking them, and turning out the coins. Although I made only the small number of forty-eight trials, we see that the results by experiment are in fairly close agreement with the results by theory; and if one were to extend the number of actual trials to a much larger number than forty-eight, the degree of approximation of experiment to theory would be relatively much closer than is here shown.



Proclamation

To all to whom these Presents shall come, greeting.

WHEREAS it hath been made known and represented to us, that divers of our trusty and well-beloved Subjects, owing to the peculiar difficulties of the times and sundry other causes, have not so fully and freely participated in the good things of the world as they have heretofore been wont to do and deserve.

Now it being our most earnest wish and desire that all classes of our loving Subjects should have the opportunity of acquiring independence, and as a much-to-be-commended and well-devised plan for that purpose, hath been humbly submitted and laid before us, We, by the advice and consent of our Privy Counsellors and Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in Parliament assembled, have decreed, and do decree, as follows, that is to say

That the said Scheme, or Plan, for bettering and improving the condition of our well-beloved Subjects, be made known in all parts of the United Kingdom, in order that no one may fail to avail himself of this desirable opportunity; or failing in such neglect, may have his own heedlessness, inattention and neglect, solely to blame.

And to this end we think it meet and fitting, to make known and declare, that such opportunity is presented to them, by their making speedy purchases in the present Lottery, which will be all drawn in One Day, the 14th of this present Month, (June) full particulars of which are annexed at foot of this our Royal Proclamation

Given at our Court, in the Month of May, 1821

(Signed)

FORTUNE.

Another very simple piece of chance is given by tossing a single coin three times. What is the chance (α) of head turning up at the second toss, and at the second only? and (β) of head turning up once, and once only, during the three tosses with this single coin?

The three tosses can be decided in eight different ways, thus :—

1. Head, head, head.
2. Head, head, tail.
3. Head, tail, tail.
4. Head, tail, head.
5. Tail, tail, tail.
6. Tail, tail, head.
7. Tail, head, head.
8. Tail, head, tail.

Of these eight results of three tosses of one coin, only one result (No. 8) gives head at the second toss and at the second only ; so that the answer to our question (α)

is, the chance is $\frac{1}{8}$ —*i.e.* the odds are 7 to 1 against head turning up at the second toss and only at the second toss, if a coin be tossed three times. These odds are considerably more, I fancy, than those which would usually be accepted by backers of the head in this bet.

As regards our question (β), head to turn up once, and once only, during the three tosses of a single coin, the odds are seen to be, from the statement just given, 5 to 3 against this event ; for we have in favour of this event, Nos. 3, 6, 8 of the eight

To-MORROW

TUESDAY, APRIL 12.

FOUR PRIZES OF £20.000

Besides 30 other Capitals, will be distributed to the fortunate Purchasers in the present Lottery. There is not a single Blank in the Scheme all are Prizes, and ALL will be decided To-Morrow.

REMEMBER the Good Luck that happened at Manchester in the very last Lottery. A Gentleman near Salford GAINED £30,000, by purchasing of one of the Agents in Manchester the Whole Ticket, No. 2,478!!!

And also Remember that, a few Lotteries ago, you allowed the Whole Ticket, No. 5,116, a Prize of £30,000, which was on Sale at Manchester, to be returned to London unsold. Had only a few more Tickets been bought, somebody in Manchester would have been Twenty Thousand Pounds richer.

LIVERPOOL

VERSUS

MANCHESTER

THIS great Game stands before the Tribunal of Fortune, as follows :—A Twenty Thousand Pound Prize was sold at each Town, in the very last Lottery, and although Liverpool returned a £20,000 Prize, yet Manchester sold in the preceding Lottery a £20,000 Prize ; therefore, to the present moment, the odds are even, but Next Tuesday, the 31st Instant, will decide the question, as Two Prizes of £20,000, Two of £10,000, and Two of £5,000, with Twenty other Capitals, must all be drawn on that Day, and may now be purchased at either of the Lottery Offices in LIVERPOOL or MANCHESTER.

results given, while the five other results are against this event.

The chance of *at least one head* turning up, if a coin be tossed three times, is seen to be given by seven of the eight results set out, so that this chance is represented by odds of 7 to 1 on the event happening ; the only case in which this event could possibly fail being the case where tail turns up at each of the three tosses of the coin.

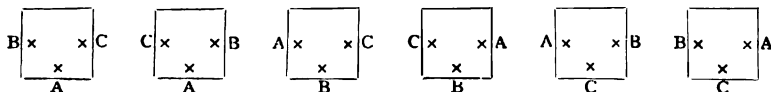
Many of these simple questions of chance can be answered by finding out in

how many different ways this or that event can be decided, and by then comparing the number of ways that are favourable to the event happening with the number of ways that are unfavourable to the event happening—as in the tossing of a coin three times just given.

Here is a curiosity as regards the number of different ways a thing can be done, which may be of interest.

A little club of three persons agree to dine together every day so long as they can sit down to dinner differently arranged.

How many days do they dine together? It is easily seen that six days will exhaust the different arrangements of these three persons, the table always being laid for three, at the same places on the table. Here are the six ways:—



But increase the club from three persons to (say) seven persons, who agree to dine together under the same conditions as the three just dealt with. How many days do these seven dine together? "Forty-nine days" was one answer I received, and perhaps many people will be surprised to know that these seven clubmen would have to dine together every evening for nearly *fourteen years* in order to exhaust

the number of different ways in which they could sit down to a table laid for seven.

Add another member to this club, making eight members, and the time during which these eight have to dine together every evening is extended to over *110 years*, so that all the members would have to begin as babies and live somewhat beyond the "possible lifetime" of an English life-table (109 years).

Increase the members by one more, making nine persons who agree to dine together every day so long as they can sit down to table differently arranged, and the period during which they must dine becomes over 993 years. If they had commenced their series of dinners when Alfred the Great became king (A.D. 871), and if these nine persons were all Methuselahs for living, their last dinner would have taken place in the year 1864.

If we make up the membership to just ten persons, who agree to dine together every

BUBBLE, BUBBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE



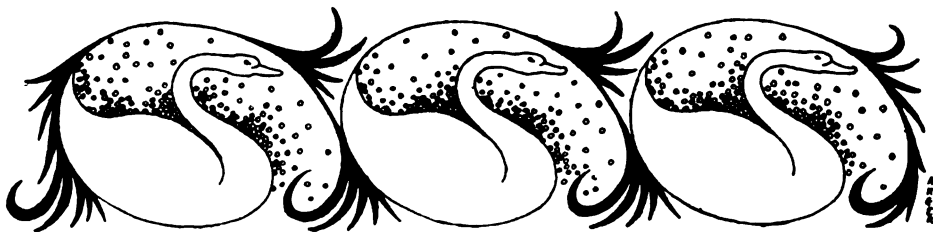
As Shakspeare observes, "Air and water have bubbles;" Every day proves it true—as no doubt he meant trouble. But nothing has troubled me since I drew breath, Like the sudden approach of the LOTTERY's death; A Prize was a Friend, and a staunch Friend indeed, And as often popp'd in at the moment of need! But the time is too precious to waste upon air, Of *FOUR Twenty Thousands* you wish for a Share.

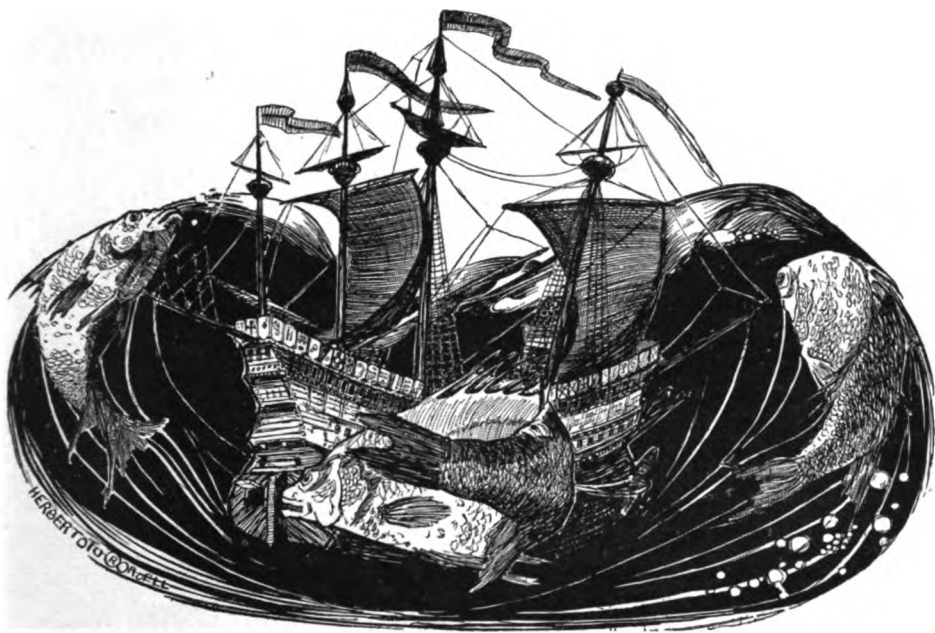


day so long as they can sit down to table differently arranged, we have to go back to Mr. E. T. Reed's prehistoric times in order to let these ten friendly diners complete their series of dinners by the end of this nineteenth century; for these ten persons would have to dine together for nearly ten thousand years, once a day, before being reduced to repeat one of the ways in which they had already sat down to table. This means that when Eve was eating her first dinner (of apples), the ten persons forming our club would have got through rather more than four thousand years of their daily dinners, the balance of 5900 years of dinners being eaten daily from the time of Eve's first dinner up to the close of the nineteenth century—accepting as a literal fact, and for convenience, the Biblical statement that Eve ate her first dinner in the year 4004 B.C.

The preceding instances of the great variety of different ways of doing one thing—even so simple a thing as sitting down to have dinner—suggest that with a little ingenuity one might introduce much more variety into any part of social life than is now to be found. For example, why not let chance enter into the writing of fiction by means of a machine for making plots for stories? One could write on separate cards the differential characteristics of a great variety of persons, the leading ideas of a host of different incidents, the names of a multitude of places. Whenever a fresh characteristic, an idea for an incident, or for the locality of one's story occurred, fresh cards could be written and added to the stock of cards, which, being well mixed, could then be either turned out of a machine to the required number, in sets of so many (as playing-cards are dealt by a card-dealing machine), or picked out by hand, haphazard, from the stock of cards. While, no doubt, many of the chance combinations that would result from a process of this sort would be useless to the fiction writer or to the play writer, it is by no means unlikely that some of the combinations thus provided by pure chance would supply or suggest new ideas, that could then be handled with as much art and skill as the novelist or the playwright might have at his command. This suggestion of an idea-machine, to be worked by chance, may seem fantastic at the first glance, but one is by no means sure that it could not be applied with advantage in many different channels to invent fresh ways of doing things, *the guiding spirit being chance*. At any rate, this idea-machine could scarcely fail to stimulate a jaded imagination, and one can hardly doubt that in a considerable number of "deals" at least one new and striking idea would turn up.

J. HOLT SCHOOLING.





THE DEATH OF A COWARD.

THE boy leant wearily against the bulwark rails, watching the lights as they came up one by one on the coast. The plunging of the ship still made his head reel, and he was weak from want of food. He seemed altogether apart from the stir and life that three hundred emigrants on board created. His whole soul was filled with a dumb and impotent protest against his fate, and the life before him. Old Captain Malcolm had shown little wisdom when he sent his only son to sea to have some pluck knocked into him.

In the father's defence, it may be said that he was utterly unable to realise the timidity and sensitiveness of the boy. All his ancestors had been rough seamen who had faced storm and danger on every sea, and courage and nerve were hereditary qualities. And now the last of the Malcolms seemed more of a girl than any of his five sisters.

All the exhortations to manliness, all the covert reproaches that came from his father, were so many darts that rankled and festered in his soul, but failed to compel his nature to be other than it was. The boy was made for peace, for the quiet and uneventful life that an office in his native town could have offered, under his mother's watchful care. Instead, he was here, an apprentice on the s.s. *Pride of Asia*, a big cargo-boat just off the slips on the Tyne, and carrying emigrants to the Cape.

The ship's doctor came out of the saloon in the poop to go his evening round below. With him was his wife, a slight, girlish figure, wrapt in a heavy cloak. She turned at the ladder which led to the lower deck, and was about to go back, when her eyes fell on the boy. She had noticed him once or twice before, and his white face and lonely air roused the womanly sympathy in her. She touched him lightly on the shoulder and said, "You are leaving home, like me."

The boy started. A slight colour sprang to his cheeks, and tears to his eyes. He smiled faintly, showing a gap where two teeth had been knocked out by a smaller boy in the only fight he had ever had at school.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied.

"You must feel lonely," she said; "but you will soon be back, and then every one will think so much of you."

Her voice had something caressing and inviting about it; and so his confidence, overcoming his shyness and reserve, broke bounds. He told her everything,—how he would hate this life, how all filled him with fear and disgust, the cold and darkness, the chaff and horseplay of his fellow-apprentices, the indifference of every one around him. He told how impossible it was to come up to his father's standard, how he felt he was born a coward, and that he would always be one, shrinking instinctively from the danger and excitement that bolder natures took pleasure in.

She listened sympathetically. Her hand had patted him once or twice, and encouraged him to go on. When he ended, she said: "You must not be too hard on yourself. It is not always those who fear the least that are bravest in the end. When the time comes, I am sure you will do your duty."

The boy heard her listlessly. He had little heart to respond to any appeal to his manliness. There seemed no time when he would not shrink from hardship or danger. He almost felt as if his confidence had been misplaced, and that she had understood nothing after all.

She saw the change, and her interest in him somewhat waned. Courage to a woman is the primary quality in the other sex, and nothing will compensate for the lack of it. She bade him good-night, and turned away back to the poop.

In a few minutes the second mate passed along the deck, and told the boy to go below. Then all was quiet.

A few hours later the *Pride of Asia* was steaming at "slow," with her whistle going every few minutes. The Channel fog girt the ship like a shroud. The captain walked the bridge uneasily. No tempest or rock-bound shore gives the anxiety that a fog on this waterway of the nations does. Danger is imminent everywhere, and the most careful seamanship is no guarantee of safety. So it was now. A hoarse shout came from the man on the look-out. The captain sprang to the telegraph, and as "Full speed astern" rang out, a large sailing ship took form in the fog, and in a few seconds crashed into the steamer in front of the bridge.

The *Pride of Asia* shook from stem to stern, heeled over to starboard, and then began to forge ahead, while the other went pounding along her side, wrenching the port boats from their davits, and staving them in with her bowsprit. Then she passed away as a ghost in the fog.

The *Pride of Asia* had met her death-wound. At once, all was noise and confusion. The emigrants came pouring up on deck, screaming and shouting with terror. Some of the sailors rushed to clear the boats, but a sharp order from the captain stopped them.

In a few seconds the captain had decided on his course. The remaining boats would not carry a hundred and fifty people. There were more than twice that number on board. On the other hand, the land was about three miles off, and a sandy and protected beach meant safety. But could it be done with that hole in her side? He would try. He changed her course, rang "Full speed ahead," and shouted to the mate, "Go down and shut the for'ard bulkheads, Mr. Jones."

The mate ran forward, and with the help of the carpenter, tore off part of the



"The boy was alone in his tomb."

hatch covering and sprang to the ladder. As he climbed down, young Malcolm peered aimlessly over the hatch.

"Bring down a lantern," cried the mate; and Malcolm, galvanised into activity by fear, seized a lantern from the alleways and clambered down into the hold.

The mate ran towards the iron door in the bulkhead, which had been left open, and pushed it to.

"The light here: quick!"

And the boy brought it.

"Blast them!—oh, blast them!" roared the mate. "They've put the bolts on the wrong side. In five minutes we'll all be in kingdom come."

He stumbled for the ladder, and Malcolm followed, wild with terror. Yes, every one would be drowned, and he too, with the cruel, cold water sucking him down. He dropped the lantern, and began to pull himself up the ladder.

Suddenly he stopped. An idea had been born in his brain; a hideous, unthinkable thought,—*the door could be closed from the other side*. He hung limply on the ladder, and in his mind raged a tornado of conflict.

Oh, to be out of this awful ship, safe once again at home! But the mate had said that all were lost. That meant him too. And if only that door were shut, all could be saved. Great beads of sweat broke out on his forehead. He groaned and writhed about like one on the rack. Then he began to descend slowly. He stopped again on the last rung. He clung to the ladder as a drowning man to a rope. He could never let go. Why was he not going up the ladder? There were boats left. He had seen that. He could fight for a place, and be saved. He was so young; not old, like the mate and captain. They must give him a place.

All at once he loosened his hold, and ran blindly for the door. On the way he tripped, and fell heavily on his hands and face, cutting and bruising them. He lay half stunned for a minute, moaning from the pain, then raised himself, and crawled the rest of the way. He passed through the door, and with feverish haste shot the great iron bolts. The boy was alone in his tomb. He leant against the bulkhead, sick, sick to death. Why had he done this? He did not know. They would be saved now, but he—O God, no more light or life for him! His poor dry lips moved convulsively, and his hands beat aimlessly on the iron wall. He would go back. Hope returned with a rush. He would die in the open—with others round him. It would be good to die thus, not in this hell of darkness and desolateness. He unshot one bolt and fumbled for the other. Then, with a low moan, he cast himself from it, driving his teeth into his lip in his agony.

It was not to be. He was too great a coward to live. He could only die. He would pray. But he could think of nothing—nothing but the "This night when I lie down to sleep," he had learnt at his mother's knee.

To sleep—oh, he would sleep long! There was to be no waking this time. How the water was creeping up!

Long shuddering fits shook his frame, as he felt the icy fingers of death rising inch by inch. He screamed and raved, dashing his head against the iron, that death might come quickly. He plunged beneath the water, only to come up again, fighting madly for life. Then there was a long-drawn sob, and then silence.

The captain stood on the bridge, a figure of stony despair. The land could never be reached with water pouring like a torrent into the forward hold. He cursed his negligence in overlooking such a frightful blunder. It was going to cost two hundred lives, and he must not be among the saved. The *Pride of Asia* was getting low in the water, but he could not understand why she was not sinking

more by the bow. She was vibrating from the engines pushed to their highest pressure, for the firemen stuck gallantly to their posts. Five minutes went, and ten, and then, with a sudden shock, she took the ground, and all were safe.

Next morning, young Malcolm was missing, and the sorrowful news was sent to his father. It was thought he had fallen overboard when the ship grounded, and he could not swim.

A week afterwards the divers entered the forward hold, and found, to their astonishment, that the bulkhead door, which they had expected to find open, was closed.

They forced it open, and against it was floating the body of a boy.

Old Captain Malcolm comes often to the little graveyard by the sea. In it stands a cross, on which are inscribed the words—

“HERE LIES A HERO.”

R. ARTHUR.

GREEN BUSHES.

THE green bushes when first I loved you,
 When we met and my heart approved you,
 Tossed the gold and the scarlet high,
 Gold and scarlet went drifting by.
 Ochone, the wind and the weather !
 Days when you and I were together ;
 Much we heeded the leaf on the tree :
 'Twas hearts' springtime to you and me.

The green bushes when we were married
 White rose and the red rose carried,
 When you drew me your threshold o'er,
 Rose and white for our wedding floor.
 Ochone, the days that are over !
 I beloved, and you my lover,
 Little we cared what the world might say,
 You and I on our wedding day.

The green bushes grow thin and shiver,
 You and I we are lovers ever ;
 Cheek to cheek and heart to heart,
 Still true lovers that none can part.
 Ochone, winter goes sighing,
 Love in a world of care and dying ;
 Ah, forget that I made you sad,
 Yet remember I made you glad.

The green bushes grow gray and vernal,
 Spring comes back and Love is eternal ;
 In your arms come kiss, forgive me :
 Had you ever the heart to grieve me,
 Ochone ?

KATHARINE TYNAN.



THE PROPOSAL.



*A CHAPTER ON DANDIES.**

SAYS the *Dictionary of National Biography*, that arid yet thrice admirable publication :—"Gronow, Rees Howell (1794—1865), writer of reminiscences, eldest son of William Gronow, of Court Herbert, Glamorganshire, who died in 1830, by Anne, only daughter of Rees Howell of Gwnhyd, was born on 7 May, 1794, and was educated at Eton, where he was intimate with 'Shelley.' Court Herbert . . . Gwnhyd . . . Eton . . . Shelley:† "And did you once see Shelley plain? And did he stop and speak to you? And did you speak to him again? How strange it seems!" How strange, and how romantic! These Welsh names—Eton—Shelley. . . . With such origins the man might have gone anywhere and done anything! "Instead of which" he was content to follow the Duke through Spain, and over the Pyrenees; to fight at Quatre-Bras and Waterloo; and so with the Duke to Paris (where, at the time of writing, they seem to want a touch of Blucher and his Prussians a great deal more than they did in the year of Waterloo); to be a dandy and a man about town; to know everybody worth knowing and see everything worth seeing; to sit in Parliament for Stafford, as Sheridan had sat before him; to have his portrait in the print-shops—he was remarkably handsome, it appears, and had the right Brummell tradition—with Alvanley and D'Orsay and

* *The Reminiscences and Recollections of Captain Gronow.* 1810—1860. With Portrait and Thirty-two Illustrations from Contemporary Sources by Joseph Grego." London: Nimmo. New York: Scribner's Sons. Two Vols. (1900.)

† Gronow saw Shelley very plain indeed; for he saw him in the ring, engaged in single combat with Sir Thomas Styles; heard him, having grassed his opposite, break into Homeric Greek; looked on until the lusty little baronet got in a nasty one on the mark; and actually beheld the disconcerted bard escape the field of fight, and make at top speed for Bethel his tutor's home, pursued by a yelling crowd. He notes that Shelley never entered the lists again, but—unlike Byron, whose hands were always "up"—spent his leisure in the culture of what are now, I believe, called "stinks": going, in the end, "so far as to employ a travelling tinker to assist him in making a miniature steam engine, which burst, and very nearly blew the bard and the Bethel family into the air."

Brummell; "after some confinement" to be "discharged from prison under the Insolvent Debtors' Act" (*D. N. B.*); to be somebody in Paris, as he had been somebody in London; and in the end to write and publish certain series of *Reminiscences and Recollections*, in which he set forth for posterity as much as he chose to recall of the high-blooded, hard-handed, frivolous, heavy-drinking, brilliant society in which he had swelled and shone.

He is not a Tallemant, the good Captain—much less a Saint-Simon. He does you no achievements in portraiture; he tells you no tales that a well-bred person may not hear with at worst a lifted eyebrow. He approves himself a gentleman, of parts but not much magnitude: valiant, mannerly, discreet, of "most excellent differences." But I fear that, though to him (it appears) is due the credit of driving the Regent into trousers, he was a Dandy almost without knowing it: that he had no principles, but engaged in Dandyism pretty much as in these days one engages in Art, or Slumming, or Photography—because there is a set that way, which set one is not strong enough to resist. In effect, he had in him little of that austerity in practice, and none at all of that almost superhuman impertinence in theory, which Brummell had, and to which Byron, though he sighed after them, could never attain. His account of the Arch-Dandy, for instance, is cold, is almost Thackerayan in its want of sympathy, its Early-and-Middle-Victorian sense that there is another and a better world than that in which "the top of sovereignty" is reserved for him whose manners are instinct with "a certain exquisite originality," and to whom his ties, his shoes and socks, the curl upon his brow, "the nice conduct of a clouded cane" (if it must be so), are things of ceremony—things strongly personal, pregnant with effort and suggestion; immortal garlands (in a sentence which may well be shocked to find itself serving in the present connexion) to be "run for not without dust and heat." I am afraid that, like Thackeray, he saw beauty in the Exhibition of '51: as I know that he found everything he wanted in the Second Empire. And I suspect that, had I quoted to him Barbey d'Aureville's descendant upon the word "frivolity":—"Nom haineux, donné à tout un ordre de préoccupations très légitimes au fond, puisqu'elles correspondent à des besoins réels:"—he would not have approved.* Perhaps, indeed, he would have thought it rather improper than not. Is it not true that, as we grow old, we forget what was, and are reconciled to what is? Gronow, being stricken in years, is suddenly moved to denounce the Dandies. 'Tis a pathetic passage, since it shows him decrepit in fact, and clamouring blindly for an ideal of which he knows nothing save by report. That was the moment when Thackeray should have met him. The ex-Dandy and the arch-Victorian would have encountered on a common ground. And our Greatest Sentimentalist would have gone to his couch in a new persuasion that there wasn't very much wrong with his Wicked Noble, and that, as for his Rawdon Crawley, his Regency blood—(Thackeray never so much as began upon the A B C of the psychology of Dandyism)—there was his man! I can say no more of Gronow than this; and I am sorry to have had to say thus much. So I hasten to add that probably I ought not to have said anything, but been content with the old boy as he was in life, and as he remains to us in the rather halting prose of these two precious volumes.

* I am not at all sure, now I think of it, that he would have understood. For the Dandy was intellectual only in his art; so that Byron, however magnificent in poetry, could never have excelled in Dandyism.

The Captain treats of any number of Dandies, then : of Brummell, Scrope Davis, Byron, Ball Hughes, Lumley Skeffington, Lord Worcester, Fife, Lord Petersham,—*que sçay-je ?* And there is none but the Captain has something amusing, something remembered, something characteristic, to tell of him. What is plain from his revelations is that the Dandies were men of their hands. Carlyle, that famous wit, was all for their extermination. But I think that in a practical brawl, when what Carlyle called “work” was “getting itself done,” I would rather—I would very much rather—have had Gronow at my back,—Gronow, or Kangaroo Cooke, or Lord Uxbridge, or Byron, or any of the Dandies,—than Thomas Carlyle. I do not for a moment doubt that, put to the proof, Carlyle would have done his best—(in so far as dyspepsia permitted)—and stricken his hardest—such as it was!—as became the very greatest man, Shakespeare not excepted, who ever put pen to paper in these Isles.* But, all the same, at such a pass, I should, had the choice been mine, have elected to put things to the proof in other company than his ; and if that company had been Gronow’s, say, or Byron’s, or Jemmy Crawford’s or Dan M’Kinnon’s, then should I have gone into the business in the complete assurance that I was accompanied of a man that knew “the royal occupation” and was (as Shakespeare’s Antony, with his great feeling for the heroic element in Mr. Atkins, has put it for all time) “a workman.” In truth, there is nothing better in these *Reminiscences and Recollections* than the story how Gronow, being on guard at St. James’s, borrowed £200 of his agents, went to a hell and tripled the money, bought a couple of good chargers, embarked himself and them for Belgium, and was able to take his share of the fun† at both Quatre-Bras and Waterloo. In truth, his fighting pages are the best things in his book. ’Tis with decent pride that he tells of his soldiering, ’tis with a manly reverence that he descants upon the greatness and the excellence of the Duke. In this part of his work he exactly anticipates Mr. Kipling’s boyish empire-makers, and it is with a great gush of pride in your race that you realise that the type is eternal : that there is but a difference in time between the Gronow who staked his future that he might bear his part in the big finish with Napoleon, and the young men who—God bless and preserve them!—are ever venturing life and limb in the work of keeping their mother England great.‡

It must be admitted, however, that, heroes or not, the Captain and his intimates were extremely averse from heroics, and were very much addicted to observances not far removed from savagery. Consider, for instance, the extent to which in the early century you dined. You began, the Captain says, with turtle and mulligatawny ;

* This is Carlyle’s theory of Carlyle. “For God’s sake, reader, take it not for mine.”

† “I confess that I am to this day astonished that any of us remained alive. From eleven o’clock till seven we were pounded with shot and shell at long and short range, were incessantly potted at by Tirailleurs, who kept up a most biting fire, constantly charged by immense masses of cavalry, who seemed determined to go in and win. . . . Our squares presented a shocking sight. Inside we were nearly suffocated by the smoke and smell from burnt cartridges. . . . At four o’clock our square was a perfect hospital, being full of dead, dying, and mutilated soldiers. . . . I shall never forget the strange noise our bullets made against the breastplates of Kellermann’s and Milhaud’s cuirassiers. . . . I can only compare it . . . to the noise of a violent hailstorm beating upon panes of glass.”—GRONOW, i., 189-91.

‡ As I write, we have but suffered and excelled ; and our cup of triumph is but beginning to stoop its lip to the nearing flood. But to me (and I speak with all humility and with a lasting sense of what is due to our dead), our time of suffering has been more than any string of victories could, at this pass, have been : for that it has once more shown us to ourselves and made us know anew the breed of men we are.

you went on to turbot or salmon; you were next cast loose on sirloin and saddle and haunch; you "filled up the chinks" (as the ingenious Mr. Pigg expresses it) with game, and turkey, and vegetables (cooked anyhow); you deviated into *entrées* of sorts; you came to a term on sweets and cheese: you had always half a dozen meats on your plate at once; you steadily "washed down the whole" with port, sherry, and hock; after the meats and the women had been removed, you went on drinking sherry and hock and port; with the inevitable result, that your bedroom companion was "the pill-box." (GRONOW.) The picture is, it may be, a trifle overdrawn and highly coloured; but there is no reason to believe that it has not a solid basis of truth. Considering it in its quiddity, alike in its broader aspects and in its more intimate effects, can one marvel that Byron hated to see women gorge? And, allowing all one must for a bad digestion, can one do other than sympathise with his resolve to stuff as little as he must, but to keep his eye bright and his brain active with the homely medicament which he preferred before Gronow's "pill-box"? I do not know that Gronow (Rees Howell) was very much in himself; except, of course, that he was a hero and a Dandy *sans le savoir*—in the manner of M. Jourdain, the speaker of prose. But, as it seems to me, he is certainly a help to us in our reading of the pre-Victorian years, and he certainly enables us to consider those years with a better understanding of them, a more intimate acquaintance with their ideals and their humours, than we get from men with a hundred times his genius. He does not mention pugilism, and I lament the fact; for the Captain's time without Belcher and Pearce would go well-nigh as naked as this "ghastly, thin-faced time of ours"* would fare without Spofforth and "the Doctor." But that is merely because he was not interested in the Ring, and before its "violent delights" preferred the softer airs of the *coulisses*, and the more acrid yet scarce less stimulating atmosphere of Crockford's and the Palais-Royal. That our Dandies were what is called "womanists" to a man is here made plain: not intemperately, not with exorbitancy; but naturally, discreetly, easily, as becomes a person talking of his next of kin. It is that, and it is no more than that. The Eternal Female is matched with the Everlasting Male. It is so, it has been ever so, it must ever be so. "Love, sleep, and death, go to the same sweet tune," and the one is no more scandalous than the others. The offence is with them that would make it scandalous. They do their best; but—*it goes on*. Thus Gronow, even if he know it not; and thus with Gronow Life and History and Time. The gambling is another matter. I purpose to say as little as I may about it, and to take but two "bad cases" from his list. One is that of the Hungarian magnate who won £80,000 in Paris, and had to borrow a fifty-pound note to get back to Hungary. The other is that of the English noble, with £50,000 a year, "every penny of which" went at the tables. Neither is exemplary, of course; but both are entirely admirable. Each had a passion in effect, and that should make them respectable to Englishmen. "A nation of shop-keepers," said Napoleon. He said many foolish things, Napoleon did; but he said none more foolish than this one, and he said this one only because we were knocking him to pieces, and he knew it. A nation of shop-keepers? Rather are we a nation of sentimentalists, and our great and true

* The description is Mr. Swinburne's. It is not accurate now, and perhaps it never was accurate at all. But I quote it (a) because it reads well, and (b) because it pleases me to show that *Poems and Ballads* (First Series) are not to be forgotten—after how many years I had rather not report.

hero in these days is—not Arthur Wellesley, who had instincts but no passions, but—Horatio Nelson, the man with a passion, whose supreme appeal to passion we, being withal the most moral nation which ever bleated since the beginning of time, declined to heed.

Gronow, meanwhile, was always a man to read. He is here handsomely set forth in two volumes; he is excellently indexed, as becomes the scrappiest of men; Mr. Joseph Grego has illustrated him “from contemporary sources” with learning and intelligence. I like him, and I would have everybody read him. Everybody may not agree with me, but of that I must take my chance. I wish he had known more of Dandyism and the Dandies:—“Natures doubles et multiples, d’un sexe intellectuel indécis, où la Grâce est plus Grâce encore que la Force, et où la Force se retrouve dans la Grâce.” But he did what he could, being of them and not in the least understanding them. And, an unwitting parasite of Brummell, he is found in the long run an unwitting exponent of Byron.

W. E. H.

WE HAVE A SONG TO SING.

WHEN silence broods within the woods,
 We have a song to sing!
 A song of patience and of peace,
 In foresight of the Spring!

When all is hurt and frost-begirt,
 We have a song to sing!
 We sing it low and mournfully,
 For very sorrowing.

But when we prove the Spring’s new love,
 We have a song to sing!
 A song of ample gratitude
 For every happy thing!

Sing on! Sing on! Companion,
 We have a song to sing!
 We cannot sing of buds and bloom,
 And not of harvesting!

We sing of wheat in summer heat;
 Of corn and wine we sing!
 And blend the song of buds and bloom
 In this of harvesting!

ALICE CHANDLER.



ONE'S PRESENT SELF-CONTEMPT—ARTISTS AND MEN OF ACTION, PARTICULARLY SOLDIERS: A LITTLE TREASON AGAINST THE FORMER—STEVENSON'S LETTERS: THEIR CHIEF INTEREST—MR. CORNFORD'S BOOK ABOUT HIM—THE CRITERION OF ROMANCE—OLD EDINBURGH: A SIGH—ARTISTS AND MEN OF ACTION AGAIN, PARTICULARLY KINGS AND STATESMEN—WHY IT IS MORE PROFITABLE TO READ ABOUT THE LATTER—SOME BOOKS OF REMINISCENCES—THE DEAR CHILDREN.

I WONDER if others of my countrymen who are scribbling at this moment feel, as I feel, that they are very idle and paltry creatures. I suppose that most stay-at-home Englishmen who have any imagination are feeling that their warm beds and dry



clothes and comfortable meals are something of a shame, while tens of thousands

of their countrymen are enduring the utmost of fatigue and want of sleep and (possibly) of food, are in danger of death or hideous wounds, and all this for their common country. It is not the risk of life that most appeals to us. That is part of the soldier's game, his mind is attuned to it, and he takes it cheerfully—sometimes even wantonly. It is the thought that men we saw a few weeks ago in all the vigour and completeness of manhood may in a moment be horribly maimed for life, or may in a short campaign irreparably break a fine constitution, and have to spend the rest of their days under the doctor's eye. Not sudden deaths, but fatigue beyond bearing (a soldier once told me that he had heard men say "thank God!" for the bullet which at least gave them rest) and pain beyond bearing—it is this that most appeals

to us when we think of South Africa, and this that makes us ashamed of our comfortable, sheltered lives. And to me there seems to be an added idleness and frivolity in taking up one's silly pen and writing trifles about trifles. One's little art or dodge is so childish and insignificant while the sterner art is dealing out death and misery.

OF course all this is an emotion and not an argument. There is something to be said on the other side for the peaceful arts, even for the arts which to the general community are merely tricks for amusing it. But at such a time as this I question if the most complacent writer, or painter, or even player, does not feel, as an emotion, that the soldier is "double of me and you." Theories that complexity means advancement and that intellect is the most wonderful thing in the world are all very well; but in their relative values to society (and here is an argument) who is the more important—the man who is ready to defend it at the risk of life and health, or the man who is able to amuse a portion of its leisure hours? For my part I have for many years—since I got over an enthusiasm—held a view in these matters



which may be thought treacherous to my colleagues—I can't help that—but which it is an occasional satisfaction to express. I believe that people make far too much fuss over artists of all kinds in comparison with men who do the more obvious work of the world. A rising young soldier is quite as interesting, as a rule, as a rising young writer or painter (or even player), and in nine cases out of ten is far more useful in the world. The same of a rising young doctor. Both the doctor and the soldier have probably

seen far more of the world than the artist, whose gift, if he happen to possess one—and it is far more likely to be erroneously credited to him—seldom renders him socially attractive; frequently, indeed, joins with his vanity to make him a bore. But somehow or other a tradition has grown up that your artist's talk is better than that of your man of action. This, if true, would justify the practice I condemn in spite of relative values to society. Personally I have known a few artists whose talk happened to be better than that of any men of action I have met, but to take the average is to come to a different, if not an opposite, conclusion. Soldiers, in particular, have been depreciated by the enormous influence on our social views of Thackeray, who (confessedly in ignorance) described them almost invariably as idiots. (Certainly he did much the same service for men of letters, whose egotism, in the conversations he invented for them, borders on lunacy.) Mr. Kipling has it in his power to remedy this, and I hope that some day he will do so. So far he has stimulated our interest in the Tommies only, and has left their officers in point of brains and sense much where he found them. If one may hazard the remark with diffidence, he seems to have taken rather unfortunate types. The idea that soldiers are stupid is persistent, and needs dispelling. For example, the case of the Duke of Wellington. He was a master of business, had a wonderful power of managing civilians as well as soldiers, from Kings to Tadpoles, and save in one or two conspicuous instances showed an excellent genius for politics; but because he was a great soldier as well, all sorts of writers have called him a fool as a statesman. It was not the least lamentable result of a recent great "affaire," that it gave a handle to depreciators of the "military mind." . . . But I am wandering from my original purpose, which was merely to say that at this moment I (personally) feel rather a wretched creature.

OF artists who were good talkers it is the common consent of his friends that R. L. Stevenson was the best of his time. It is easy to believe it when one reads the two volumes of his letters which Mr. Sidney Colvin has just published (Methuen & Co.), for they are mainly good

talk on paper. I think we are often unjust to the famous letter-writers of the world, from Cicero downwards, in believing that they always carefully studied their effects with an eye on posterity and contemporaries other than their correspondents. We believe it because we ourselves cannot "dash



off" such letters, and find it hard to credit anybody else with a power we do not possess. Many of the great letter-writers have been men and women far too busy in the world to spare time for great elaboration in their correspondence.

For that matter,

many writers in general have been credited with the utmost of finicking pains who, as a matter of fact, have written as quickly as their pens would go. But, however all this may be, there is no doubt that Stevenson's letters, except perhaps those he wrote to Mr. Colvin from Samoa as a professed account of his life and work—and these are not included in the volumes—are not "literary," or rather have no literary intention at all. And Stevenson was not one of those writers who "dash off" their work: he polished and recast, and recast and polished, sometimes three or four times, before he sent it to the printer. Consequently we find a very great difference in manner in the letters. The best of them are indeed intimately and familiarly expressed, with a happy use of slang. Alfred de Musset is an "inconceivable cheese," and the phrase takes me back to my remote youth, when "Ain't I the cheese?" was a popular song of the streets. But there is always this of art in the letters, that they are not merely good talk, as it were, *verbatim*; they instinctively allow for the different medium, just as good "natural" acting does, and so allowing give us the real effect.

FOR the matter of them, their chief interest is one of character. I was writing just now of artists and soldiers.

Well, if ever an artist had the essential spirit of a soldier, a gay defiance of distress and danger, and an indomitable will to do that which had to be done, Stevenson had that spirit. The facts of his life and his inheritance, which these letters very fully and pleasantly illustrate, are exhibited clearly and concisely in the appreciation of him which Mr. Cope Cornford (Blackwood) has written with the valuable help, as he tells us, of Mr. Henley. I fancy that a good many people think of Stevenson as chiefly an elegant and rather languid master of language, who had an uncommon genius in turning a phrase or a tale. Letters and appreciation alike will quickly dissolve such an idea. He had a good deal of Scotch dourness and more than a little of Scotch moralising in him. Then he came of a family of active and strenuous men, and frail health alone (and that but partially) stopped his own strenuous action. What he did in Samoan politics is well known. It is not equally well known that, at the time of the agrarian horrors in Ireland, he was anxious to take the farm of the brutally persecuted Curtin family, that his murder, if it happened, as being that of a well-known man, might awaken the conscience of the country. But the spirit of action and zeal for life are strongly shown throughout. Nor less his affectionateness, his instinct for the right tone, his whimsical appeals to whimsical humours, his gay and most innocent egotism—the whole of a brave, alert, and lovable spirit. But you have read, no doubt, if not the letters themselves, at least several reviews of them, with all the best bits quoted. One wishes there were more of them, assuming the probability that a man of so warm a spirit and so keen a zest for life and art must have written others, which partly our sham refinement, and partly a mere proper regard for the feelings of those he may have criticised, have kept back,—to be published in time, if such there be, let us hope. The editor of those we have, Mr. Colvin to wit, has done his part with a rare completeness, tact, and dignity.

TO return for a moment to Mr. Cornford's book. It is a careful and considered piece of work, and takes on the whole a sane and critical view of Stevenson, whose eulogists, if one may say so, have been

somewhat indiscriminate. As! this little note on "The Treasure of Franchard": "And so, in the ideal philosopher, I seem to discover that singular lack—the want of some kindly, indefinable, human quality, which is apt to haunt the reader through his perusal of the works of Stevenson." I confess that I have often felt that same want, and have wavered between putting it down to some Northern repression or limitation (to speak as a Southron) of imaginative sympathy, and supposing that the conscious artist studied effect too continuously to lose himself in the creatures of his fancy and feel with their hearts. For (to venture a slight criticism of my own) it seems to me that Stevenson could never play upon his instrument, as Thackeray played, without watching his fingers. Thackeray's fine style has the effect of being his natural speech, Stevenson's not so. Consequently the reader, a victim to that confusion of thought which denies sincerity of feeling to obviously careful expression, finds that the clever phrases tend to cool his emotions. Hence, I think, that want of which Mr. Cornford writes. But it was partial only. In Stevenson's tales one often proves his own dictum: "This is the triumph of romantic storytelling: when the reader consciously plays at being the hero, the scene is a good scene." I know that I, for one, went through "Kidnapped" and "Catriona" with my sword drawn, and the wicked uncle in the one and

the shabby son of Rob Roy in the other felt its edge continually. Only I differ from Stevenson in one small point: in a good romance one is not necessarily the hero; it is enough if one takes a part of one's own in the action,

and my part is generally that of a powerful prince or statesman or other such *deus ex machina*, who puts everything right at the end of every chapter—a part, I mean to say, of my own invention and introduction. But these revelations are too intimate.

A PART of Mr. Cornford's book which particularly appealed to me was his prologue, in which he has something to say

of Edinburgh as it was in the last century—the Edinburgh of Burns and Mr. Counsellor Pleydell—which had its share in forming Stevenson. I should like vastly to hear a great deal more of that Edinburgh from somebody who could forget the young person. Those "high jinks"!—I want them more elaborately described than they were by Sir Walter's discreet pen. Even now Old Edinburgh—the High Street, the Canongate, the Cowgate—is mightily fascinating and mysterious to observe—and when those high houses and steep lanes and curious closes were thronged with wigs and velvet and clinking swords! The new part of Edinburgh, with its spacious and seemly but rather broad-clothed squares and streets, seems a veritable reaction. Among the days in the past for which I beseech the god of dreams are one at Edinburgh when Murray was Regent, and another, two centuries later, when Burns was presiding over the Fencibles. But those days never come to me: I am given instead weeks in the horrible London of the future invented by Mr. Wells, to which even the poor present is entirely to be preferred. Dear jollity and fun and romping and laughter and "high jinks"! You and I may see a little of it now and then, at enormously distant intervals, but not with counsellors and poets.

STEVENSON'S letters, as I have remarked already, have a very great interest of character. They also have another interest for me, in that I have some knowledge of many of his correspondents, and of the matters of which they treat. But I am free to confess that the correspondence and memorials of men of letters do not entertain me, as a rule, a hundredth part as well as those of statesmen and soldiers, kings and kaisers. I think there is much to be said for my preference. The heart and brain of a man are interesting, no doubt, in proportion to his qualities of character and intellect, not in proportion to the size of his world; but it is a rare and difficult thing to get at a man's heart and brain in letters and memoirs, and when we come to external matters, the advantage is all on the side of your man of affairs. Men of letters revolve in a small orbit, and even their domestic lives have not much (with certain notable exceptions) of dramatic significance. But in



the records of those who played a more obviously large part in the world and on a larger stage, or of those who had occasion to observe them closely, you are likely,



even apart from public matters of national and historical importance, to find scenes and tableaux which strike your imagination. Moreover, I count it disingenuous for most of us to deny that the affairs of the great ones of the world are more interesting to us than the same affairs of the socially obscure. You think me a flunkey? But does it really not interest you to read in the Greville memoirs, for example, how William IV. quarrelled with the Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother, rather than to read how Mr. Anybody-you-like, the novelist, quarrelled with *his* sister-in-law? You see, more turned on the former quarrel, the strain of the audience was greater at the time, and so infects you—there are many reasons. I confess I should like to hear more of statesmen and princes—given propriety and a fitting distance of time, for I do not refer to the gutter papers of “society”—even if I had to hear less of poets and novelists.

TWO volumes of reminiscences have appeared of late from men who are likely to know something in this regard—Sir Edward Russell and Sir Algernon West (the latter perhaps more likely than the former)—but neither had, or was willing, to relate anything very remarkable. We must wait, I suppose, and rightly, for intimate disclosures of the great folk of the last generation. No book that I know of has appeared,

dealing with a later date than that of the Greville memoirs, even distantly to rival that sane, though bitter, record. A few may have been published since which dealt with an earlier time, for example Lady Granville's memoirs—I mean the mother of the late statesman—and we are promised what should be a peculiarly interesting record of an earlier age—George Selwyn's Letters to Lord Carlisle. But for a vivid and intimate account of the politics and privacies of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Randolph Churchill we must wait.

I TURN from these high matters to conclude with a note on “the dear children.” The dear children have been rather too much in evidence, in the foreground, of late; they have been exploited and trotted out too much; and we, who really love them, are pained to see that they wax in self-consciousness. One is rather bored by them in real life and books as well. But I have read an exception in a pretty little book about children called “Wee Folk, Good Folk” (Duckworth), by Allen Hasker. Books about children *for* children generally fail of their effect, and this one professes to be for grown-up people, and to



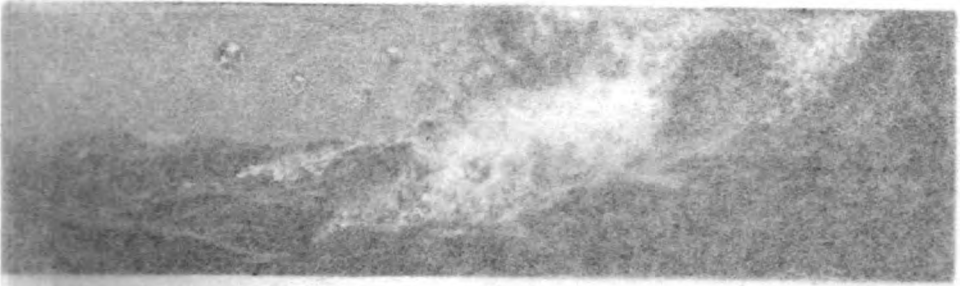
appeal to grown-up sentiment. There is a good deal of character in the children it describes, and its sentiment is genuine. I was content to relax my mind with it.

G. S. STREET.



KITTY FISHER.
BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Photogravure by Messrs. Agnew & Sons, London.



SONG OF A SAD HEART

I.

MY life's but an anti-
Half sane and half mad
Half kicks and half lags
Half smile and
Half dress and
Half pain and
Half dreaming and
Half hopes and

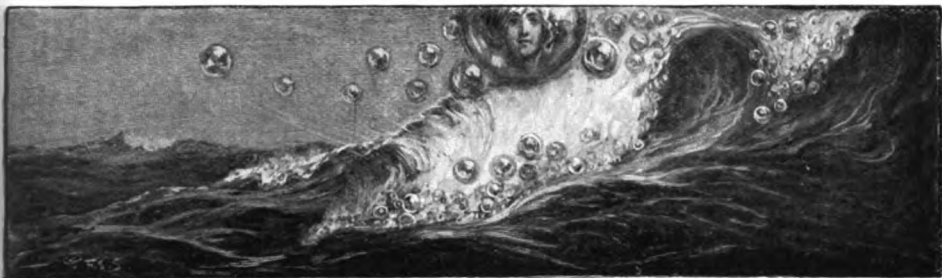




KITTY FISHER.
BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Pall Mall Magazine

Photogravure by Arman & Sons, Glasgow



SONG OF A SAD HEART.

I.

MY life's but an antic,
Half sane and half frantic
Half kicks and half halfpence,
Half smiles and half tears ;
Half dross and half treasure,
Half pain and half pleasure,
Half dreaming, half seeming,
Half hopes and half fears





II.

A seat in a galley,
A little blind alley,
A plunge into being,
 A leaf in the wind ;
A beautiful bubble
On oceans of trouble,
A road where the signposts
 Are all growing blind.



III.

A shadow that passes
 Along thirsty grasses ;
 A fungus that's fretting
 The face of the earth ;
 A God's sorry blunder,
 An Archangel's wonder,
 For Dis in the Darkness
 A matter of mirth.

IV.

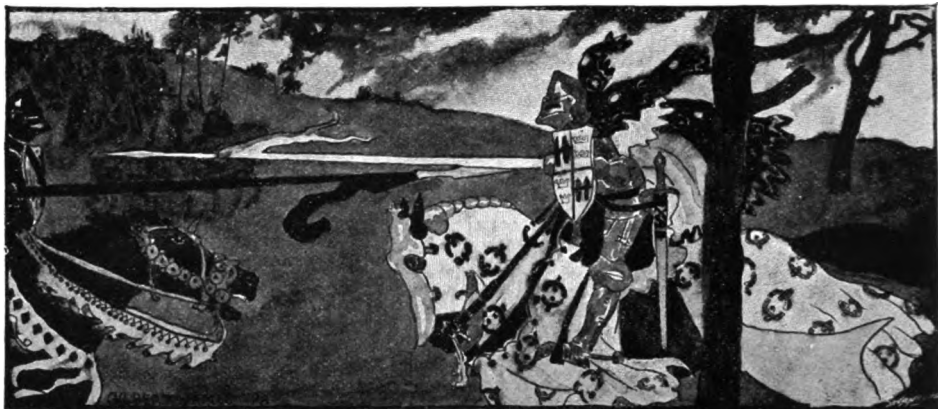
A cradle to cry in,
 A coffin to lie in—
 Betwixt them I roam
 Through the Fun of the Fair,
 Chance calling, Fate guiding
 Life's roundabout gliding ;
 Then Death, the grey Dustman,
 Surprises me there.

V.

O link with thy glory
 Both ends of my story,
 Thou rainbow of Hope,
 Spanning sorrow and strife ;
 From osier to elm,
 Light a road through the realm
 Where one weary man wanders
 The high-way of life.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

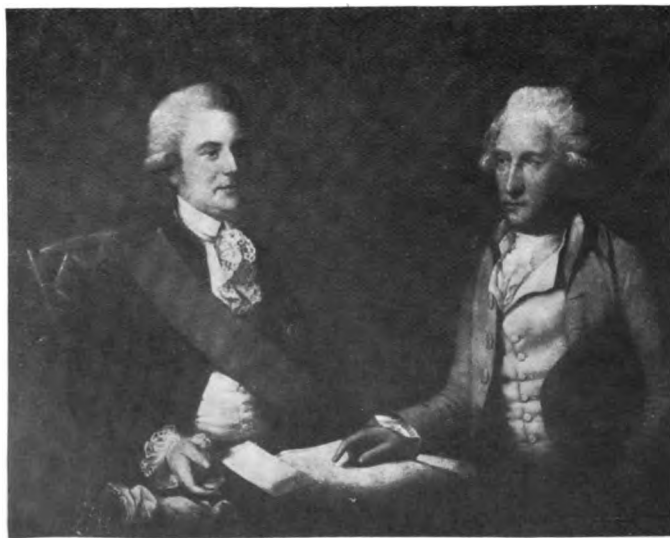




THE RULERS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

ACCORDING to a story which is still told in Cape Town, Lord Charles Somerset, on approaching Government House at the end of his drive after landing at Table Bay, casually inquired "what that building might be." "It is Government House, your Excellency." "D—n it, I thought it was a dog's kennel," exclaimed the new Governor, whose ideas of viceregal magnificence were probably shattered by the sight of so modest an official residence. To-day, when Sir Alfred Milner stands pre-eminent among the proconsuls of the Empire, the stranger in the South African capital, whilst admiring the beauty of its situation in "the Gardens," might be equally incredulous that in this same ugly building, clumsily enlarged since Lord Charles's day, was to be found the source and centre of our Imperial rule from Table Bay to the Zambesi.

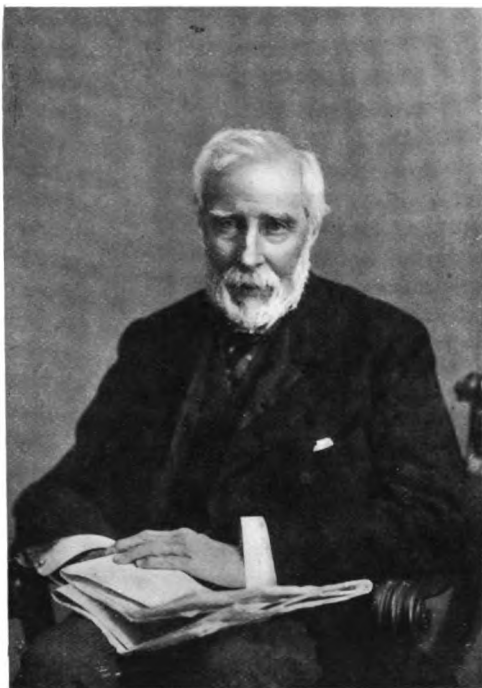
But if the official residence is not eloquent of magnificence, the studious traveller in South Africa soon discovers that, to an extent unknown in Australia or Canada, past representatives of the Crown have left their mark upon the country. In this way there is some real significance in such names as Durban, Port Elizabeth,



Lord Macartney.

Ladysmith, Aliwal, Ladygrey, Caledon, Barkly, Greytown, Frere — in fact, a South African gazetteer could give a clue to the careers of most of Sir Alfred Milner's predecessors. Responsible government, it is to be remembered, came much later in South Africa than in Australasia or British North America. And to-day, when Cape Colony and Natal are ruled by Ministers who are responsible to popularly-elected

legislatures, the principal representative of the Queen in South Africa possesses political power and responsibility to a degree which, apart from India, is not attached to the viceregal office in any other part of the Empire. As Governor of Cape Colony he may be the only connecting link between the Crown and an autonomous community, all legislation being in the hands of a Cabinet which must possess the popular confidence. But as High Commissioner in South Africa he still possesses an absolute authority, subject to the instructions of the Imperial Government, over large territories and considerable native populations beyond the limits of the Cape Colony. He has at his disposal an Imperial force which may vary in size according to circumstances, but is always larger than any that still exists in the other self-governing dominions of the Queen. In the various forms of government which flourish under the British flag there is no parallel to this dual position; there is none which, in its way, is so exacting upon its occupant. The personal tact, the social grace demanded by the circumstances of the case in Australia; the strong will, the masterful policy required in India, should be united in the person of the Over-Governor of South Africa. If he is to succeed, he must be endowed beyond other men with the *suaviter in modo* and the *fortiter in re*. Apart from the growing difficulties of the last few years, it is not surprising that this appointment should have occasioned much anxiety in Downing Street, and that in the eyes of many people more than one of its nominees should have been egregious failures.



Sir George Grey.

Since the Cape was first placed under the British flag, in 1797, some twenty Governors have held office, exclusive of the military commanders and others who have temporarily taken their place as Acting-Governors. The first of the line was the Earl of Macartney; for General Craig, who commanded the small British force which took possession of the Cape lest it might otherwise fall into the hands of the French, was military administrator, not Governor properly speaking, during the few months that he occupied Government House. The choice of Lord Macartney, distinguished in India and China, and with a salary of £10,000 a year, indicated the importance which was attached in London to the peaceful security of the Cape, with its not too friendly population.

Lord Macartney, who was then about sixty, arrived at the Cape Town in May 1796, after a voyage of nearly six months. He was accompanied by his wife, and apparently intended to stay for some years if the Cape should continue in England's possession. But the South African climate was not favourable to infirmities contracted in India, and in less than two years and a half he obtained leave to resign. But he stayed long enough to ensure the acquiescence of the

Dutch in the temporary occupation, scrupulously avoiding any word or deed which would seem to belie the professions with which the Cape, as the half-way house to India, had been seized by the orders of the British Government. In this respect his example seems to have been followed by his successor, Sir George Young, who, although declared by the historian to have been "corrupt and inefficient," never wilfully interfered with the ways and customs of the colonists. Sir George Young was recalled in April 1801, after his corruption and incompetence had afflicted the Cape for over two years; and such was the feeling against him that the Admiral on the station refused him the man-of-war in which it was customary for an ex-Governor to travel home. Before his successor was appointed the treaty of Amiens was concluded, by which the Cape was restored to Holland; and for three years it was administered by General Janssens under the States-General.

When the Cape again came under British sovereignty, in 1806, its government was undertaken in quite a different mood. The Dutch had this time offered a stubborn resistance, loss of life had been sustained in recovering the invaluable strategic position, and every official at the Cape believed that after the European war, which had just been renewed, the colony would remain British. It was not until 1814 that our position at the Cape was regularised by the payment of six millions sterling to the Prince of Orange, but from the first this seems to have been the spirit in which the British Government renewed its sway after the brief Dutch interregnum.



Sir H. Barkly.

Nevertheless the Governor chosen for the task of assimilating the Cape Colony as far as possible to the British Empire was a young man under thirty, with little more experience of public life than was to be gained as an Irish representative peer. Youth had an excellent justification in Lord Caledon, however, who is described as "upright and amiable in disposition, good-tempered, courteous, and benevolent." During his four years' service he established a water supply in Cape Town, a postal service over the Colony, improved the administration of justice, and emancipated Hottentot children from a system of semi-slavery. His place was taken by Sir John Cradock, a distinguished Peninsular officer, who continued the work of reform by starting schools and giving the farmers a proprietary interest in their land. Sir John Cradock's reign lasted till 1814; and then came a Governor whose long term of office

makes one of the most noteworthy chapters of South African history.

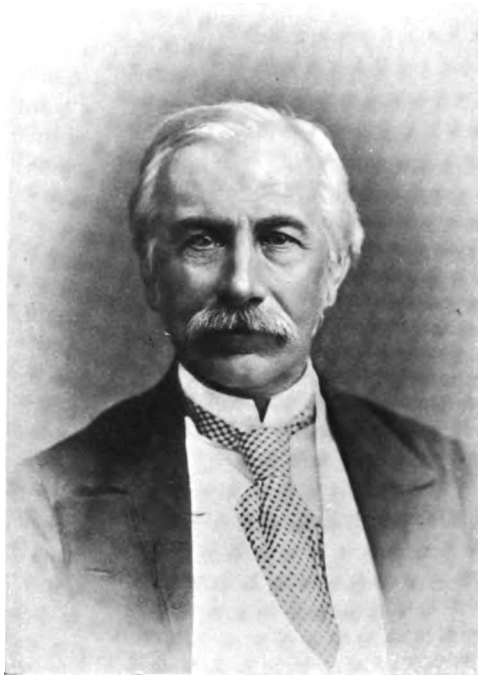
The name of Lord Charles Henry Somerset is probably best known in South Africa as that of the man who was instrumental in bringing about the first step towards the self-government which it now enjoys. Nowadays it is difficult to

realise the autocratic power vested in the first five Governors of Cape Colony. It was not merely that their word was absolute; the supervision and restraint which could be exercised over their proceedings from London was enormously qualified by the fact that the best part of a year was occupied in sending a communication to the Secretary of State and receiving his reply. Lord Macartney, it would seem, was fortunately a wise despot, whilst Lord Caledon and Sir John Cradock were both wise and benevolent. Sir George Young was alleged to be corrupt, if not tyrannical; and so great were the Governor's facilities for speculation and blackmailing, that Lord Macartney, on leaving Cape Town, thought proper to file an affidavit of his honesty, which reads strangely enough at the present day.*

In Lord Charles Somerset, on the other hand, the Cape had a Governor of arbitrary temperament, who finding himself in the possession of arbitrary powers, used them for more than they were worth. Any criticism of his administration was strongly resented. A petitioner to the Secretary of State was prosecuted for libel, because in his petition he made complaint of some of the Governor's proceedings. When the first newspaper published in Cape Town expressed its disapproval of the prosecution, it was suspended and the printing plant confiscated. A literary society, which passed a resolution in sympathy with the editor, was "proclaimed" as a seditious and dangerous assembly. Several of Lord Charles's victims proceeded to England and laid their cases before Parliament. They obtained powerful advocates, Brougham in the House of Commons threatening to move for the Cape Governor's impeachment if he were not recalled. At length, in 1826, when Lord Charles Somerset had been twelve years in office, the Government felt obliged to ask him to come to London and give an explanation of his conduct. So confident was he of returning to his post that part of his family was left behind in Cape Town. The inquiry did, indeed, disprove some of the worst charges against his administration—such as that of personal corruption—but those that remained were sufficiently serious, and the *Times* called upon Brougham to carry out his threat of impeachment. The issue was still in doubt when Lord Liverpool's Ministry fell, in April 1827, and the Whigs coming into office all chance of Lord Charles Somerset's reinstatement disappeared.

It would be unjust to the memory, however, of a member of one of England's historic families, if nothing further were said with regard to his governorship.

* In the affidavit thus voluntarily made, Lord Macartney declares that apart from his salary he had made no profit out of his position, "except some small articles of fruit, venison or such trifles which it was out of my power to refuse or elude, and which I am sure could not possibly exceed the value of from one to two hundred rix-dollars"



Sir Bartle Frere.

Tyrant or not, Lord Charles Somerset undoubtedly conferred services of lasting value upon South Africa. By the irony of circumstances, the most conspicuous of these became the instrument of his own political undoing. I refer to the scheme he devised, whilst visiting England on leave of absence, in 1820, for the emigration of some five thousand British people to South Africa, amongst whom were Pringle the poet, and other men of education and ability, who successfully opposed in after years Lord Charles Somerset's oppressive administration. They were the nucleus of that loyal British population in the eastern part of Cape Colony, which in times of danger, such as we now witness, has been of such supreme importance. An enthusiastic racing man, Lord Charles Somerset did much to improve the breed of horses in South Africa, and by the importation of sheep successfully established its wool industry. Against these things must be set his



Lord Loch.

unfortunate severity towards the rebels of Slachter's Nek, which for so many years kept alive the racial enmity of the Dutch towards the English.

On the report of the commission of inquiry into Lord Charles Somerset's conduct, it was decided that henceforth the Governor should be assisted by an Executive Council of seven members. In 1835 a Legislative Council was established, consisting of six official and six nominated members. Contentedly sharing their burdens of office with these councillors, the Governors who went to the Cape during the twenty years which followed Lord Charles Somerset's downfall, stand out much less prominently in South African history. Sir Galbraith Lowry Cole, the first, is best remembered for "Sir Lowry's Pass," a fine highway connecting Cape Town with the interior, which was made under his direction. The chief seaport of Natal rightly commemorates Sir Benjamin D'Urban, his successor, whose

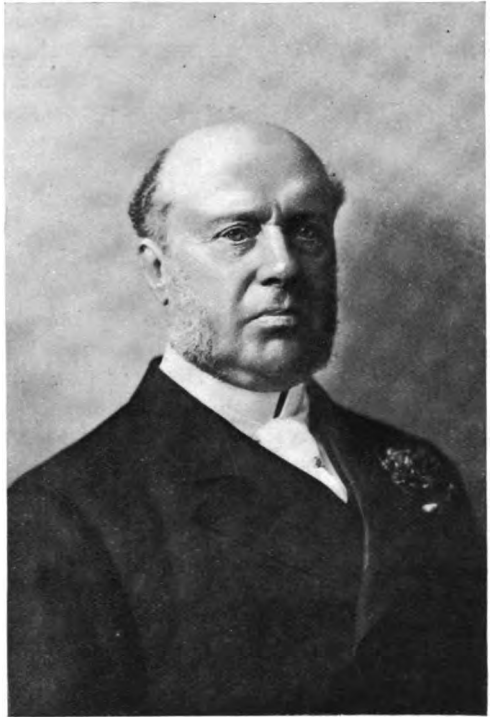
early faith in the future of that colony contrasted sharply with the indifference of Downing Street. When Durban was founded, at a public meeting in June 1835, its inhabitants, mostly elephant hunters, numbered less than forty; but the Governor readily gave his name to the new town, and strongly but unsuccessfully urged that Natal should at once be placed under the British flag. Of the short reigns of Sir George T. Napier, Sir Peregrine Maitland, and Sir Henry Pottinger, there is even less to be said that would be of any interest at the present day. According to more than one writer, the last-named is well forgotten. Sir Henry Pottinger was a gay Lothario, whose licentious behaviour greatly offended Dutch and English colonists alike.

Quite otherwise is it with Sir Harry Smith, who was appointed Governor in 1847. He had previously spent some years in South Africa as a military officer during the Kaffir wars, and was most favourably remembered for his bravery and kindliness. In the meantime he had won considerable renown in India. On

landing at Cape Town he received what was probably the most cordial welcome that had ever been accorded to a British consul. To British people in South Africa his name is still equally agreeable, as that of the victor of Boomplaats, the one pitched battle we fought with the Boers from the time of our first occupation of the country till the outbreak of the Transvaal rebellion in 1880. The engagement occurred on August 28th, 1848, and effectually stopped the revolt of what was then called the Orange River Sovereignty. The story of the fight throws a strong light on Sir Harry Smith's character. He was anxious to spare no effort to avoid bloodshed, and lest there should be a premature shot the caps were taken from the nipples of the soldiers' carbines. Sir Harry was so confident that no weapon would be raised against himself, that he rode at the head of his little army in such conspicuous costume as a blue jacket, white trousers, and large drab hat. But as the column approached the Boer levies it received two volleys, one of the rifle balls grazing Sir Harry's horse and another cutting through his stirrup leathers. It was on returning from this expedition that he founded what is now the important frontier town of Aliwal North, giving to it the name of his great victory in India over the Sikhs. During the six years—the Governor's term of office as it had been definitely fixed in London—that Sir Harry Smith spent at the Cape, his statesmanship proved to be almost as good as his soldiering.

For a few months—another native war being in progress—Sir Harry Smith's place was taken by General Sir George Cathcart, the Commander-in-chief. The political difficulties with Boers and Basutos then proving too much for him, Sir George Cathcart wrote to the Secretary of State, asking that a "statesman" might be sent out whose training better qualified him for the task. In response, South Africa received—Sir George Grey.

Sir George Grey's governorship was a kind of golden age in South African politics. This is the invariable testimony of witnesses who agree in scarcely any other particular. When he arrived at Cape Town, in 1854, the outlook was by no means promising. On the colonial borders native raids were of frequent occurrence, and in despair the Home Government had just consented to recognise the independence of the Boer Republics, in the Transvaal and in what had been the Orange River Sovereignty. Yet for a long time peace was so well assured that Sir George Grey was able to build a hospital at King Williamstown by employing upon the work the large number of idle soldiers, Kaffirs quarrying the stones, military waggons bringing them to the site, sappers digging the foundations, and the men of an infantry regiment placing the stones in position. When India was in danger he could send almost all the troops out of the country to render



Late Lord Rosmead.

valuable help in the suppression of the Mutiny, receiving the personal assurance of the native chiefs that there should be no disturbance during the absence of the Queen's soldiers. And, to crown all, the Governor so gained the confidence of the distrustful Boers, that if he had only had a free hand he would have brought about that federation of South Africa which, with all the subsequent strife between the two white races, has since become increasingly desirable as well as increasingly difficult of attainment. In this instance the quickened means of communication, which enabled Downing Street to nip Sir George Grey's policy in the bud, proved to be an instrument of evil rather than of good.

With Sir George Grey's courage and wisdom in overcoming the most formidable of the many native risings in South Africa, when 200,000 Kaffirs, under the influence of a mad "prophetess," destroyed their cattle and crops, preparatory to overrunning Cape Colony; with his sagacious action in settling the men of the German Legion which had been engaged in the Crimean war, upon the veldt as a barrier of military force against further incursions; with his patient skill in winning the natives from witchcraft and other demoralising evils, every one will be familiar who has read W. L. Rees' "Life" of the Colonial statesman, or Mr. James Milne's volume "The Romance of a Pro-Consul." In these books one is enabled to realise how Sir George Grey in the summer of 1859 was the centre of South African hopes and fears. First came Bulwer Lytton's despatch, recalling Sir George because of the differences of opinion between him and the Colonial Office. Colonists and natives alike took a painful farewell of the Governor, the ship which conveyed him back to England carrying also many petitions to the Queen praying for his restoration to office. Then, a few days after he had sailed, news reached the Cape that Lord Derby's Government had been defeated in the House of Commons, and that its successor had cancelled Sir George Grey's dismissal. This intelligence did not reach Sir George till his arrival in England; but in a few weeks he was on his way back to the overjoyed Colony, unfortunately without the Imperial authority, however, to carry out the unity of South Africa.

An incident which occurred soon after Sir George Grey's return well illustrates the beneficent dictatorship which he exercised by personal charm and force of character. The construction of a harbour in Table Bay, such as would have saved many a good ship with its human freight, was a project dear to his heart. A short time before his recall he persuaded the Legislative Council to consider the Bill with this object. But during his absence in England the opposition of conservatism and parsimony made itself felt, and the measure was shelved. The Governor was no sooner restored and his earnest wishes in the matter made known than the Bill was taken up again and passed with acclamation. The popular appreciation of such a dictatorship during the period of his governorship, from 1854 to 1861, is evident to-day in the statue of Sir George Grey, which stands in front of the public library he founded at Cape Town—one of the few statues that have been erected during the lifetime of their subjects.

Sir Philip Wodehouse (1861-70) and Sir Henry Barkly (1870-77) made no attempt to sustain the renown of Sir George Grey, and in the Colonial mind they were dwarfed by comparison with him, although the one Governor had an important share in adding Basutoland to the British Empire and the other had to incur considerable responsibility in connection with the annexation of the Kimberley Diamond Fields. South Africa recognised a man of stronger calibre in Sir Bartle Frere, who was sent out by Lord Carnarvon to carry out that policy of federation which less than twenty years before his lordship, as Under Secretary for the Colonies, had done much to frustrate.

Sir Bartle Frere's reputation undeservedly suffers with many people on

account of the annexation of the Transvaal, Mr. John Morley, for instance, ascribing that act to him in a speech he recently delivered. The truth is that this responsibility belongs entirely to Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the Special Commissioner to Pretoria in 1877; Sir Bartle Frere had nothing to do with the Transvaal until the annexation was an accomplished fact, and subsequently did not conceal his opinion that Sir Theophilus had been too much in a hurry. Frere landed at the Cape on March 31st, 1877; Shepstone, without having had any communication with the new Governor, proclaimed the Transvaal British territory on April 12th.

Sir Bartle Frere needed some persuasion to accept the Cape appointment. At the time a salary of £5000 was attached to the post; and as an additional inducement Lord Carnarvon increased this amount to £7000—a sum which fell short by £1000 of the present emoluments of the South African Viceroy. On returning to England, in 1880, Sir Bartle Frere must have regretted that his hesitation in accepting the position had been overcome. By some people at the Cape Sir Bartle Frere is still sympathetically remembered, and it is generally acknowledged that he rendered it at least one substantial service in strengthening the defences of Cape Town, which a short time before his arrival had excited the good-humoured contempt of some Russian naval officers who happened to visit the port. But until the day of his death he deeply resented his treatment in England respecting the Transvaal and Zulu wars. The injustice with which he considered he was treated by the Beaconsfield Government (in abandoning his cause when its defence in the House of Commons became inconvenient) rankled especially in his mind.

Of the present Governor and his two predecessors—Sir Henry Brougham Loch, afterwards Lord Loch, and the late Sir Hercules Robinson, afterwards Lord Rosmead—there is little to be said here. The time for appraising their share in the destinies of South Africa is not yet. Lord Rosmead, who succeeded Sir Bartle Frere, occupied the position for about eleven years in all, whilst Lord Loch had less than half this experience at Cape Town, but they would doubtless have been quite agreed that in comparison with it their Australian governorships were beds of roses. By successive steps, culminating in the creation of a Parliamentary Executive in 1872, the Governor of Cape Colony has been relieved of nearly all his direct authority in that part of South Africa; but, on the other hand, the expansion of British dominion and the widening area of racial difficulties have caused the High Commissioner's responsibilities to be more and more burdensome. When the present war is over, it will probably be fully recognised that his position as a proconsul of the Empire is second only, if that, to that of the Viceroy of India.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.



Sir Alfred Milner, K.C.B.

THE LOVE OF HESTER RICKETTS.

I.

A MID-DAY sun, that, like a white-hot platinum disc throbbing to the ache and pulse of little devilish self-devouring flame-points, seemed to hang between earth and sky, scorching both!

Beneath the glare, a long undulating sweep of flat veldt licking feverishly on the coppery circle of the horizon! Not a kopje in sight, not even a great hummock—only a vast, silent, barren, burnished sea of dead billowy grass, strewn with stones that gleamed and quivered like the brass bolts in a cylinder plate when the piston throbs to and fro.

The iron roof of the farm homestead seemed on fire. Beneath the intolerable scorching heat all living things were drooping, as if dumbly waiting inevitable death. The goats in the scanty patch of thorn-scrub to the right crouched panting. Here and there herd-remnants of cattle stood, with heads hanging down, ever and again bellowing raucously as if cursing the leaden wings of the doom they dimly felt. In the distance, beyond the homestead, a glittering slope of shale caught the sun's rays and held them in a molten glow, and through the pulsing haze that brooded above the shoal one might see the blue steely gleam of water crawling sluggishly between yellow cracked banks.

Hester Ricketts stood at the gate of the compound, erect, motionless. Her white gown clung to her form, like the leaves to the trees, breathless, rigid, outlined as if graven against the coppery calm of the atmosphere. A large sun-hat was pushed to the back of her head, and with one hand she was shading her eyes, looking into the shimmer of the east, where a black speck crawled almost imperceptibly along the sky line. She was a comely woman of about twenty-six years of age, with a homely, freckled face, which at the moment wore an air of fatigue, almost hopeless. Large, solemn, grey eyes, and hair rather ruddy than bronze, gave a certain tone of intense vitality to her appearance, which, if not entirely lifting it to beauty, endowed it with that strongest of personal charms—the power to attract and interest. Her mouth was finely curved, and there was a patient set about the lips that suggested knowledge of suffering. For the rest, rather over the average height of woman, she was broad of shoulder, with a chest deep and swelling to the full curve of the bosom, and with that fine clean sweep of limb, that lissom air of alertness and latent sleepy elasticity, that comes of life on the high veldt.

The homestead at the back of her was a fairly commodious building of rough timber and iron roof, flanked on either end by mud huts and cattle kraals. The centre door gave off on to a low stoep shaded by thatched eaves. On this stoep a man was lying, propped up on an old horsehair couch. Save for a crimson spot on either cheek, his face was grey and haggard. His breath came and went in choking gasps, and a curious sullenness seemed to well ever and again through the luminous fever glow in his sunken eyes. He was dying. He knew it, and in a resentful, brooding way greeted the fact. Two months previously he had been one of the richest farmers in Bechuanaland. Now the rinderpest had smitten his

flocks, and the labour of twenty years was a memory to mock at him. Anxiety, overwork, and marsh-fever, had marked him out no less surely than his cattle.

The stoep was the only place about the house to which a breath of air percolated. He lay for some minutes watching the girl at the gate, wondering peevishly what was attracting her scrutiny. Her immobility irritated him at length past endurance, and in a thin quavering note his voice rose shrilly, cutting the air like the lash of a whip.

"Hester! Hester!"

The girl moved round, as if mechanically, and with lagging gait crossed the compound and climbed the stoep, blinking at the black shadows of the room inside.

"You called, father?" she said.

"Aye!" he answered: "I'm going. I've somethin' to say to you."

She moistened his lips with some tepid barley-water, but made no answer. He had been a hard, cold, unloving man, and even now in his last extremity she felt more fear of him than pity.

"You'll stick to the farm?" he said.

She nodded.

"The plague 'll go," he went on. "There's a bit put by, and with that you can begin afresh."

A fit of coughing interrupted him, leaving him livid. When he recovered, he stretched a lean, shaking hand towards the room, and gasped, "Gie me the Book."

She brought him the old family Bible, a faint look of wonder in her face. He raised himself a little, his eyes searching her face feverishly.

"Swear," he said, "you'll stick to the farm, and you'll never sell it till you've found the stones."

"I swear!" she said solemnly. In her mind she thought he was wandering, but it made no difference to her oath, as she had no intention of doing otherwise. For some seconds he lay back with eyes closed, and the girl's gaze sought the east again and the moving black speck.

"You're still of a mind to wed Nat Mason?" asked the man suddenly.

"Yes!" she answered simply, though a dull flush crept into her cheeks..

"He's a one-time man, I'm thinkin'," returned her father bitterly. "He ain't bin near since the bad days came."

"He is riding here now," she answered quietly.

"Is he, though? Is he, though?" the man gasped. "The God of the orphan bless 'im, then, and bring 'im better luck than He's bröught me!"

In the ensuing silence the glare from the outside crept up along the stoep till it rested on the edge of the couch. Suddenly the old man sat up, erect, stark, dishevelled.

"Stick to it, girl," he cried in a shrill treble. "The stones are there; one day . . . Bide a while, Lord, I'm coming soon as I've told . . ."

He fell back choking, and the glare creeping up lay over the gaping set jaws and the glazed eyes.

The girl looked at him stonily, hardly realising that in the midst of that great solitude she was alone. She bent over him, fearful, strangely curious; then timidly and stealthily, as if afraid, she closed the staring eyes, and drew the sheet up over his face and crept backwards, step by step, till she reached the gate. In all her life she had never been so afraid of her father as now that he was dead. She leant her face on her hands, clinging against the gate, wondering numbly how long it would be before her lover arrived. Suddenly she raised her head and looked down, realising with a curious vacant wonder that two blistering tears had welled over from her eyes and were scorching her bare, crossed wrists,

II.

"DEAD?" Nat Mason stared at Hester Ricketts stupidly. "Dead?"

"Half an hour ago!" echoed the girl, looking at him in his aloofness, half piteously, half uncomprehendingly. He had dismounted, and with the bridle over his arm was standing a few paces from her. It was a hard, clean-shaven face she looked upon, with eyes somewhat close set, and upper lip curving inwards—a keen, intelligent, businesslike face, that would have inspired cautious trust on any Stock Exchange—a face which harmonised well with his close-knit, lean, wiry frame.

Three months previously, when old Joshua Ricketts was lord of eight thousand head of cattle, Nat Mason had thought himself a lucky man to win the love of the prosperous farmer's daughter. A Melbourne man himself, he had joined the gold-rush in the late eighties, and shared the ordinary experience. When a man strikes bed-rock he takes easily to stock-jobbing; and Nat Mason had a long head and a cool nerve, both qualities which had assured him a certain footing on the skirts of the Johannesburg Exchange. Alliance with Ricketts' daughter loomed before him in all the splendid significance of a credit almost unlimited. Though the girl scarcely at first inspired him to passion, he had soon found himself carried out of the still currents of cool calculation. For Hester had met his declarations with a force of passion and surrender whose magnetism had gradually enthralled him into a mood of intoxicating illusion. The vast solitude of the veldt, the electric tingle of the days, the long lonely rides under moon and stars that seemed to sleep against a purple, velvety sky—all had wrapped the two in a spacious atmosphere of kinship and intimacy that at the time had appeared idyllic yet destined.

His courtship had gone farther than he had intended, having been wrought to a sudden declaration by the ethereal pallor of the girl's face, the slumberous melting expectancy of her eyes, as they rested for a few moments one sultry evening beneath a tangle of moonlight and linking thorn-branches.

Even in the moment of his wooing, however, he was conscious more of the passion of being loved than of loving, his emotions rioting to a glory of pride in which the desire of possession was hardly perceptible, so subjective was it and self-centred.

Yet, as she had clung to him there beneath the thorn-trees, with the silver wash of the moonlight on her upturned rapt face lending added intensity to the still, passionate worship her blazing eyes and tremulous lips confessed, he had felt constrained to assert his superiority even in the strength of affection.

"I will marry you," she had said. "Ah, yes, with all my heart. For I love you so well, so dearly, that one day you will grow to love me better than you do now."

For the sure instinct of her love, playing with master-touch across each strung fibre of his emotions, had felt intuitively the faint jar of untuned chords. But he would have none of it.

"How can you know?" he had cried. "I love you now more than I ever dreamt I could love a woman. But a man's love is different to a girl's—less emotional, but more steadfast. Time alone can show you how steadfast!"

And, looking at him there, with the hard lines of his face indescribably mellowed and melting into the softness of the moment's mood and shadows, the girl had believed him. They had walked home together, hand in hand, leading their horses, building in dreams the strong fabric of the future around the strength of the interlacing of their mutual vows. When he had left the farmstead the next day it was with her father's permission to get a special license. Three weeks later

it was in his pocket, and he was preparing to set out for Zeerest when he received a letter from Hester telling him of the ravages of the rinderpest, which had appeared the very day of his departure.

The letter gave him a curious sensation, as of having slipped suddenly into a cold bath, and in a moment the glamour of that month's illusion peeled off, resolving itself into an equation of pounds and possibilities. He locked the license up in his desk and pored over his ledgers. For the next two months he deferred his visit from day to day. He was conscious of no dishonourable intention. But he was very conscious, and that somewhat bitterly, of the fact that he had made a bad bargain, and must "hedge." He thus satisfied himself that the best course for both was for him to cleave to his office, and consolidate his business. If the rinderpest ruined the old man he would then have to sell the farm. In that event he himself might still be able to utilise the capital as efficaciously as he had hoped to utilise the credit. And after all, he told himself, he was fond, genuinely fond, of Hester; and when her letters, growing more and more urgent, spoke no longer of the pest, he took heart, telling himself he had been a fool to be scared, and that his business could wait a while. Then he set out. It was a five days' trek to Ricketts'; and after passing his boundary, he had two hours' ride to the homestead—a ride through crooked lanes of bleaching bones, and a still more dreadful avenue of patient beasts that turned on him great dumb eyes of pain and sweat-dewed, twitching nostrils.

His face had grown blank as he rode, and his fears for his neglected business increased. Yet the figure of the girl standing in the glare at the gate drew him on mechanically. He knew she had seen him and was waiting. "Marriage with ruin! Marriage with ruin!" The soft thud of the hoofs on the veldt pulsed the words out jeeringly. The very idea roused him to savage irritation. It spelt inevitably the loss of his credit. The idea of procrastination grew on him. He must put off this marriage, defer it indefinitely, and be free, till—till—what? He rode on slowly, sullenly, his mind chaotically swinging from the one passion for the woman to the other passion for gold.

Now he stood facing her, and her first news was of the death of her father. It spoilt the perspective of his late decision, rendering him irresolute again. It might still be possible, he thought, by selling the farm.

"And you? What will you do?" he asked feebly, after a long pause, in which he was terribly conscious that she was mutely appealing for his support. "The rinderpest! Those beasts!"

"I am going to kill them all and burn off the grass," she answered wearily. "I begged father to do it at first, but he would not."

"But it is ruin!" he cried.

"Nearly!" she answered, her voice quivering a little. "But there are a few hundreds left," she went on bravely. "Enough to stock afresh in a year, when the grass will be clean, and to keep us till then."

"Us?" He echoed the word blankly, almost unconsciously.

"You and me!" she answered, gliding a little nearer to him. "You'll stay?"

"Impossible!" he answered quickly, his eyes fluttering away nervously from her level gaze. A sudden rage took him against her eyes; they had something of the same hunted expression as was in the tortured gaze of the beasts he had passed.

"Impossible! I must get back. My business will go to ruin too, and we shall both be stranded."



"And mounting slowly on his horse rode away."

He was conscious that his last phrase contained the envelope of a lie ; but with woman's trust she clung to it.

"There are the 'landes,'" she said, coming nearer and putting a trembling hand on his arm. "Throw up the business and come here, and let us start together."

"Impossible !" he cried again. "It would mean starvation to both of us. Besides, there's your father. I must ride over to Colstone's place and send you some women and the parson."

"You will come back ?" she asked.

He shifted uneasily.

"Look here, Hester," he said : "best be frank ! Marriage at present would spell ruin to me. My clients would stop their credit at once. We must wait till I can knock a place together in Johannesburg, and then you must sell up here and come and join me."

The woman looked at him half uncomprehendingly. A dull booming was in her ears. The marriage to wait ! Yet three months ago it was he who had suggested the special license, and on the plea that he could not wait. This love of his, was it false, then, after all ?

Her voice sounded dull and distant to herself as she replied, "I've sworn never to sell the old place."

"Just as you like !" he said, with a quick assumption of huffiness. "Only it's the only way I can propose."

"Nat !" she cried, suddenly clasping his sleeve with both hands : "Nat ! Do you forget last April ? Do you forget I have given you all my soul, that I have no hope but in you, that I am alone—ah, so lonely ? You are not going to leave me alone. . . ."

"What can I do?" he cried irritably. "It is madness to think of marriage immediately. You must wait."

She drew back from him swiftly, as if struck, her eyes blazing on his, her lips half-parted to speak. A slow flush mounted her cheek; she restrained her words, and turning her back on him walked towards the house, an emotionless "Good-bye" her only farewell.

He gazed after her irresolute, feeling in every fibre that he had played the cur.

"What the devil's the use?" he muttered pceevishly at length, and mounting slowly on his horse rode away.

III.

TWELVE months after the day of Joshua Ricketts' death, his daughter Hester was sitting under a high bank that bordered the stream running through her landes. In full flood the stream was half a mile across, but now it lay like a skein of yellow silk ravelling in and out of white dusty stones. For after the rinderpest had come the drought, and all around the farm lands showed black and scorched and barren where the cleansing flame had passed, and where the young shoots yet waited the rain that never came. The patient lines about the woman's mouth had deepened a little; but a new look was in her eyes—the hard, shining, alert look that betokens resolution in operation. Some little way to her left a Bechuana woman was washing out clothes, and at the feet of Hester herself a shaggy half-bred collie lay, its nose resting on the stones, its eyes fixed unblinkingly on the woman's face. Hester, abstracted, paid no attention to it. She was gazing out over the stream, wondering dully when the rain would come, from what quarter a cloud would one day steal into that intolerable aching void of blue. She held an assegai in her hand, with which she was mechanically prodding the pebbles at her feet, digging a long scour towards the stream. Suddenly the glint of a sunbeam falling on the little rut caught one of the stones and lit it to a blaze of rosy blue. The sparkle attracted her gaze, and she regarded it for a while admiringly. Very slowly a flush grew into her face, mounted to her forehead, then faded, leaving her white and trembling. Across the vista of her vision had risen the stoep of the homestead, the couch, her dying father. As in a dream, she heard his words—words she had ever regarded as the raving of delirium,—

"You'll never sell it till you've found the stones."

She hardly dared move. A great trembling came on her, and a strange dizziness. The sun, stealing farther up the sky, shone full now into the rut her assegai had carved, making of it a blaze of radiant hues. Suddenly she threw herself on her knees, and seizing one of the sparkling pebbles put it to her tongue. A great sob escaped her. The stone was cold and clear as crystal. A kind of frenzy came on her. She flung herself on the pebbles, gathering them madly, feverishly; yet testing each one with her tongue before thrusting it into her bosom. She gathered thirty and more that way, when a movement of the woman at her left disturbed her. With quick cunning she turned on the dog, and pretended to be teasing it, at the same time raking with her foot the beach stones over the tell-tale rut. Then, rising slowly, she bade the woman cease for the day, and watching her as she swung, basket on head, towards the house, she followed her with head bent and hands clasping hard against the panting of her bosom.

IV.

AFFAIRS had prospered with Nat Mason since the day he had left Hester Ricketts alone with her dead father. He did not like to think of that day, though he frequently told himself that experience had justified his wisdom. He had never heard from Hester since ; and though sometimes he believed that he still retained the intention of marrying her, he was growingly drifting into the conviction that



"Very slowly a flush grew into her face."

he might do better. He had taken to himself a partner, one "Nosey" Skate, who, though a member of The 'Change, had little cash. Between them they were rapidly amassing a fortune. At the moment when Hester was raking out the sparkling stones at the riverside, Nat Mason was nearing Buluwayo, after a very successful prospecting tour among the gold reefs of Rhodesia, which, at the instance of his partner, he had undertaken a month previously. He felt that, with the information he now held, he and his partner could turn their capital of twelve

thousand into a sum ten times that amount. His equanimity was destined to a rough shock. On reaching Buluwayo he found awaiting him a cipher wire from his confidential clerk. It was laconic and eloquent.

"Skate bolted with all available funds. You urgently looked for!"

His progress from Buluwayo to Johannesburg became from that moment like the journey of a man in a nightmare. The hideous, sardonic folly of it made his brain reel. To face the creditors and begin again! The idea sickened him, and he eyed his revolver gloomily. When he reached his office, however, the bland smiles of his clerks, the jovial words and greetings of men he knew to be heavy creditors, made him think for a moment he was mad. Enlightenment came to him suddenly. He had not been in his office five minutes when a large, florid man bustled in. He heard his voice bellowing out inquiries in the clerks' room, and shivered. It was Miles Delauncy, a man whose reputation for implacability against his debtors was notorious. Next moment he had burst into Mason's sanctum, and was wringing his hands.

"You lucky dog!" he roared. "You damned lucky dog!"

Mason's head spun. "What the deuce do you mean?" he asked, a strange feeling of dryness about the lips. "What does it all mean? I come back to find my partner bolted, and all the world grinning at me."

Delauncy stared at him a moment, then winked solemnly.

"Well," he said dryly, "you are a downy bird. You'll be pretending next that you are not engaged to old Jos Ricketts' daughter."

"I!" gasped Mason—"engaged . . . to Hester Ricketts?"

"That's the ticket, my boy!" said Delauncy, with a shout of laughter. "My Lord, but you're splendid! Don't know of the diamond pocket either, do you? Quite a surprise, eh? Not heard by any chance that Croft's people plumped her a cheque for fifty thou., with 15 per cent. royalty, and that in six months you'll be a millionaire. Well, so long! That little affair of mine can wait a while—and if you want to draw on any one, why come, round and see me."

He went out, and Nat Mason sat for a long time with white, rigid face staring in front of him.

V.

A WEEK later Hester Ricketts stood at the gate of her farm watching a black speck that moved along the eastern sky line. She thought of the last time she had stood thus, and her heart beat quickly.

"Would he ring true or false?" she was asking herself.

When she had sold her rights to the new diamond field, she had found her lover's name in every one's mouth, as that of a man dishonoured and ruined. "He will come back and face it," she had said quietly to one of his bitterest detractors; and in answer to his look of surprise she had added, with a quiet smile, "You see I know him. I have been engaged to him for a long time." The news had spread, as such news does, like fire.

Under the first stress of his reception Mason had taken the position his friends forced on him: he held his tongue, and in answer to questions and congratulations smiled knowingly but gave no information. On taking counsel with himself he determined that he must see Hester at once. During the four days' trek to the farm he pondered deeply over his position. He shrank from coming to her as a supplicant for her wealth. In his own mind he considered himself greatly superior to the girl, and he had no notion how the news of his engagement had ever

leaked out. He was thus quite ignorant of the fact that Hester knew anything of his affairs. By the time he had reached the farm he had resolved to assume all



"The sound of a step and a rustle as of skirts."

innocence of her fortune and to offer her with every appearance of generous love the share of his own.

At the first glance into his eyes the girl's face paled. She listened stonily as he glibly glided through his proposal. She would not so much as ask him in. He had rung false after all, she thought bitterly. And she had been prepared to give him everything. He did not understand the look she levelled on him, though its profound pity stirred him uneasily. Her words, however, left nothing imaginary to his intelligence. With cold civility she rejected his suit. In answer to his hot demand for explanation she handed him a letter. It was from Norris, her solicitor. He read it through till he caught sight of his own name. "I hear," ran the paragraph, "from Delauncy that Nat Mason won't say a word about his engagement, and seemed staggered at the amiability of his creditors. . . ."

He handed the letter back to her, his cheeks a dusky red. Then without a word he swung into his saddle and turned his head homewards.

Six days later he was sitting in his office. Before him was a carefully compiled statement of his position. Over £7000 liabilities, and some £200 cash! A great temptation rose before him. If he held his tongue he could yet work the credit of his engagement, perhaps to the point of recuperating his loss. But somehow he found he could not do it. With self-revelation had come self-contempt. For the first time in his life he had realised that he had behaved to Hester as a liar and an impostor, and the realisation was accentuated by the stinging consciousness that he loved her.

For some hours he sat writing notes to his various creditors, denying the news of his engagement, and calling a meeting. He had hardly finished when a messenger arrived bearing a sealed packet. He tore it open, wondering, and his eyes fell blankly on paper after paper showing the receipt-note of every one of his liabilities—one and all made out to Hester Ricketts. His head fell forward on his desk. He thought the depth of his humiliation had now been plumbed.

The sound of a step and a rustle as of skirts caused him to look suddenly up. The hour was late, and the dusk outside gave little light in the room. For a moment he thought he was dreaming as his eyes met the gaze of Hester, who, garbed in a long, capacious cloak, was looking down on him sadly, a pitying tenderness instinct about the tremble of her lips and the flutter of her level lids.

"Is it love of woman or lust of gold that's been drivin' you, Nat?" she said softly.

His eyes fell, and a hot flush crept again to his cheeks.

"I've got my deserts," he said hoarsely.

"If it's love of woman," she said, still more softly, "I've come to offer it you. Oh Nat! Nat! you nearly broke my heart."

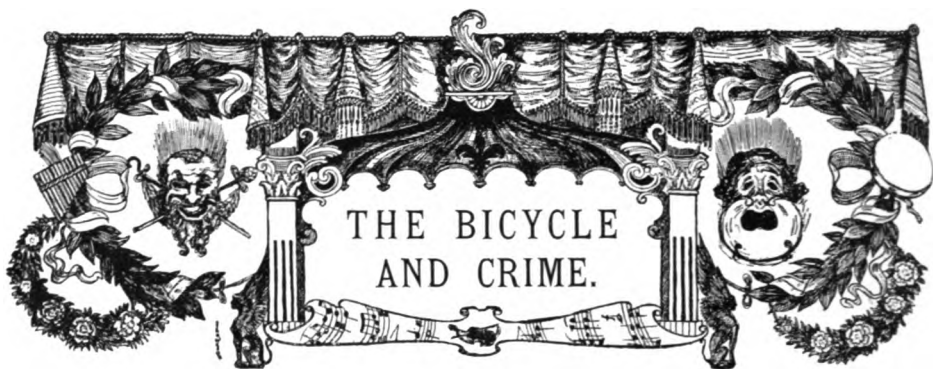
He started back as if hit across the face.

"No!" he muttered harshly: "I'm not so dog-mean as that. I'm finished and badly whipped."

"But you are my husband, dear," she whispered. Then, coming close to him, she suddenly flung back her cloak. "Nat!" she cried, in low quivering tones, her eyes sparkling through a hot pricking of tears: "Nat, dear! Will you deny my love too? If you won't take me for myself or the gold, won't you take me truly for the love's sake, Nat?"

The man staggered to his feet, gazing at her for a moment with wild eyes. Then with a low cry he fell at her knees and covered his burning face with her soft, freckled, trembling hand.

BASIL MARNAN.



EVERY new mechanism adopted in our daily life multiplies the causes and the number of crimes. Electricity and magnetism in the hands of delirious degenerates have lent themselves to murder ; and as they enter into new instruments they develop fresh forms of crime—as, for instance, the use in highway robbery of the *assommoir électrique*, which knocks down a passenger with a single blow, the employment of chloroform to deprive the thief's victim of consciousness or of dynamite to force the strong-room. No sooner were railways laid than up sprang a whole crop of railway offences, not the least of which was the de-railing of trains. The increasing growth of insurance companies, and of journalism, has evolved offences as modern as they are wide-spread, offences appalling in the difficulty of their discovery, such as bribery of the press, or poisoning for the sake of insurance money. And now the phonograph is pressed into the service of calumny and crime.

But no modern mechanism has assumed the extraordinary importance of the bicycle, either as a cause or as an instrument of crime. So marked is this that, whereas it used to be the somewhat intemperate fashion to seek in woman the mainspring of every masculine offence,—*cherchez la femme*,—we might now say with perhaps less exaggeration *cherchez la bicyclette* in the majority of offences committed by young men, and, in Italy at all events, by young men of good social standing. This may be explained in many ways. First there is the enormously popular use of the bicycle, not only as a vehicle of conveyance and pleasure, but as a means of gain both by “record” riding and by sale. Then there is the increased intercourse among men, which, as I have pointed out in my *Delinquent Man*, always augments vice ; the more so when, as in this case, such intercourse arises about the very age (from fifteen to twenty-five years) when the tendency towards vice is most marked, and amongst men of leisure, and men of extraordinary agility, who, as I have also long ago observed, have a strong propensity to crime. The very general use of a fairly valuable machine encourages swindling, just as bills of exchange and postal and telegraphic orders, which facilitate the circulation of money, encourage it in a form which had no existence before their invention.

THE BICYCLE A CAUSE OF CRIME.

It is certain that many muscular young men, consumed with vanity, desire to make their way in the world rapidly. The longing to surpass others without possessing any special mental qualification for so doing is one of the strongest tendencies of our times ; and it is most marked amongst youths who, not being rich enough to buy a costly bicycle which shall enable them to “break the

record," are moved to commit theft, perhaps even highway robbery involving homicide, to gain their end. We must remember that the born criminal, who is most addicted to such crimes, unlike the average person, is a *neophile*—a lover of the new, an anti-conservative. He has therefore a predilection for this new machine, and knows better than others how to derive advantage from it. For him it has special sources of pride; for, being by nature an idler, an enemy to labour, he is free from the class-scruples of clergymen, magistrates or doctors, for whom the bicycle is a source of possible public contempt and professional damage. He is free, too, from the shrinking of the average man or woman from an instrument but recently adopted (in Italy at any rate) into social habits.

Two very young brothers came under my notice in Turin. They were of good family, but addicted to bad company, precocious in passion and the use of wine; and whilst still mere lads they were led to become thieves on account of the bicycle. The elder brother (fig. 1), of a fine but somewhat effeminate countenance, hoping to become a great cyclist (he was already a great gymnast), at the age of eighteen incited two friends to join him in breaking into a cycle shop. They were caught red-handed, and he then obstinately feigned dumbness, refused food and tore his clothing, so that he eventually succeeded in getting himself pardoned.

His brother (fig. 2), aged sixteen, of fair complexion, with abnormal cranial and facial peculiarities—note the projecting lower jaw—was consumed with the desire of possessing a bicycle. He was a mechanic in a small cycle factory; so he waited until several bicycles came into the shop, and handed one over to the custody of a friend, intending to use it for a time and then restore it. But ere the day of restitution came he was caught. In prison he, like his brother, had fits of mania, in one of which he threw himself from a height and broke his arm. When after a few months of confinement he was set at liberty, he sickened and died of consumption.

I recall another case of a lad of sixteen. He was a gymnastic student, and came of a wealthy family. His countenance was sympathetic, but childish; he too had a projecting jaw, and was of precocious physical development; he had, besides, an extraordinary passion for gambling and sport. He hired a bicycle for an hour, intending, he said, to take it back in a day or two. In the meantime, however he deposited it for the night in the porter's lodge of a friend's house far distant from his own home. The next day he rode out of the town to enjoy his machine in greater security, but was presently arrested. In prison he showed no shame; he only complained that his cell was small, his bed hard, and his soup unsavoury: he was obviously devoid of all moral sense.



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

His sentence was a few months' imprisonment, but no sooner was he free than he stole some graphophone tubes.

Fig. 3 has all the characteristics of the born delinquent: cranium hydrocephalic, vision oblique, passions precocious; probably epileptic too, having had a blow on the head in infancy. By the time he was twenty-two he had been a waiter, a custodian, a typographer, a soldier. Having obtained a post as office messenger, he considered it necessary to have a bicycle; "so of course," said he, "I had to take it." And take it he did, and kept it for seven months.

Sometimes the offence is much slighter. The desire for a bicycle being appeased, the offender (fundamentally honest, or, at worst, having but a slight criminal tendency) feels the first sting of remorse, and restores the stolen object. Occasionally, with peculiar prudence, he returns it, with a note of apology, through a third person.

Not seldom, however, the bicycle craze leads to bloodshed. On July 15th, 1895, a youth of nineteen (fig. 4) entered a neighbour's house by night to steal a bicycle. The neighbour being awakened, the intruder killed him with such violence that he also wounded himself. He returned to his own house, washed, changed his clothes, and joined the neighbours and the police, who, attracted by the cries of the victim, had come to the rescue. He even expressed pity for the dead man, "lying there," he said, "with his throat cut like a calf." But his own blood-tracks between the two houses promptly betrayed him. When arrested he confessed that the murder was premeditated. He had sharpened the knife two days before, and had dexterously procured the key of his victim's house. Shortly afterwards he feigned madness, dressed up like Hamlet, spouted verses and refused food. I unmasked him, however.

He was a fine young fellow—although his expression was sinister—with a massive skull; his sensibility to touch and pain was obtuse; the visual field was restricted, and he had some epileptic symptoms. But the most noteworthy point about him was his double personality. The son of a butcher, and himself a butcher, it nevertheless pained him to kill a chicken or a wasp. Amongst his friends he was the general peacemaker; he appeared so benevolent that the mere reading of the plague episode in the *Promessi Sposi* caused him to weep and remain silent for hours. And yet he felt no remorse for the murder, because, as he said, it was justified by the great object of becoming the best bicyclist in the world. With a bicycle he could have escaped from his father's house, which he hated, and have become rich and famous. What was the life of a man compared with that? It must, however, be noted that his mother was hysterical—a mere cipher morally; that an epileptic uncle on the father's side had committed suicide, and that he had an epileptic cousin on his mother's side. As a child he had himself suffered from hysteria and epilepsy—a fact which throws light on his double



Fig. 4.

personality, of excessive benevolence on the one hand and excessive egoism on the other, a balance of characteristics which his morbid vanity, whetted by the cycling craze, weighed down on the side of crime.

THE BICYCLE AN INSTRUMENT OF CRIME.

The spread of the bicycle, and its comparatively high price, make it not only an object but a means of thieving and swindling even amongst fairly well-to-do people. Take the example of a rich banker's son, aged twenty-two, a student at the Military Academy. From the time he was fifteen he was addicted to more display than his means warranted, and it was said that he used to feed his large St. Bernard dog on sweet cakes. He used to hire bicycles under false names, and then, wearing a military uniform to which he had no longer any right, he would sell them at very low prices.

Then of course there is the regular professional thief. Bicycle thieves frequently club together in gangs, from three up to fifteen or so, with branches in the country or in neighbouring towns. They begin by stealing wayside bicycles left by the unwary; then, waxing bolder and more expert, they steal them from dealers' doorways, and take them to other towns, where they promptly make them unrecognisable by altering the most conspicuous parts. The chief of one gang which came under my observation had almost unwittingly stolen a bicycle whilst he was in a state of intoxication. Another gang started with a young man of nineteen as captain (fig. 5); he was of the criminal type, by trade a saddler. At the age of sixteen, being too poor to gratify his passion for cycling, he appropriated an unguarded bicycle, which after a few days' use he sold. Some months later, no longer out of enthusiasm for cycling, but from sheer vice, he contrived to steal no fewer than six. His companion, a metal foundry, stole, altered, and sold ten more. These two joined two others, and formed a gang who stole altogether about seventy or eighty bicycles.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.

Very often swindling is added to theft. A travelling vendor of jewellery, who had been convicted of forgery, hired a furnished room and searched the newspapers for advertisements of bicycles for sale. As a result of his quest he went to a lady's house, struck a bargain for a bicycle and arranged that it should be delivered at his new residence. When it arrived he mounted in the courtyard under pretext of trying it, and rode off without paying to a distance of fifty kilometres. The

next day, however, he returned to the town, nay, to the very same street, and was promptly arrested. This was his third offence of the kind.

The next portrait (fig. 6) is that of an ex-officer who married a music-hall singer, and who, in order to cut a great figure, purchased with promissory notes, three bicycles, which he immediately sold again, omitting to redeem the notes. This trick he repeated to procure fifteen bicycles and a carriage; and, to crown his dishonesty, he managed to lay the blame on others—protesting that, rich, married,

an officer and a gentleman, he was incapable of such actions. To shop-keepers he always presented himself in full uniform. Now and then he would borrow large sums from wealthy persons and give them a bicycle on account of the payment, which he never concluded. This man also, for the better accomplishment of his schemes, joined three others who completed the *mise-en-scène* of his greatness. I should add that these bicycle swindles were supplemented by others for obtaining a pianoforte, horses and carriages. He was not even above robbing the till; for now and then he would steal bank notes from the cash desks of bicycle dealers, who of course could entertain no suspicion of such a great personage, such a noble warrior.

THE BICYCLE AS A MEANS OF HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

The bicycle is so mobile that it falls an easy prey to the thief. This same mobility, however, makes it a most serviceable instrument for the accomplishment of other crimes; for what so well facilitates flight and *alibi* as the bicycle—swifter than the horse, safer than the railway with its blabbing telegraph? Thus a rich lady in broad daylight was ascending the doorsteps of a large house in the Boulevard S. Germain, when a bicyclist who had jumped off his machine at the foot of the steps followed and passed her, pushed her down, robbed her, and, before she could cry out or rise, remounted his cycle and got clear away.



Fig. 7.

Here is the portrait (fig. 7) of a wealthy young cyclist, who, with his brother, started on a tour round the world, according to a fashion lately revived and much in vogue with budding criminals. At an hotel in Savoy they met a lady, with whom they opened a grand flirtation, and, having ascertained where she kept her jewels and money, they helped themselves and rode away to a discreet distance, where the slender chance of their discovery lay in the possible recognition of some of the stolen jewels. (As it turned out, however, this really happened a few months later.)

A ferocious highway robber, who was an expert cyclist, found one day by the roadside an idiot who had been robbed, and advised the poor creature to recoup himself by robbing the next person he met. The two of them then joining forces, brutally maltreated an unfortunate bicyclist who chanced to be the next passenger on the highroad. They stripped him of his money and rode off with his cycle to a place sixty kilomètres away. For the most part these highwaymen are very young, very alert, enthusiastic cyclists, and of good social standing; they are frequently military or ex-military men, or students.

MINOR OR PSEUDO CRIMES.

In addition to serious cycle crimes culminating in the delinquency of associates or in highway robbery, we have minor cycle crimes, such as those practised by boys who scatter nails on the ground or puncture tyres with pins, or who run under bicycles on purpose to upset them, and to get knocked down so that they may claim damages. Then again, in districts where the bicycle makes its appearance for the first time, we have the offences of brutal persons who deliberately drive their horses into the new machine and injure the rider out of

sheer hatred of anything new. On the other hand, we have the careless cyclist who, through inattention or awkwardness, runs over the pedestrian. In tax-laden Italy it was inevitable that this machine should be burdened with taxes, sufficiently vexatious in themselves but particularly so in the methods of their payment. No cycle is permitted to circulate unless it bears a special stamp, which is impressed upon it when the tax is assessed. The unwary foreigner, coming into our country from happier lands where cycle taxation is unknown, is as promptly fined as any heedless Italian who may have neglected to register his machine. The stamp in its turn gives rise to a new variety of offence. It not seldom happens that on railways and tramways ill-disposed persons remove the stamp from one bicycle to transfer it to some unstamped machine. Innocent persons are frequently fined for this offence. I once heard a worthy father and five sons, each the possessor of a bicycle, seriously accused of fraud because one of their cycle stamps had been accidentally injured.

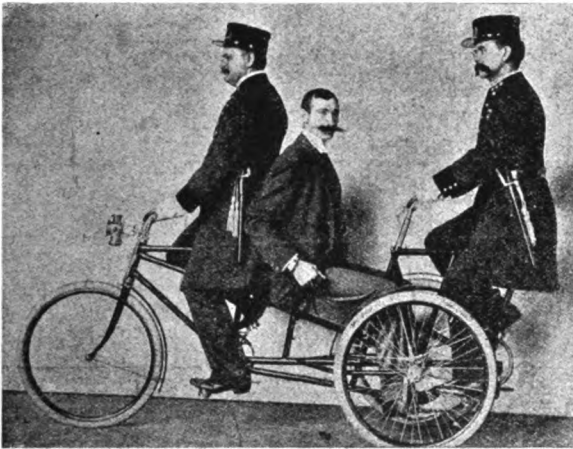


Fig. 8.

But for the most part these cases and the graver ones in which persons are run over are accidental, rather than deliberate offences; and at any rate they would never have been committed save, on the one hand, for the existence of the cycle, and, on the other, for the police regulations controlling its use.

ADVANTAGES OF THE BICYCLE, HYGIENIC AND SOCIAL.

It must, however, be admitted that if the bicycle has augmented the causes and means of crime, it has increased the well-being and civilising tendencies of life; lessening the isolation of the small centres and bringing the country within a few minutes' distance of the large centres. In the elections it was a powerful ally of those political parties which were most advanced and best able to avail themselves of modern means of contest.

Again, if the bicycle gives rise to fresh forms of crime, it offers new and merciful means for the suppression of crime. Here is an illustration (fig. 8) of the tandem cycle used in the State of Ohio for the conveyance of criminals. The seat at each end is occupied by a policeman, whilst the prisoner sits in the middle with hands and feet secured to prevent his moving or escaping. Truly we have travelled a long way from the famous *Boite à Salade* of old France and Italy! Not only so, but the bicycle promises substantial improvement to our race; and

that in most important ways. In an age in which excess of mental work is making neurasthenia endemic, the bicycle presents itself as a vehicle which stimulates locomotion without the exhaustion produced by excessive climbing or boxing. The healthier men are, the better they are ; and in so far as the bicycle makes for health it indirectly diminishes the causes of crime. A remedy is everywhere being vainly sought for alcoholism, a disease which is based on an ever-increasing craving for cerebral excitement. Now, it seems to me that a passion for cycling, which is incompatible with the degrading use of alcohol so common amongst the lower classes, offers the finest of all remedies for this terrible evil. In our rides along the country roads most frequented by cyclists, my son and I have observed that the public-houses have quite changed their character, and now sell all sorts of mineral waters, syrups, and coffee. As a mental specialist I have seen the gravest forms of neurasthenia and melancholia yield before this marvellous machine, and I am sure that your great English specialists will bear me out. A satirical forecast describes the *cyclo-anthropos* of the twentieth century as a doubled-up hunchback with atrophic arms. For my part, I venture to predict that the real *cyclo-anthropos* of the twentieth century will suffer less from his nerves and will be more muscular than the man of the nineteenth century. And certainly, for one evil which the bicycle now provokes, it will yield us a hundred benefits in time to come.

C. LOMBROSO.

University of Turin.



Blind Cyclists.



Engraved in half-tone

[by W. BISCOMBE GARDNER.]

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.
(After the painting by *Lelio Orsi*.)



THE MARRIAGE OF THOMASINA

A QUEENSLAND STORY.

BALLYHOOLY was distinctly aggrieved: first Thomasina had given him bread and milk for breakfast—a thing he loathed—then Mrs. Tredwin had snatched away from him a deliciously high-smelling bone and thrown it in the fire, calling him, at the same time, “a dirty mongrel,”—this to a dog with a pedigree! Then, as he had comfortably settled himself for a snooze in the store-room, Kit and Thomasina came hand-in-hand, like a couple of silly children, to the store-room door, and Mrs. Tredwin drew a long breath and immediately sat down on him. Thomasina, of course, caught him up and tried to soothe his crushed feelings, but Ballyhooly was inconsolable and departed in great grief.

Kit and Thomasina had a look about them which made Mrs. Tredwin feel very much annoyed, and Thomasina looked so entirely happy, just as if she were convinced her mother would change the opinions of a lifetime because two silly young people fancied the universe belonged to them. Mrs. Tredwin, as became a strong woman, had very pronounced opinions on the subject of marriage, particularly Thomasina's marriage.

Yet, in a way, Mrs. Tredwin, as she sat on Ballyhooly's cushion regarding the pretty couple, felt a little compunction for the havoc she was about to make in all their happiness. Kit was such a distinctly desirable young man, even if Thomasina did happen to be the daughter of the richest woman in Australia. Good to look at, with his ugly frank face and curly hair, big, strong, and good, pleasant to live with, too. Had he not been Jackeroo on Mount Cootha for five years?—and she knew now he was Sir Christopher Shillington, and the owner of seven thousand a year and a nice little place in Kent. He called it a nice little place, though to Thomasina's eyes the photographs of it looked as big as the Treasury.

Mrs. Tredwin was more annoyed the more she thought of it. Kit had heard her airing those opinions a hundred times—opinions for which she was quite famous. Just as she was famous also for being the best shot on the Murray, or for mustering her cattle herself, or for besting the hardest pig-jumper that ever was foaled. Nobody could boast of ever having cheated Mrs. Tredwin of a penny: though every sundowner did his tale of work before he ate, the meal was such a one as he carried in his memory for many a year after. She had the courage and mind of a man, added to splendid health and a cheerful temper.



"Kit and Thomasina came hand-in-hand."

The drovers with the cattle yarded up—sitting over their boiled tea and damper, were wont to while away the time with wondrous tales of the millionairess of Mount Cootha—of the dinners she gave them when they travelled through her run. How they rejoiced over the memory of those dinners!

Or they would regale the open-mouthed new chum with an account of how Mrs. Tredwin drove Her Majesty's mails from Warratah to Goondi through the big

bush fire, the coach full of scorched and wailing women and children, and Billy Stooks, in the first stage of D.T.'s, muttering and raving on the box beside her.

Or chuckle to each other over the story of Mrs. Tredwin and the Bishop, who had refused, somewhat snappishly, to ride a matter of fifty miles to marry a foolish woman, who, having lived all her life outside the pale, thought she would have a better chance of heaven within the bonds of matrimony. The Bishop had remarked she was not of his flock; and Mrs. Tredwin had replied to the Bishop's request for a subscription that "she was a goat, and therefore not of his flock, consequently she had sent her subscription to a church which had effected the conversion of Ann Shanks and allowed her to die a decent married woman."

After that the Bishop was wont to speak of Mrs. Tredwin, with much feeling, as "a wandering soul," and Mrs. Tredwin chuckled and was vastly pleased thereat.

No one, to look at her, would have supposed she could be the mother of Thomasina, though her big green-grey eyes and curling cropped white hair, with beautiful teeth and good straight features, went to make up an attractive enough personality. It was a thousand pities she should have settled on the British aristocracy as a bugbear. On that unfortunate class she had settled all the wrong-doing and suffering of the world—their sins and shortcomings were her favourite topic of conversation. Mrs. Tredwin despised and hated the British aristocracy, they were her "Opinions." Kit Shillington knew that, yet here he was asking for Thomasina. Thomasina had a bunch of pink roses pinned beneath her dimpled chin, and Kit—who couldn't take his eyes off her, she looked so adorably pretty—was just thinking that, after they were married, he would have a picture painted of Thomasina in a blue-and-white muslin dress—that dress, in fact, with a—— The voice of her mother broke harshly in on his dreams.

"Kit Shillington," said Mrs. Tredwin, "I take this reel bad! Seein' it's you, reel bad."

Thomasina opened her pretty blue eyes to their widest, and Kit uttered an astonished "Why?"

"Wait a bit," said Mrs. Tredwin firmly, pointing to her daughter: her one trouble in life was that Thomasina would not adopt her opinions. Thomasina loved the British aristocracy, and never lost an opportunity of flirting with it. "Just you wait, 'Sina Tredwin, till I've done. Now, Kit, you know my sentiments, yet you come along right here and ask me to give you Thomasina, when you know I've always said she'd better be dead than marry a British nobleman."

"I'm not a nobleman," remarked Kit, with much cheerfulness; "so that's all right."

"You're *Sir* Christopher, ain't you?"

"Oh, we'll sink all that if you like, though being a baronet doesn't make me a nobleman: I couldn't sit in the House of Lords and misrule the country, you know."

"Well, anyhow," said Mrs. Tredwin, "you're a gentleman, an' that's the backbone of the question. An' Thomasina will never marry no gentleman; she's going to run no risks, is my gell, an' so that's straight, *Sir* Christopher. She'll marry here where she was born, an' no fine lady countesses an' duchesses will snuff her down the wind with their haughty grand ways—right here, where she's Miss Tredwin of Mount Cootha an' no end of a swell. Thomasina's been to school, an' had what I never had; but for all that, she hasn't got half the pluck of her mother, an' I tell you your fine ladies downed *me*, an' made me feel my feet filled the room, an' I had hands like legs of beef. Oh, I've been home, an' I

know 'em: 'tisn't what they say, they're all very sweet an' gracious, but no matter how you'd brazen it out under your skin, you'd feel as small as—small peas."

"But, Mrs. Tredwin," began Kit, his fair face flushing at the bare thought of the duchesses and countesses behaving like that to Thomasina, "Thomasina is a lady herself."

"Till you take her home," replied Mrs. Tredwin, "an' your fine lady friends come around an' look her up an' down, an' ask sweetly in their own way, 'Who is she?' An' you'd say, 'Miss Tredwin of Mount Cootha.' 'Oh!' in their soft voices—I know 'em—an' who's she again anyway?" No, no; Thomasina won't marry no aristocrat, an' that's straight."

Thomasina snatched her hand out of Kit's, and drew forth a lace-bordered rag, about the size of a postage-stamp, and pressing it to her eyes, burst into tears.

"I wonder," she sobbed indignantly, "you don't offer me to Billy Stooks, or Luke Tong: you seem to think I'd marry anybody."

"Thomasina!" exclaimed her mother reprovingly, "Billy has one wife already, an' you might do worse than marry Luke Tong. Chinkie is always kind to his wife; but the Lords an' Baronets ye read of in the newspapers ain't."

Thomasina pocketed her handkerchief and regarded her mother out of two sorrowful eyes, while a couple of great drops quivered on her long lashes and trickled down her cheeks. Mrs. Tredwin quailed before that look.

"I'll never marry any one but Kit," said Thomasina, in a voice which sounded entirely new to her mother. "I loved him the first time I saw him, and I've gone on loving him more ever since: you are just breaking my heart, mother!"

"Thomasina," declared Kit, "is the only girl I have ever loved, or looked at. As to all that rot you've been talking, Mrs. Tredwin, I never thought it anything *but* talk, and if Thomasina will run away with me, I'll marry her in Inglewood. But I know she won't," he added gloomily, "so I'll have to wait for her; and I give you fair warning I'll stay here and wait till she's fifty."

"Oh! oh! oh!" sobbed Thomasina, the tip of her turned-up little nose growing very red: "I'll be an old maid—just think of that, mother! and I'll have to live here with the cats and Ballyhooly, after you are dead."

Mrs. Tredwin moved over and began patting her on the back, while Kit recaptured the little hand. But Thomasina sobbed on and refused to be comforted. Then her mother lost patience.

"I wonder at you, Thomasina," she exclaimed testily. "See here, if you can fix up that nose of yours to look straight, I'll let you do as you like. I declare to gracious Ballyhooly has a better shaped nose than you!"

Now Thomasina, whom nature had intended for a beauty, had been mistakenly endowed with a pug nose, and she suffered tortures in the contemplation of it. Not that she needed to have considered it as anything but an embellishment, for no man who looked into those limpid eyes ever had sufficient sense remaining to remark if her nose were most horribly *retroussé*, or if she had any nose at all: the eyes did the mischief. But Thomasina was never remarkable for common sense, and her mother's unkind remark quite demoralised her. Remembering that unhappy feature, she could not feel quite sure of Kit's faithfulness; so she just allowed the tears to trickle down her cheeks, and stood there looking a perfect study of picturesque woe.

"A fine joke Kit's lady friends would have over that nose!" went on her mother. "Here, go along with you; I see two men coming up to the slip rails,

and I must finish here before luncheon. Sakes! it's Doctor Bob and Did Homer!"

"Before I go," said Sir Christopher, with some heat, "I repeat what I've said: Thomasina and I are engaged, and we mean to marry as soon as we can."

"Right you are," cheerfully responded Mrs. Tredwin; "I guess I'll be able to shoot as far as my gell 'll go without my consent; besides, there's the money: a million's a good deal of money."

"Damn the money!" said Kit viciously; and just then Thomasina caught him by the arm and drew him away.

"Don't you be goin' without your lunch," called Mrs. Tredwin after them, to which neither of the heart-broken lovers deigned any reply. They went away sorrowfully, and sat down in the dining-room, where presently Mrs. Tredwin followed them with the two visitors, Doctor Bob, whose practice extended from Warwick to Gollaah across the border, and whose shabby brown coat and kind short-sighted eyes were a welcome sight anywhere in all those endless miles. He had his helmet on the back of his head, and his eyes were gleaming behind his spectacles as he finished his argument. He had been trying for fifty miles to convince Did Homer of the necessity of Home Rule for Ireland, and Did Homer had not answered a word. Did never answered any one if he could help it. He had a selection at the back of Burra-Burra, which is on the edge of the Immensity, and much living alone had enforced silence. Mrs. Tredwin said his ideas were so valuable, he felt he couldn't throw them away; this was because, once on a time, before he became a selector, Did Homer had been a senior wrangler.

Doctor Bob made a good deal of noise as he tramped about looking at the new books.

"How are you, Kit? how are you, Thomasina?" he exclaimed, wringing a hand of each, and devouring the bookshelves with his eyes the while. "Kit Shillington, I'm bringing great news, sure: the drought has broken up, and 'tis raining in Toolbara, just beautiful. The country is perishing for rain down here; 'tis awful to see the poor beasts dying for want of a drink. 'Tis meself can sympathise with them."

"Drought broken up, has it?" remarked Kit gloomily. "Then we'll be having a flood in a week or two."

"Between us and harm," exclaimed the little doctor piously, "we've had floods enough in this valley, and I'm thinking that last would be hard to beat."

"Look here!" exclaimed Did Homer, pointing a long forefinger at Mrs. Tredwin, "will any one tell me what brought the sand ridge into the middle of a twenty-mile plain?—The river; and you mark my words, all of you, in a week or two the river is going back for it."

"By the back of my pipe," said the Doctor, "here's a Jeremiah for you! What reason have you now for saying that?"

"There isn't an ant on the plain, from here to over the edge," said Did quietly, waving a lean hand in the direction of the illimitable plain, which stretched out to the brazen horizon as far as eye could see. "Also, I turned up a sod in Brimbi water-hole, or where it used to be, and the clay was full of mussels. Also, King Billy has driven all my sheep up Inglewood way, and his tribe have gone to the hills."

"Well, those seem pretty reasons enough," remarked Mrs. Tredwin, with her arms akimbo, watching the Chinese servant bringing in the lunch. "If the blacks say there's going to be a flood, you may bet your life there will be; but you, Did, seem going it rather tall with a flood that'll cover the sand ridge."

"The river," said Did obstinately, "took it there: the river will go back for it again."

"Then," said Mrs. Tredwin sharply, "let's hope the Lord has His eye on another Noah; 'tis a mighty small ark will hold all that's left on the Murray after *that* flood! Sit down all of ye, and have lunch."

Mrs. Tredwin's house lay on the inner edge of the plain which runs out to the Never-never, from the banks of the great river Murray. It was a very wonderful house, as became Mrs. Tredwin, who, though the owner of a million of money, which she had inherited from her miser uncle, chose to live in the midst of her flocks and herds. Mount Cootha might have been in Park Lane, it was so entirely satisfactory from an artistic point of view. Mrs. Tredwin was quite aware she did not know the difference between things good and bad. But she paid a man who did, and the result was a house in which an artist might have lived with pleasure, it was so beautiful, since the only restriction placed on the man who knew was that he should not buy anything ugly, no matter how valuable it might be. Also Mrs. Tredwin bought books, books of every kind, from Max Müller to Rudyard Kipling. They lay all about the pleasant room, with its pictures and mirrors, and the long windows opening on a wide verandah which overhung the Murray, now swinging over its smooth pebbles in a musical whisper, while little wandering puffs of wind brought the scent of flowering hoya and gum blossoms. Did Homer lay back in his chair with a sigh of blissful content; he was looking at Thomasina, and he had a decent dinner before him, two things which made for him the sum of happiness.

Mrs. Tredwin broke the silence. "My own idea is," said she, "that the Almighty ain't finished this country, and we can't grumble if we will intrude before He's ready for us. But, my word! it's reel cruel to see how the little kiddies an' the women do suffer in flood times. An' that reminds me, Thomasina: there isn't so much as a flannel petticoat to give away."

"There won't be any needed, if Did's prophecy comes true," remarked Kit grimly. "You'll be applying to me to pilot you past St. Peter, and the Bishop will keep you outside. Why don't you go and live in a more finished part of the country—Sydney, for instance?"

"I was born in the bush," laughed Mrs. Tredwin, "born under a bullock dray; an' in the bush I have lived all my life, exceptin' that trip I took to the old country. I'm glad I went; it made me like the bush better than ever. An' so here I'll die an' be buried when my time comes. But I guess when that happens it won't be to your heaven I'll go. I ain't denyin' there is such a place, ye know—only it wouldn't suit me. Ye can't live in the Never-never, with nothing but the sun, moon and stars for company, an' not know the Almighty put 'em right there; an' times at night, sittin' alone in the world, ye hear Him pretty close. So I can't say I'm not a Christian; but all the same heaven wouldn't suit me. Sittin' around on damp clouds, twiddlin' a tin trumpet or shoutin' Glory! for everlastin' ain't my style somehow. When I was a gell I always hankered mighty hard after bein' able to play the pianey, an' I'd like a hereafter where I could use up the time learnin', or if I ain't got brains enough for that, maybe I could be taught the fiddle, or even the banjo. Lord, anything that'll make music when I want it,—an' I'm pretty nigh always wantin' music. Or, my word! if I could paint pictures like some I've seen at home! I've seen some sea pictures where the sea-breeze blew slap in your face out of 'em, an' another where I could hardly keep myself from stepping' in an' wanderin' away amongst the pretty flowers. I used to think it might be like that in heaven—just an

English summer mornin', with the haze hangin' low on the lovely hills, an' the birds singin'. My word! it is lovely to get up in the mornin' an' listen to 'em. What are ye turnin' up the whites of your eyes for, Did Homer?"

"It is bliss enough for me to have no ants in my sugar," replied Did joyously. "I've always to skim off a cream of them when I drink tea."

Mrs. Tredwin shook her head. "If ye can't get used to ants, Did Homer, ye'd best go back home. There are two men who won't get on in the bush—the one who goes out on the run in a starched shirt an' a high collar, an' the fellow who don't like ants in his tea."

Kit coloured furiously, and looked at Thomasina: he was guilty of the starched shirt and high collar; while Did Homer hung his head.

"Oh, come," expostulated the little Doctor, "that's too much entirely. A man who knows better *can't* like the flavour of ants—they've got too much personality. Speaking for myself, I've lived on grubs: next time you're hard up, Did, you'll find them in the ring-barked trees, under the bark. They taste like marrow, fine fat squirmy white chaps."

Did shuddered and held out his hands. "Don't, for heaven's sake, just after the only decent dinner I've had for five months."

"Gimme another cup of tea, Miss Tommy," chuckled the Doctor; "I'm just ruining my digestion in this country."

"That makes the fifth cup," remarked Thomasina. "If the flood takes the tea away, your digestion will have a chance of recuperation."

"See, we'll make a bargain," said Mrs. Tredwin. "If you fellows see any chance of the river goin' for the sand ridge, you'll all come to Mount Cootha an' see Thomasina an' me through. This is the 13th of December: come out anyway on Christmas Eve, an' eat your pudding here."

Amidst a chorus of thanks, the men rose to go. Mrs. Tredwin and Thomasina, with Ballyhooly at their heels, went with them to the stockyard, and saw the horses saddled. They rode away across the cultivation paddock into the insufferable glare and dust, the noisy locusts shrilled out an interminable song of farewell, and Kit, turning ever and anon in his saddle, saw the little blue-and-white figure beside the tall grey one, waving good-bye, till at last Mount Cootha sank down on the horizon and disappeared.

Queensland, like an ill-bred woman, is always in extremes. With her, it is always a feast or a famine, a flood or a drought, and the one follows on the heels of the other with an amazing celerity. So no one was surprised, three weeks after the breaking of the drought, to see the dripping messengers ride on to the telegraph stations, one after the other, to say their respective rivers were rising rapidly, and the expected flood would be a big one unless it ceased raining on the watershed, and it had been raining steadily on the watershed for three weeks. Every one in Inglewood went his way and removed his belongings as far out of danger as he could, remembering the flood of '90, which came down in the night and swept everything before it. The Inglewood folks sent their women and children as far up the hills as they could, and the camp-fires twinkled down night after night through the driving rain, and still the flood came not. Every little creek swelled into a river, every water-hole became a deep lake, the soaked earth could hold no more, and the roads became watercourses; and still it rained on, till nothing greeted the tired eye but water falling into water, save where the riverside cedars waved disconsolate green branches above the brown flood. When the Murray is low, it is a musical river, singing in melodious trills over its pebbly

bottom; when it is in flood, it is like the sluice which drives the mills of God—silent, irresistible, awful.

On the morning of Christmas Eve, the Doctor, Did and Kit Shillington were standing on the Post-office verandah, reading the telegrams on the board. They had been out all night, rescuing a shiftless selector, who had a motherless brood of small children; and they were angry, hungry, and cold, in spite of the Christmas heat, which steamed behind the clouds.

Suddenly the post-master appeared at the little window with a slip of paper in



"If the flood takes the tea away, your digestion will have a chance."

his hand: Kit looked at his white face and, without a word, made off for the stables, and appeared in a few seconds, mounted.

"Wait!" bawled the Doctor, "we may as well keep together: the Murray and he Macintyre are coming down with the Cresswell. Jove! they'll be drowned at Mount Cootha unless we can manage to get there first!"

Kit raised his whip and lashed the horse across the swaying bridge; even as he went he could see the river was almost over the banks, and looking back, he could see Did and the Doctor splashing after him, while all Inglewood was lying for its life. "Thomasina! Where had little Thomasina to fly to?" Literally nowhere! Mount Cootha stood in a vast triangle formed by the three rivers,

coming down together now in the greatest flood of the century. "Unless the house held, she would drown. Well, anyhow, he could drown with her."

The Doctor and Did galloped alongside as he came to this conclusion, and the Doctor put his thoughts into words. "They've a small chance out there," said he, "but I've a fancy to be at hand when Mary Tredwin is in trouble."

"And I," said Kit quietly, "have a fancy to die in the same locality as Thomasina."

Did Homer only groaned: Thomasina had treated him badly, but he loved her just the same. They blundered along the invisible roadway, the water up to the horses' knees, and every now and again sinking into some waterhole, and floundering to the higher land streaming from every corner. None of them have any distinct recollection of that ride against the flood wave, till they came to the slip-rails leading into Mount Cootha, and hanging on to the rails they found Mrs. Tredwin in the last stage of exhaustion, her linen riding-habit clinging to her limbs and a man's hat stuck on her head. Without a word the Doctor dismounted and hoisted her into his saddle.

"Hush, you unreasonable woman!" he exclaimed harshly. "The river is coming down for the sand ridge, and if we don't get to the homestead before then . . . My God, Kit, look at that!"

The men slung themselves out of their saddles; and Kit, catching hold of the Doctor's horse on the other side, began to run, for there, away on the very edge of the plain, against the grey sky, showed a line of black water crested with angry rain. It was the flood.

None of those four ever knew how they gained the verandah of Mount Cootha, for they had scarcely pulled Mrs. Tredwin out of the saddle, and shut the dining-room door, before the wave was on them, and they stood panting and breathless in the darkness that overwhelmed the house, while the great waters swept overhead. Then came another wave, which crashed through the piles and lifted the house for a moment. Then, as it met the flood waters of the Murray, it crashed back again, and Mount Cootha rose off its timbers, and floated away with the rushing tide. Then arose a mighty hurricane, a roaring wind which drove the flood before it, banking up the waters till it seemed as if all creation must needs drown. The house went whirling round and round as the tempest drove it from eddy to eddy. Great trees crashed against it, threatening to break in the boards that held so brave a stand against death. Dead sheep and oxen swept around it in thousands; and now and again the verandah rail would become entangled in some submerged tree-top, and the river would rave and batter around the temporary anchorage, till, with sinking hearts, they felt the last had come. Then the river would conquer, and they went spinning giddily with the flood again. Ballyhooly crept softly to his mistress's side and laid a damp nose in her muddy hand. Then a door opened, and Thomasina crept in also. Kit laid his arm around her waist and drew her to him, and this latter-day ark swept on over desolate homes and ruined lands—To what?

All night long they crouched in the room together, each one occupied with his own thoughts, and expecting every moment would be their last; but daylight came and found them still on the face of the waters. The Doctor cautiously opened the door and looked forth. As far as eye could see, there was nothing but a grim plain of angry water tossing up dead creatures to the sky. He closed the door again and stood with his back to it.

"Well," he remarked as cheerfully as he could, "we're alive, and that's more than any one in Inglewood can say at this moment. Jeremiah Homer, allow me

to congratulate you on your success as a prophet. You'd knock seven bells out of the best I've known. As I was saying, we're all alive, and empty. Mrs. Tredwin, is there anything to eat?"

Thomasina had lifted her head from Kit's shoulder; her face was wrapped in a silk shawl, which showed nothing of her but her pathetic blue eyes.

"Yes," she said, in a queer snuffling voice.

Mrs. Tredwin got out a cold fowl and a loaf of fresh bread, and they sat down to their meal, covered with mud and soaking with wet, and ate heartily, while outside the flood raved and tossed, and the tempest howled around them.

"I think," remarked Did Homer at the top of his voice, "that we may weather it. This house has an understairs, hasn't it?"

"The cellars are beneath this floor, if that's what you mean," answered Mrs. Tredwin.

"Probably the cellars, bless them! are full of water. That's why we are dry here," drawing the toe of his soaked boot along the Turkey carpet; "the lower storey will act like the hull of a ship, do you see? and this is the deck. I'm sure we'll fetch up all right somewhere, if there's enough to eat."

"Oh, there's plenty there," said the hostess of the ark, nodding at the side-board; "an' if that gives out, you'll have to dip into the cellars. Hullo! Thomasina's gone!"

Thomasina, with her shrouded face held low, had slipped quietly out of the room. Mrs. Tredwin presently followed her, and the three men threw themselves down and slept the sleep of sheer exhaustion; while the ark flew madly before the howling gale, or whirled giddily round and round in some monster eddy.

About midday the following day something seemed to reach suddenly out of the deep and clutch the house, holding it immovable in the teeth of wind and tide. They had grounded, on what Ararat they knew not. Then they made a discovery: the flood was going down! They explored the slippery verandahs in a body, but there was nothing to be seen save hurrying mist and driving wave. Only each hour the flood receded, in spite of the continuing rain.

In the afternoon the rain suddenly cleared away, and a brilliant burst of hot sunlight covered the drowned world, and they found out their whereabouts: they were on the top of the sand ridge!

Thomasina, with her shawl well round her face, stood in the sunshine, hanging her pretty head dejectedly. Kit, who was eyeing her curiously, stepped back to have a look. That shawl so altered the outline of her face that it scarcely seemed like Thomasina at all.

"Sina," said her mother sharply, "what the gracious is the matter with you? You don't seem at all glad, now that we're out of danger."

"No," answered Thomasina, in that muffled voice; "I wish we had all gone to the bottom together! I mean, Kit—I mean——" Then she burst into tears and ran in, but not before she had caught Doctor Bob's inquiring eye.

He turned and followed her, his eyes puckered up above his glasses; while Kit, with gloomy eyes, watched them into the corridor together.

Thomasina loved *him*—she had told him so, and he felt quite sure of it. But there was no more use in trying to comprehend her moods than if he were an utter stranger to her. Then would the Doctor flirt with her? Surely not—though Thomasina would really flirt with her grandfather. Kit felt, though he loved her dearly, he could not hide that fact from himself. He followed into the dining-room.

"What do you think she wants with Doctor Bob out there?" he inquired jealously of Did Homer,

Did sat down in an easy chair and regarded the ceiling abstractedly. "Perhaps she's got a swollen face and wants him to prescribe for it," he remarked distantly.

It was decidedly bad taste on Kit's part to show he thought Thomasina his special property, though Thomasina had shown her preference pretty plainly, when she thought they were all going to be drowned.

"Girls are rummy things," he said thoughtfully. "Now, six months ago I thought she liked me, a month ago it was you, now she goes off with the Doctor. Kicked out pa an' stepmamma," he concluded ironically.

"An' now the kick's come round to me," said Mrs. Tredwin, coming in off the verandah. "Don't you listen to him, Kit. 'Sina isn't well: she ain't eaten a thing for a week worth mentioning; an' now I come to think of it, I ain't seen her face for nigh four days. What can be the matter with her?"



"Thomasina, you are a little fool: it must come off!"

"Toothache," ventured Kit.

"Stuff!" promptly returned her mother; "Thomasina ain't got a broken tooth in her head."

"All the more likely to have toothache," remarked Did. "This"—waving out to the muddy water—"is enough to give an elephant toothache. There!" as a wild cry rang through the house: "said so—Doctor Bob's pulling it out."

At that instant the Doctor put his head in at the door and looked at the startled trio. "Come along," he said to Mrs. Tredwin; "I want you." She rushed off down the corridor after him, and it struck both men that the Doctor's expression was a very curious one. Then the door was flung open again, and Thomasina burst in, and threw herself face down on the couch. The Doctor came in and stood over her, looking very grave, while her mother walked about rocking with helpless laughter.

"Thomasina," said the Doctor, "you're a little fool: it must come off. What is the good of making a silly sensation over a little pain? If I do not take it off the consequences will be serious, more serious than I can tell you. Sit up, like a good girl."

The good girl pulled a cushion over her head and screamed.

"I'll tell Kit," threatened the Doctor.

"Don't tell him," wailed Thomasina: "oh, don't! He'll never look at me again."

"Sit up, then," commanded the Doctor sternly.

"I won't," declared Thomasina; "you hurt me dreadfully."

"Will you let Kit take it off? How long have you had it on?"

"Four days," wailed she. "Ask Kit to go away."

"In the name of goodness," said Kit, "what is it?"

"Come out here," said Mrs. Tredwin chokingly; "I'll tell you." She shut the door just as Kit saw the Doctor take a small black bag from one of the bookshelves. Kit knew that bag well, and his heart sank like lead.

"What is it?" he gasped, turning a pale face to Mrs. Tredwin.

"It's all my fault," said she, penitently; "I ought never to have come between my little gell an' ye. But ye see, when a body has suffered, she likes to think she'll save her little baby from that same. Thomasina is only a baby to me still,—just a little fair thing I've carried around since she was born, an' I can't bear to think of her bein' slighted or havin' to suffer. Ye may never have heard of her father—Lord forgive him! he was a gentleman, a smooth-spoken refined gentleman. Don't ye ever make my little gell suffer a thousandth of what I've borne from him. He's dead now, God rest his soul!" She paused and looked at Kit with great eyes, liquid with the memory of pain. Kit silently took her hand and pressed it. This was a phase in Mrs. Tredwin he had never suspected. "I said she'd never marry a gentleman," she resumed, "but I see I've made a mistake; there's good an' bad in all kinds, and you're one of the good sort. Lord! where would I a' bin, if ye hadn't run so fast, when that wave was comin' up?" She shuddered, and looked round on the receding water. "But Thomasina, ye'd hardly believe she'd a' taken them foolish words of mine about her nose to heart; but she did, an' she got one of them nose machines from Sydney, an' screwed it on, then she forgot the way of it, an' couldn't get the thing off, so her nose sort of swelled up in it, and it's hurtin' her badly. When I think of the poor little gell, snugglin' up to ye an' praying ye might go down together, so's ye'd not see her face, I don't know whether to laugh or to cry. If I'd a' thought she was so reel set on ye—Bless the man! he might have waited till I'd finished."

Kit opened the dining-room door, to find the Doctor covering poor Thomasina's nose with little strips of linen dipped in some strong-smelling stuff he took from a bottle.

"Lucky I left these things here when old Tong chopped his finger off," said the Doctor. "She's all right, Kit; I had to give her a whiff of chloroform! What fools girls are! She looked better as she was than if she had carried a classical feature that was straight entirely. Now she may be thankful if there's any nose at all. You're the biggest, Kit: carry her down to her room."

Did, with a very white face, helped them out, and poor Thomasina disappeared for a long time.

Within a fortnight the flood had disappeared, and the sun shone again gloriously, and the blue heavens looked as if a flood were the wildest and most improbable of possibilities. All the plain was covered again with freshly-springing



"They never can understand why Kit should indulge in prolonged laughter."

green grass, when a buggy, sent forth by an exploring party from St. David's, came to the foot of the sand ridge. They had arranged to go to Brisbane together and say goodbye after the wedding to Kit and Thomasina, who was still invisible. She came out closely veiled, and they drove through a nightmare country in which the dead sheep and cattle hung suspended like ghastly fruit from the gum branches, to the railway station at St. David's. Inglewood was swept off the face of the earth.

At last Kit received a welcome summons to visit his lady-love, after waiting three long, endless weeks in Brisbane to see her. He gazed upon the pretty little face in amazement: Thomasina's nose was as straight as his own.

The Doctor, who attended the wedding in a brand-new suit with a white rose

in his buttonhole, regards that nose as the crowning triumph of his surgical career, and regrets that circumstances compel him to preserve an absolute silence on the subject ; while Kit's sisters never can understand why, when they envy little Lady Shillington the possession of that dainty feature, Kit should indulge in prolonged and uproarious laughter, in spite of the pathetic remonstrance in Thomasina's blue eyes.

The Doctor quietly married Mrs. Tredwin after Kit took his bride home, and spends all his spare time teaching her the banjo, with Ballyhooly for audience.

As for Did Homer, the flood enabled him to buy a run, and he is now a squatter, for about half the money it took to buy his selection. He is actually making money too, in the face of Mrs. Bob's assertion that a man who can read Greek will never make a sheep farmer. She declares he will have to build a new wing to his homestead, however, it is such a tight fit for him when the dog comes in.

FRANCES CAMPBELL.

WINTER SONG.

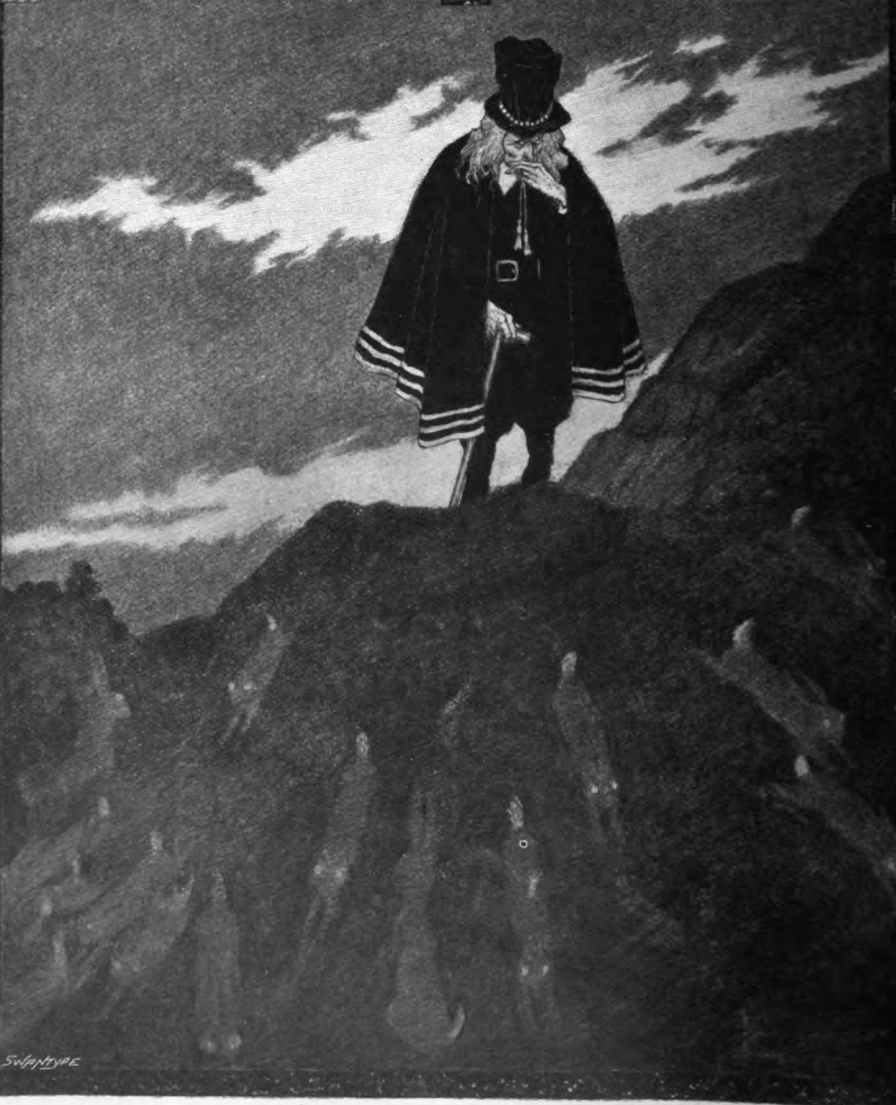
“SUMMER is past !” we sing. Of golden days,
 The afterglow, remembrance, only lingers ;
 Remembrance of Love's smile and Love's sweet ways
 Warm with the touch of Summer's fingers.

Yet Summer will return in after days.
 No Winter shall eternally dis sever
 Life from its happy songs and flowery ways :
 And that which once was Love is Love for ever !

H. A. G.

Upon a Summer's eve, in yeeres agoone
 A Wise Man walked abroad, to take the ayre
 And by a Mountain path did wend his Waye
 And as he went, his glance did fall upon
 A Rout of Rabbits that did frolique there,
 Which cut a many capers at theyre play
 But ever, as they oer the sward did passe,
 Kept to theyre tracks, that seamed the mountain grasse.

watching them, the Wise man shook his head
 Reflecting thus: "How like these small beestes be
 To Man, in that they seldom seeke to leave
 The beaten tracks, altho the wide moors spread
 Before theyre view! Yea, even so (quoth he)
 Do men ignore a wider range, and cleave
 Unto Conventions narrow trodden wayes
 Tho' spacious Liberty confronts theyre saye!"



Swanzyne

And while he thus within his Harts did sigh
O'er the worlds follies, all unwittingly
He strayed, & in the gloom his path did miss.
Some two-score paces onward there did lie
A gaping Cliffe before him; heedlessly
He roamed, — & plunged into the dread Abyss.
Thus to a Full untimely Ende brought he
His sage Reflections & this Historie

S. Jeff-Sharp
S.H. Sime.



The Ghat at Muttra.

IN A SACRED CITY.

FAR away in an Eastern land, on the bank of a great and holy river, that flows gently along between its low banks of yellow sand, there lies a strange and sacred city. Around it stretches the vast Indian Plain, with its pathless wastes of yellow sand and its bare brown fields, where man and beast are hard at work ploughing, harrowing, sowing, or where the tall, meagre, patient cultivator, his work done, waits, with the eternal patience of his race, for Ram to send rain.

Each morning the sun rises on the city in a sky of clear rose, touching with gold the domes and minarets that lift themselves above the mass of flat-roofed houses, and each night it sinks to rest behind it in a sea of crimson and gold, and the magic tints of the Eastern afterglow tell of its departed glory.

Every now and then the great brass temple bells clang out on the still air, calling on all pious Hindus to bend in prayer; or the harsh strident voice of a *jogi* (or holy man) is heard, above the din of the bazaar, demanding alms imperiously, or pointing with denunciatory finger at the busy, chattering, picturesque crowd on whose ears the temple bells fall unheeded.

For the city is Muttra, Muttra the Holy, Muttra the birthplace of Krishna, where, like Apollo with Admetus, the son of Devaki tended herds and sported with the nymphs, and where almost every spot for twenty-four miles round the city is sacred.

Muttra, or to use its rightful name *Mathera*, is the home of Brahmanism. Although modern Hinduism is of comparatively recent date, the religion of the worshippers of Krishna recalls the ancient faiths of the Buddhists and the Vedic Aryans; and though the flood of Mussulman iconoclasm has poured over India, it has left on receding the trace of many an ancient landmark, and Muttra contains many such landmarks. The streets of Muttra are fascinating, bewildering with a hundred grotesque or picturesque sights. The life of the city seems during certain hours to be centred on the bank of the Jumna, where the buildings rise from a high basement. Sloping down from these basements are the *ghats*, crowded at times with devotees and Brahmins at their devotions.

There are thousands of Brahmins in Muttra, and thousands of pilgrims who must all wash in the holy stream. What a feast for the eye of an artist there is on these crowded *ghats* each morning! Here a Brahmin wrapt in prayer, invoking the presence of the "Shining Ones"; there a group of merry boys, their heads shaven save for one tuft of hair, all splashing in the cold water. Here a mixed throng of men and women, the latter in every conceivable kind of colour, all bathing and washing, yet without the least indecency; for, their ablutions over, Hindu women have a wonderful way of slipping off their wet cotton draperies under dry attire, which they put on gracefully, standing at the edge of the *ghat*, while custom and the hot rays of the sun enable them to dispense with the aid of a towel.

Here and there a *jogi* threads his way among the worshippers—a ghastly figure, naked, save for a wisp of straw round his loins, his whole body smeared with white wood ashes, his hair lime-bleached and plaited into a kind of chignon; or he squats on his carpet at the top of the steps, waiting for offerings, which never fail him, for his appearance is hailed with manifest respect.

At the evening hour of prayer the *ghats* are again crowded, and all along the bank are innumerable forms of Brahmins doing *pooja* in devout contemplation. At one *ghat* they are burning the body of a Hindu, while the harsh voices of his mourners rouse the air with lamentations.

From many a temple rises the sound of clanging bells, not offensively loud, but subdued and mingled with flutes and softly-beaten tom-toms; for Muttra has no less than two hundred temples, sixty of which are old historical buildings.

During nine months of the year there is a perpetual stream of pilgrims to Muttra; and the Vishnūvites as distinguished from the Jain sect consider that city as far superior in sanctity to Benares, saying that one day spent there is more meritorious than a lifetime at Benares.

Everywhere is the same great reverence for life. Apes of all sorts and sizes swarm in Muttra and Bindrabun, in the streets and *ghats*, even in the holiest temples; and the people willingly share their houses and food with these poor relations, the *Bandar-log*. The shops are full of sparrows, which are never driven away; and great sleek white Brahmini bulls roam at large about the streets, thrusting their soft noses, unmolested, into the full sacks and baskets of the grain shops.

A great feature of the Muttra bazaar is the exquisite stone-work carving, of the greatest finish and delicacy, in designs like beautiful lace. This carving is found on the houses of the Seth and other wealthy inhabitants, as well as on the temples in the city, most of which are not isolated, as is usually the case with Hindu temples, but are wedged in among the houses. The exteriors of the temples do not differ from the dwelling-houses. Indeed, the same roof occasionally covers both house and temple, as well as a shop in the lower story. The finest temple is that of the Seths. It stands immediately opposite their house at the other side of the narrow street. A richly carved gateway leads to a spacious courtyard: around three sides are arcades; along the fourth stretches a terrace; mounted on it is the shrine. Dimly lighted, hung with silken curtains, it has much the appearance of a stage; the services also have a theatrical character. Bells ring, cymbals clash, horns blow, and incense is burnt. In the intervals the Brahmins recite verses from the sacred poems, with mysterious turnings and prostrations, and anointings of themselves and the image. It is difficult for an English ear to understand the words uttered so rapidly, but the sonorous rhymes and the rise and fall of their voices is melodious. In the farther recess the god is dimly visible—a hideous idol, daubed with red paint, and blackened by the smoke of the "eternal lamp" burning before it. Over its head is a golden canopy; beneath it is a vault, said to contain the

treasure and accumulated wealth of the Seths. The terrace in front of the shrine is spread with carpets, on which sit cross-legged the spectators of a higher class ; those of a lower rank stand in the court below.

One of the smaller Hindu festivals was going on during my visit, and I was glad to see this truly native feast, although the crowded state of the streets made progress very slow. They were filled with an amazing throng of people, clad in the brightest colours, orange and purple predominating. A medley of sounds rose up from them, a mingled music, composed of the cries of water-carriers, the shrieks of dusky naked children, the monotonous notes of tom-toms and bagpipes, the snarling and gurgling of furious sulky camels, stalking haughtily along with their enormous green loads of provender, the clatter of quaint and gaudy *ekkas*, the vehicles of the country, laden with people in gala attire, an indescribable harmony. The picturesqueness of the scene was much enhanced by the crowded housetops and balconies, where seemed to be assembled, closely veiled, the beauty and youth of many a zenana—women with every conceivable kind of coloured drapery, decked with wonderful jewels, who might on this festival sit outside and watch the streets. Now and then we passed the balcony of some rich and important man, sitting in state, surrounded by his relatives and fanned by his servants ; seeming to enjoy the scene with a composed oriental dignity.

From earliest times Muttra has been the chosen centre of Hindu devotion. When Buddhism prevailed throughout India, the votaries of Takza Muni came from China to visit the sacred shrine ; and to the north of the city are the ruins of four Buddhist monasteries, where diggings and discoveries are going on, that are destined to reconstruct the Vedic and Buddhist history of India. Very little is known of its earlier history, but in the *Gargi-Senhita*, which was written about the year 50 before Christ, it is stated that Muttra was reduced by the Greeks, whose victorious armies advanced into the heart of Hindustan ; and fragments of Greek sculpture, especially an entire statue of Silenus drinking from a full cup, supported by two women, attest the presence of Greeks at Mathura.

How Buddhism fell, and by whom was founded the modern city, are points of great obscurity. When the temples of Buddha were swept away by the torrent of Brahmanism, the old sites were occupied by the temples of the new order of Brahman divinities ; and, as the birthplace of Krishna, Muttra acquired the character it still retains for sanctity. The city was enormously wealthy, and although it was plundered of all its treasures by the first of the great Mahomedan invaders, the sacred edifices all survived, and were again enriched by large donations for seven hundred years, until the fanatical Aurungzebe, the last of the Delhi line, razed every stone to the ground, built mosques with the materials, and changed the name of Muttra to Islamabad. But these humiliations were of short duration, for, after the extinction of the Mogul empire, Muttra arose again from its ashes ; and now, though its temples have lost the charm of antiquity, and much of its glory has departed, yet the holy city is full of stately buildings, with which, as described in the *Haravansa*, "it rises beautiful as the crescent moon over the dark waters of Jumna."

Krishna was born at Muttra, and his birth, according to one of the many legends told me by my Mahomedan friend, who was surprisingly learned in the rival mythology, was on this wise. Seven thousand years ago Muttra was ruled over by a cruel tyrant, King Ganz, whose sister was married to one Devatri. The mind of this ruthless monarch was disturbed by a vision, which, being interpreted, was declared to mean his own death at the hands of a child, the son of his sister. Like Herod, he promptly set about massacring all the children of his two sisters. Devatri's wife was again about to become a mother, and in order that the prophecy

might not be fulfilled, he had her and her husband shut up in a tower outside the city, building an enormous wall around it, while a strong guard was stationed day and night to render escape impossible. The Gods, however, had determined on the destruction of this monster, and for this purpose the incarnation of Vishnu as Krishna in human form, as Devatri's son, was decreed. The child was born at night, and a profound sleep having fallen on the guards and all the inmates of the house save two, Devatri was enabled to escape with his new-born son in his arms. The Jumna was in flood—to cross seemed impossible—and Devatri, who had waded in up to his neck, holding the child above his head, was about to turn back sadly; when the baby's foot touched the swelling waters. They instantly subsided, and a path was made through the river by which father and son passed safely, and reached the village of Gokul, where the babe was hidden in the house of a friend who had that day had a daughter born to him. This baby was conveyed to the tower by Devatri, who found the guard still asleep. King Ganz was relieved to hear of the birth of this daughter, whom he did not dread. He lived happily as before, while the wonderful Krishna grew up at Gokul. At the age of seven he was brought into Muttra to pray, and there on the *ghat*, one evening at the hour of prayer, he slew his uncle, and, casting his body into the Jumna, he proclaimed himself king in his stead. This and many other Krishna legends were told me by my guide during the drive to Bindrabun, a very old and holy place of pilgrimage, containing four ancient and several beautiful temples.

My last view of Muttra was from the railway bridge at evening. It was the sunset hour of prayer, and the *ghats* were crowded with worshippers. When the sun sank to rest, the crowd dispersed, and as the afterglow died away in the clear sky, the soft subdued clanging of the temple bells and the beating of tom-toms, that had continued all day, ceased, and the last worshippers went home along the quiet streets. The night drew on apace; the stars came out, the moonlight shone over the temples and gleaming river, and soon the Holy City of Muttra was wrapt in slumber.

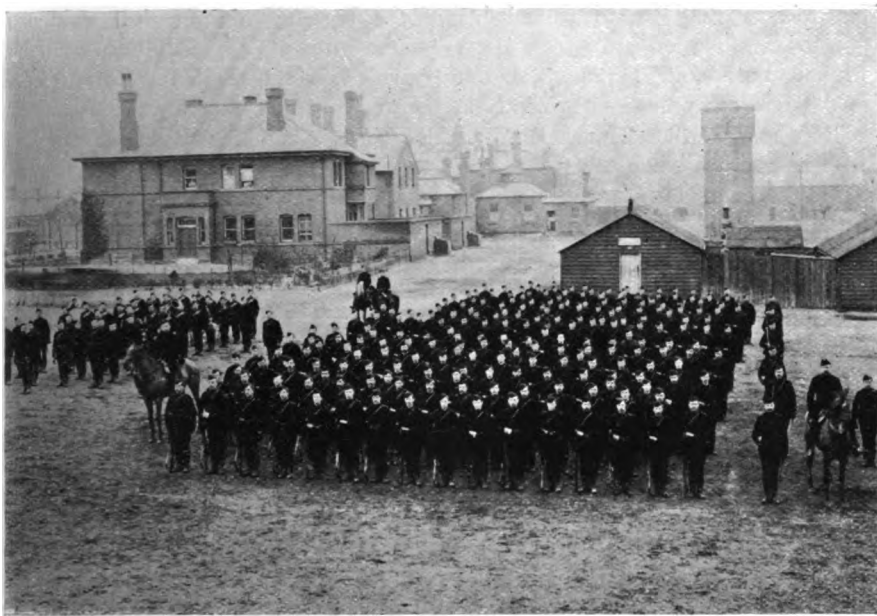
J. MACCARTIE.



The Temple of the Seth at Bindrabun.



Colonel Buller rescuing Captain C. D'Arcy of the Frontier Light Horse at Inhlolane Mountain, March 28th, 1879.



4th Battalion King's Royal Rifles on Parade.

THE BRITISH REGIMENT WITH THE MOST "DISTINCTIONS."

WHICH regiment in the British Army has most "Distinctions" placed to its credit? This query, if asked of the man in the street, would doubtless receive varied answers, according to his information, knowledge, and predilection. But, taking the official "Army List" as our guide, supplemented by such an authoritative work as the handbook of Captain Ottley Perry, we shall find that the British Regiment which can claim the proud honour of having been in more engagements than any other of its friendly rivals in the service is the "King's Royal Rifle Corps," the "Gallant 60th," as so many admirers call it.

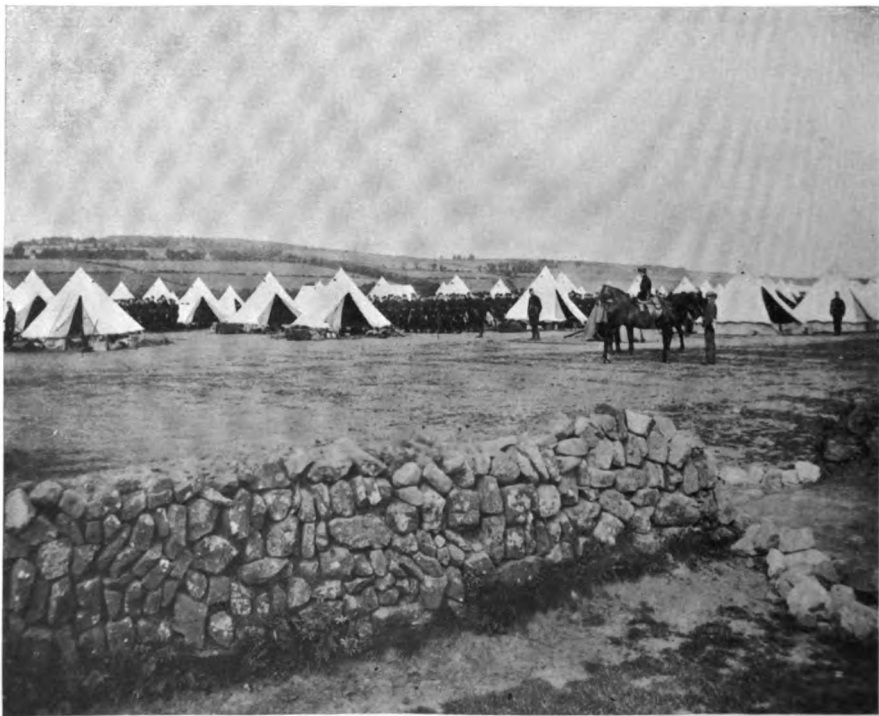
The famous 60th Regiment has no less than thirty-four distinctions of which it can boast. We cannot say "inscribed on its colours," for Rifle regiments carry no "colours." But at the head of the regiment's catalogue of officers in the official Army List you will find the long roll of the thirty-four, beginning with "Louisburg," 1758, and ending with "Chitral," 1895. There will doubtless be another to swell this grand list when the present war is over in South Africa, but that war is of course not taken notice of in this article as far as reckoning the total goes. It may be interesting, however, before beginning any account of the celebrated 60th Regiment, just to mention what others are its nearest rivals in the claim for "most Distinctions." The Rifle Brigade has twenty-nine "Distinctions"; the Gordon Highlanders twenty-seven; and the Royal Welsh Fusiliers twenty-five.

The King's Royal Rifle Corps was formed in 1755, when its 1st battalion was raised, during the reign of George II. Curiously enough, it was raised in America, and was then known as the "62nd Loyal American Provincials." In the following year, as two regiments of the Army had been disbanded, this one became the 60th, and so it has remained ever since. Its 2nd battalion was not formed until

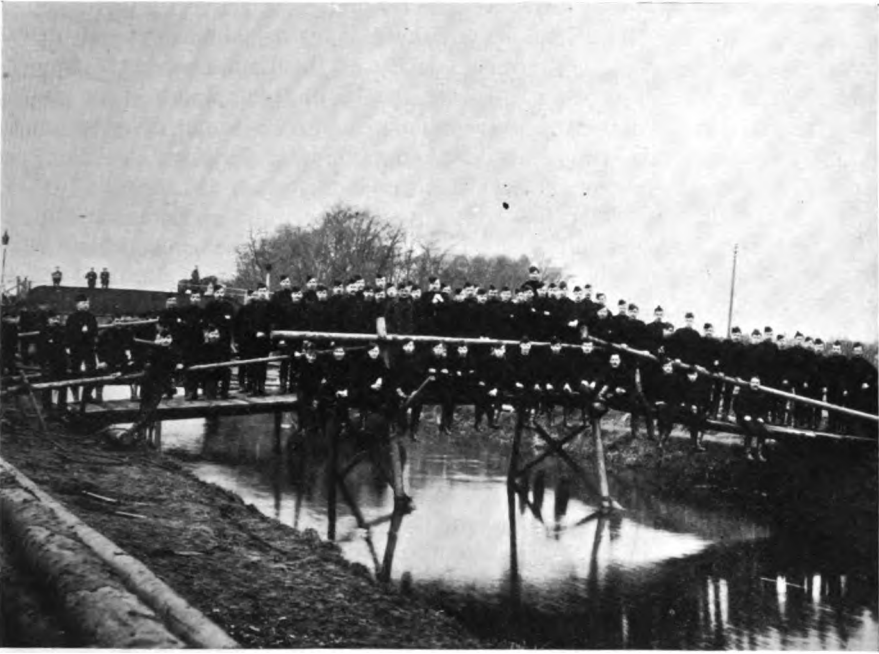
1795; then a long period passed before the present 3rd came into existence in 1855; to be followed two years later by the present 4th battalion. Originally there had been four battalions, but two had been disbanded before Victoria's reign. There are only two regiments in the whole service that have four battalions of "Regulars"—"the King's Royal Rifle Corps" and the Rifle Brigade. But besides its four battalions there are no less than eleven battalions of Volunteers and Militia belonging to the 60th, so that it is in numbers, as well as in its "Distinctions," the first of British regiments. The Volunteer battalions, however, are attached to the "Guards" Depot, under the "Home Command," whilst the Regular ones are attached to the "Southern Command" at Winchester.

One important change has taken place during the century in the dress of the 60th. Until 1814 the regiment wore a scarlet uniform with blue facings, but in that year this was altered to a green uniform with scarlet facings, and such it has remained since, even amidst the changes in dress of so many other regiments in 1881. The well-known badge of the 60th is a bugle on the Glengarry, and on the helmet-plate is a bugle with strings on a Maltese Cross. Above is inscribed the famous motto of the Corps, "Celer et Audax." This motto its enemies in war know only too well. On the arms of the Cross are the names of the battles fought by the regiment, and the whole is surmounted by the Imperial crown. The colour-sergeant wears a badge called a "Colour" badge, since, as was before mentioned, Rifle regiments, unlike ordinary Line regiments, do not carry "colours."

One or two other points are worth noticing about the 60th before we come to discussing their splendid record. From 1816 to 1820 they were temporarily Light Infantry; and they were called "Rifles" for the first time in 1824, under the



4th Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps in Camp.



King's Royal Rifle Corps on a bridge made by them.

title of the "Duke of York's Own Rifle Corps." The title of "Royal," which they enjoy in conjunction with some other regiments, is now purely honorary ; and so, practically, is their name "Rifles." This was given to them at first on account of their having "sharpshooters," whilst other regiments had the smooth-bore muskets. But now all these regiments are armed nearly alike, and the "Rifles" perform almost exactly the same duties as any other regiment of infantry. They use sword-bayonets instead of plain bayonets, however. It was in 1830 that their present title was granted, and to-day the King's Royal Rifle Corps is a power in the Army.

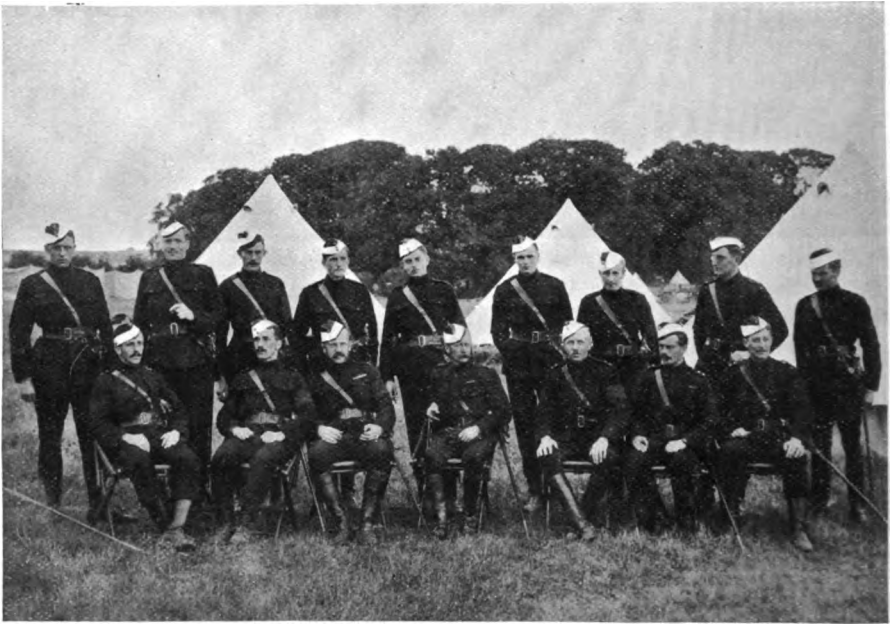
What praise can be too great for a regiment that has borne part in more than one-fifth of all the engagements of the British Army since the days of Marlborough? What can be said that would speak too highly of men who won praise in despatches from General Wolfe, from Wellington, from Colin Campbell, from Wolseley, from Roberts? What is too much honour for a regiment that was in the van of the struggle on the ever-memorable days of Quebec, Talavera, Badajoz, Salamanca, Majuba, and many others? What about the regiment that saved Wellington more than once ; that gained the approbation of the dying hero on the Plains of Abraham ; that was foremost in avenging the horrors of Cawnpore and Delhi ; that fought at Kandahar under Sir Donald Stewart ; that in South Africa, in 1879, rolled back the black crescent of the Zulus, the gallant 60th that won the ill-fated Colley's words of admiration on the fatal Majuba Hill?

It is a wonderful story, this historical record of the King's Royal Rifle Corps ; wonderful because, with perhaps one exception, it may be said to cover the history of British arms during the past century and a half. The one exception was the Crimean War, in which this celebrated regiment had practically no part.

Its first baptism of fire was in 1757, only a year after its premier battalion had been formed. The first of its long roll of Distinctions was won the following

year (1758), at "Louisburg," in America. Its first great glory was to be with the youthful General from Kent when he, on the Heights of Abraham, totally defeated Montcalm, and secured for ever the supremacy of the English over the French in Canada. It is said that Wolfe was so delighted with the valour of the 60th on that great day that he himself gave them for a motto the words *Celer et Audax*; and the regiment has borne this well-known motto, therefore, for the whole period of its existence except the first three or four years.

It was not till 1798 that the regiment saw any work at home, and in that year it was sent into Ireland to help in subduing the rebellion, which work it carried out most effectually. From the preceding year (1797), until 1817, some battalions of the King's Own Royal Rifles, or the "60th" as they were then called, were with Wellington and other English generals in the Peninsula, where they gained many of their greatest triumphs. And, curious to relate, it was a 5th



Officers of the 3rd Battalion King's Royal Rifles, now in South Africa.

battalion of the Regiment, disbanded later at the close of the war, which gained such renown for the 60th. At Vimiera so well did the men fight that special recommendations were afterwards issued to general officers by the authorities, telling them how serviceable the "Rifles" were "on account of their activity and bravery." To the 60th is due almost the whole of the credit for the victory at Talavera, as they, and they alone, turned the fortune of the day by coming to the aid of Wellington at a most critical moment. The Duke highly praised them in despatches for their services on that day, and warmly acknowledged what he owed to them.

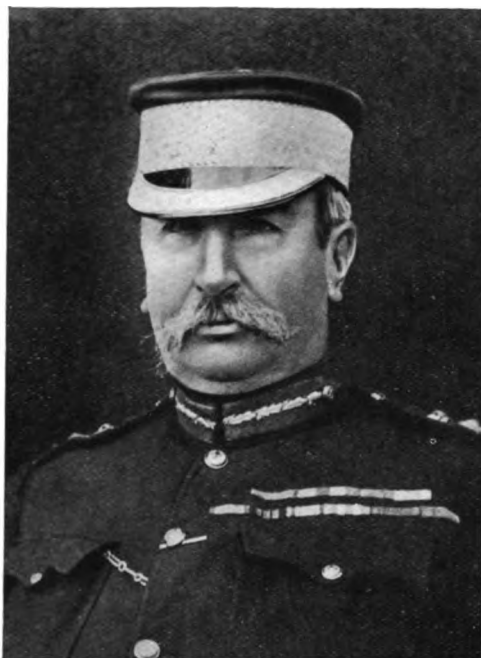
The fearful time at Badajoz saw them amongst the foremost of British fighting-men; and whoever, of the many claimants for the honour, was first in entering Badajoz, it may be safely said that the troops of the 60th were not long after the first man. Their services at Salamanca, when, under Pakenham's lead, they helped to drive back the French commander, Marmont, were not

slow in being recognised by the English leaders, as was their fine work at Vittoria. And the 5th battalion of the 60th might then well have claimed a title now universally accorded to the Northumberland men of being "The Fighting Fifth." As they had been in at the very beginning of the war in the Peninsula, so they saw the very last of it at Bayonne ere they, as a battalion, were disbanded and transferred to the other battalions of their regiment.

All military historians of the period have remarked upon the strange omission of the name of the 60th in the praise given by the generals in their despatches for the troops engaged at "Douro" and "Busaco." For no regiment distinguished itself more at both those engagements than did the 60th; yet, by mischance, on each occasion it was overlooked in the reports by the generals from the field of battle, and so did not get the name "placed upon the colours" for the two fights. Yet one general, at least, acknowledged his error by publicly writing and apologising for the oversight he had made. Still the 60th could not grumble at the glory it got out of the Peninsular War, for there it won fifteen "Distinctions."

The "Gallant 60th" went through the Mutiny. It would take too long to tell of the magnificent deeds accomplished in that never-to-be-forgotten period, but the word "Delhi" is enough. Listen to what an eyewitness of the grand fighting of the King's Royal Rifle Corps said about it, in a letter to England,—a private one. "The charges of the Rifles are things never to be erased from one's memory; they go forward magnificently, with their terrible watchwords, 'Remember the ladies! Remember the babies!' They charge, ten Rifles to a hundred of the foe, as coolly and gallantly as you can imagine." As an example of the terrible retribution that the 60th took upon the mutineers for those awful slaughters of English women and children, at Cawnpore and other towns, it may be stated that, when a hundred of the enemy took refuge in a hut, an attacking party of about twenty Riflemen stormed the place and bayoneted every man of the hundred upon the spot! In the Mutiny the Rifles won no less than seven Victoria Crosses, for as brave deeds as were ever done on the field of battle. Some of these may be mentioned more fully later.

As a proof of the effect that the valour of the King's Royal Rifle Corps had in India during the Mutiny, Lord Roberts tells a curious little story. The brave Ghoorkas were so impressed by the gallantry of the 60th that they asked to have the green facings of their own uniform changed to scarlet ones, so that they might be like the brave men whose courage had so astonished them. This request was granted; and the Ghoorkas, most valiant and loyal of Indian native troops, boast yet to-day of this—that they are like the men who shot and fought so well in the terrible year of 1857!



*General Sir Redvers Buller, Colonel Commanding
King's Royal Rifles.*



Sir F. Grenfell, Colonel Commanding King's Royal Rifles.

get at the extraordinary gallantry and actually rode all along the line of their front as they lay there, praising and encouraging them. And who can forget the glorious soldier's death of Colonel Vernon Northey, who, rivalling Lord Marmion of olden days, as he lay wounded severely, got so fired with enthusiasm when he saw his brave men driving back the enemy, that he raised himself up and waved his hand above his head, shouting out "Bravo, 60th!" until his bandaged wound burst, and hæmorrhage set in, from which he died a day or two afterwards.

And England cried again, "Bravo, 60th!" as we read of that grand charge at Glencoe a short time ago; as we read of officers killed whilst leading on the King's Royal Rifle Corps, ever, as of old, in the thick of the fight! England mourns the loss of such men as Colonel Gunning. And of the brave defenders of

North China saw the 2nd battalion of the regiment present at the taking of the Taku Forts in 1860, and ten years afterwards the Rifles accompanied Wolseley into the Red River district. In 1879-80 some of them served under Sir Donald Stewart in Afghanistan, and Roberts's famous march was not unknown to them, who yet remember the songs sung "On the way to Kandahar." Zululand added much to the already glorious list of Distinctions possessed by this wonderful regiment; for, apart from the splendid individual acts done by Riflemen in that campaign, who can forget the day when the 60th, lying down behind scant shelter, waited for the attack of ten thousand savage Zulus, and met them with such a fire that the black force, despite its bravery, recoiled time after time! Twenty times did those uncivilised foes charge the "Gallant 60th"; twenty times did they recoil before that terrible fire. Indeed, so excited did Lord Chelmsford, the General, splendid shooting of the Rifles, that he



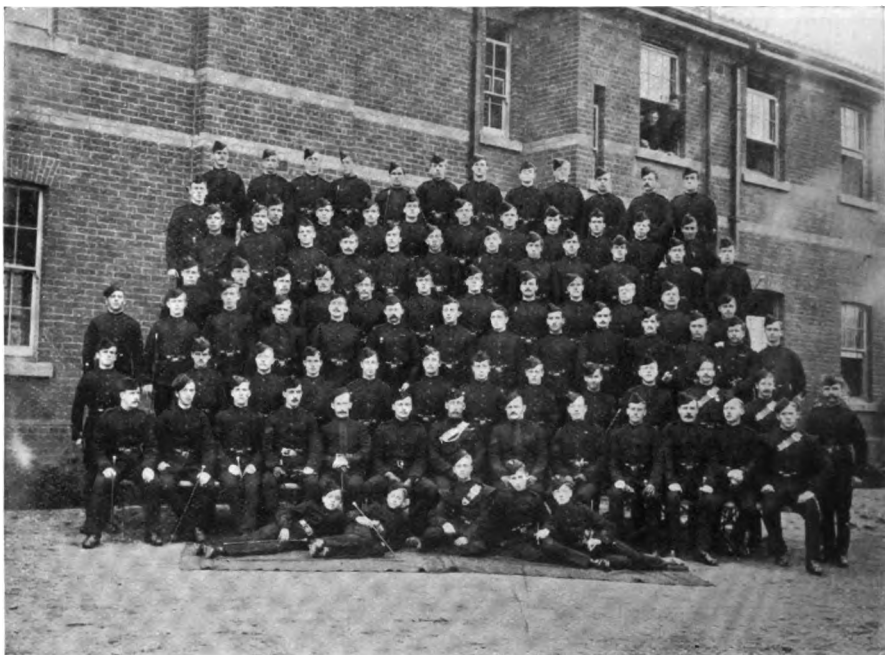
Major-General Sir Charles Hotted Smith, K.C.B., Commanding Australian forces in South Africa.



At Elandslaagte.

Mafeking the Royal Rifles were not the least, since Captain Pechell, gallant son of a gallant sailor, there led his followers on to both death and victory. To-day all the first three battalions of this famous regiment are at the Cape, foremost again in England's hour of need.

We have spoken of the large number of Volunteer and Militia battalions connected with this famous regiment. It is only fair that we should say a word or two about them, some of which are almost as celebrated as the parent "Regulars." There is the "Queen's Westminsters": what a history they have of fine shots and capital soldiers. There is the 1st Middlesex, so well known as the "Victorias," whose beginning, like that of the "Queen's Westminsters," goes back into the eighteenth century, and whose career has been one of note right along the nineteenth. In this battalion was the famous Captain Hans Busk, who may be



H.H. Prince Christian Victor's Company King's Royal Rifles.

said to have been almost, if not quite, the originator and the practical organiser of the Volunteer movement in 1859. Then we have the "Prince of Wales' Own"—the "Civil Service"—battalion; the Finsbury Corps, the Central London Rangers, the City of London Rifle Brigade, and others of note, not the least of which are the Harrow boys. Is there any other regiment that can boast of such Volunteer and Militia battalions as these?

Look at the officers of the 60th to-day if you wish to see a distinguished group of fighting men. The Colonel-in-Chief is the Duke of Cambridge; for the King's Royal Rifles is one of the few regiments that have such an officer at their head. And the regiment has also the unusual distinction of having *two* Colonels-Commanding. These two are Sir Redvers Buller, now Commanding the forces in Natal, and Sir Francis Grenfell, now Governor and Commander-in-chief at Malta. Amongst its other most famous officers now on active service are Sir Charles Holled Smith (now Major-General), commanding the Australian forces in

South Africa; H.H. Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, who is now at the front and has done excellent service; Lieutenant the Hon. F. Roberts, who fell so gloriously at the battle of the Tugela River; Lord Robert Manners, and many others who have won orders and decorations without number for their services in the past. It may not be out of place to mention here that a private soldier, since dead, told the writer not long ago how loved and respected by all the men under him is Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, and how gladly they would follow him anywhere. Such little things explain the wonderful success of the King's Royal Rifles in what they undertake.

Sir F. W. Grenfell, though he has hardly come quite as much into the public eye lately as his *confrère* in the Colonelcy of the 60th, is yet a well known and tried man. Few people will forget how nearly he came to taking the whole command in Egypt during the course of late events there, when it was supposed that Lord Kitchener would retire. And then Grenfell was appointed to the Malta command, where he now is. His career has been notable in the Army, and to-day he is a G.C.B. and a K.C.M.G. for his services to his Queen and country.

Sir Charles Holled Smith, too, has attained a high position in the Army, solely by his merit and hard work. He lately was given charge of the Victorian forces in Australia, with the rank of Major-General. He belongs to the 3rd battalion of the 60th, and served in the Zulu War of 1879, the Boer War of 1881, the Egyptian War of 1882; and was chosen to command the Australian forces in the Transvaal War. Sir Charles was appointed Governor-General of the Red Sea littoral and of Suakin, some years ago, and was decorated with the orders of C.B. and K.C.M.G. by the Queen.

Of Victoria Cross heroes the King's Royal Rifles can claim eleven, of whom seven won their Crosses in the Mutiny. Only two regiments have more winners of the coveted distinction than the 60th: these are the South Wales Borderers and the Rifle Brigade. Buller himself is perhaps the most renowned of the men who have won the Cross amongst the "King's,"—renowned for the splendid deed that gained it, we mean, apart from any other circumstances. It was at Inhlobane Mountain, in Zululand, that he actually saved three lives at the imminent risk of his own, three separate times. His force was retreating before immense masses of the coming enemy when the Devonshire man overtook Captain Darcy, who was walking slowly along, having had his horse shot under him. Notwithstanding that Buller's horse was almost worn out with his own weight and a terrible day, its rider took Darcy up behind him and carried him out of reach of the pursuers. A little time afterwards he came upon Lieutenant Everett, who was in an exactly similar plight, and practically certain of death when overtaken by the foe; him also did Buller take up and carry into safety. Then shortly afterwards Buller came across a trooper whose horse had fallen under him, quite exhausted. What did the redoubtable present Colonel-Commander of the 60th do but pull the fellow up behind him, though the enemy was then only eighty yards or so away! And, as if this were not enough, he afterwards went out and brought safely into camp seven soldiers who, whilst flying from the foe, had lost their way. No wonder that he was recommended for the V.C.—and got it, which is more than all heroes do!

One or two other cases where men of the King's Royal Rifle Corps won the Cross may be interesting. There was Private Bambrick, who got his in India, for valiantly attacking three Ghazis at Bareilly, and killing one of them, though he was very severely wounded himself before he fought them. There was Sutton, the famous bugler of the regiment, who did two notable exploits at Delhi, for which he was gazetted for the V.C. He had, too, the additional honour of

being elected by his own comrades as the "bravest of the brave" on that day when the rebels came on in force. One of the buglers of the foe was just about to sound the charge when Sutton saw him raise his bugle. Our men were scarcely ready to receive the attack. Quick as lightning Sutton dashed out, and, springing forward at the rebel bugler, killed him on the spot before he could sound a note! But the regiment think that even this courageous act was surpassed by the wonderful gallantry which the gallant bugler showed at the reconnoitring of the breach later on. Sutton that day did marvels of bravery; to recount them would fill pages. Where the fire came hottest there was Sutton; where the Rifles needed encouragement or help, there was the bugler! He seemed to bear a charmed life, for bullets flew about him, but he took no more heed of them than if they had been raindrops. And proud was he,—but probably prouder were his comrades of the 60th,—when the *London Gazette* of January 20th, 1860, contained a notice that the Queen intended to pin on the breast of Bugler Sutton the V.C., for bravery at Delhi.



A Bugler of the King's Royal Rifle Corps.

Private F. Corbett, who rescued his lieutenant in Egypt, in 1882; Private Divane, who headed the charge against the trenches at Delhi, in 1857, and was elected by his comrades as the "bravest of the brave"; Colour-Sergeant Garvin, who cleared out the foe from a house in Delhi; Lieutenant Heathcote, who had the distinguished honour of being elected by the officers of the 60th as being the bravest of them at Delhi; Lieutenant Marling, for great gallantry in the Soudan; Private J. Thompson, who rescued his captain during the Indian Mutiny from almost certain death; Private Turner, who did almost the same thing a little later; Colour-Sergeant Waller, who captured the guns at Delhi: these are other noted V.C.'s of the King's Royal Rifle Corps of whom the regiment tells with pride.

The record of this famous regiment is one not surpassed by that of any other in the British Army. Other regiments are as loyal, as true, as brave; but none of them can show the thirty-four "Distinctions" that mark the path of the 60th along the course of a century and a half. Nor can any one of them show at one time, as the 60th can do to-day, four officers belonging to it holding the rank of "Commanders-in-Chief" of British forces here and there in British territory. Ever ready, ever prompt at duty's call, their motto, "*Celer et Audax*," has never yet been tarnished. With its usual luck (or is it excellent management?) it was "on the spot" in the Transvaal, and gained new glory at Glencoe. Its officers and men are ever striving to be first in the fray: scarcely was there a sign of the present war before H.H. Prince Christian Victor, like his humblest follower, was eager to get off to the front. With officers and men like these Britain cannot degenerate, cannot fail. To the regiment of Sir Redvers Buller every Briton throughout the world to-day sends greeting, and says, in the words of the brave dying Colonel, "Bravo, 60th!"

GEORGE A. WADE.

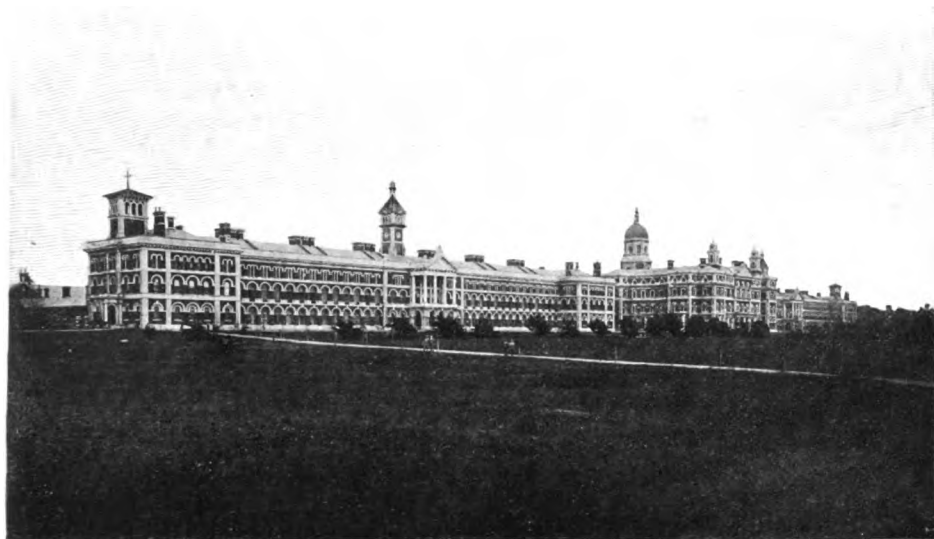


Photo by]

Netley Hospital from the Recreation Ground.

[Homan.

AMBULANCE NURSING, PAST AND PRESENT.

THOSE who would realise the difference which one hundred years has made in military surgery and army nursing should pay a visit to University College, London, and there inspect the sketches made by Sir Charles Bell in the Brussels hospitals within ten days of the battle of Waterloo. The famous surgeon started as a volunteer consultant to the forces, the very moment the news of the battle became known in London. He reached Brussels on the 30th of June, and they were even then still bringing in both French and British wounded from the woods. "It is impossible," he wrote to Francis Horner, "to convey to you the picture of human misery continually before my eyes. At six o'clock I take the knife in my hand, and continue incessantly at work till seven in the evening . . . all the decencies of performing surgical operations are neglected." Then, again: "This is the second Sunday after the battle, and many wounds are not yet dressed. There are twenty thousand in this town, besides those in the hospitals and the many in the other towns." This letter was supposed to have inspired Sir Walter Scott's poem on Waterloo, which was published expressly for the benefit of the wounded. Too painful to quote are the other details Sir Charles Bell gives of the state of the wounded after the battle, for which each of the three nations engaged should have been fully prepared from a medical, as indeed they were from a military, point of view.

Napoleon seems to have early made certain regulations for the care of the wounded, but even he was not powerful enough to have them properly carried out. The facts are not concealed; they are to be found in the memoirs of every noted medical man—French, English, and German—of that day.

But experience seems to have taught the medical authorities nothing, and on

the outbreak of the Crimean War the French army suffered quite as much as the English from lack of a proper medical corps, in spite of the fact that the French had had a certain amount of experience in Algiers, where, it seems, the medical ambulance service only existed on paper. It would be hard to say which army in the Crimea suffered the most for want of even elementary medical assistance. The Russians were even more to be pitied; for the moment the truth became known in London and in Paris a splendid and on the whole successful effort was made to remedy the awful deficiency, but this was not the case in Russia, where the military authorities found it quite impossible to deal with the difficult problem presented to them. During the years that followed the Crimean War every hospital in Russia was crowded with ex-soldiers, still suffering from various diseases brought on by want of prompt medical treatment during the war.

It may be said that the first country which woke up to the absolute necessity of being beforehand with medical military preparations was America; for in 1861, immediately after the attack on Fort Sumter, the Ladies' Central Association for Relief was founded. This organisation, though at first looked upon by the Northern Government as an undesirable fifth wheel to the military coach, did really splendid work in conjunction with a committee of twenty-one leading medical and military men, who co-operated throughout the whole course of the war with local relief associations which reached the almost incredible number of thirty-two thousand. The Central Committee, not content with raising levies of both male and female nurses, printed medical pamphlets and distributed them gratis among those surgeons who had volunteered for medical service with the army; and in addition it took on itself the care of the dead, who, through its efforts, received after every battle decent and honourable burial. The Southern women were not behind their Northern sisters, but for obvious reasons their efforts were less centralised.

Owing to a certain extent to the stories which reached Europe as to the



Photo by]

Surgical Ward. Netley Hospital.

[Homan.

medical history of the American War, and also, doubtless, to the efforts made by the German military authorities to cope with the question during the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, there came a moment when military nursing and ambulance work became the fashion. An immense interest was taken in the Geneva Conference, which was a direct outcome of the efforts made by the member of a comparatively small Swiss philan-

thropic society, M. Henry Dunant, who is said—though for the honour of humanity it is to be hoped inaccurately—to be now spending an old age in comparative want. The conference took place at Geneva, and was composed of eighteen

delegates, representing fourteen governments, several famous societies, notably the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, being also represented. It is obviously impossible to give even a cursory account of the labours of the conference, but probably no gathering of the kind has ever had so practical and admirable a result. In spite of the objections which were made by many of the leading military authorities of Europe, and which were actually on one occasion embodied by a military doctor in the extraordinary words, "We must leave to war all its horrors if this be the only way to open the eyes of those who order it and those who submit to it." The Geneva Conference drew up a number of resolutions, which were assented to by practically every civilised country. These, to put it quite shortly, placed on a neutral footing not only all those concerned with the nursing and the succouring of the wounded, but also the wounded themselves.

Although very little more than thirty years have gone by since these humane rules were drawn up and generally subscribed to by all civilised nations, it is nowadays difficult to believe that the various members of the conference had to struggle hard with the prejudices not only of the military commanders, but actually of the medical departments which were by that time attached to all the great European armies.

The Geneva Conference also aimed at a variety of other rules and schemes which were to be placed on a more or less international footing; but, as was only to be expected, it was soon found that those countries which were enjoying long and permanent periods of peace troubled themselves very little with the possible need of military surgery. Within a very few years of the famous conference, the Franco-Prussian War found both France and Germany terribly unprepared; and, as was of course generally admitted at the time, the former country owed, from a surgical and above all from a nursing point of view, almost everything to British voluntary help. Germany, also, would have been in a sad plight had it not been for the great personal efforts made by an Englishwoman, the then Crown Princess (the Empress Frederick), who at the very outbreak of the war, and in spite of much criticism and many objections, absolutely insisted on the formation of proper field hospitals at the various points where it soon became apparent they would be needed. The authorities, including Moltke and Bismarck, had an instinctive dislike of any sentimentality which might impede the operations of the troops, and they seem to have believed, at any rate for the time, that the mere presence of a certain number of highly efficient surgeons was all that was required after a battle,

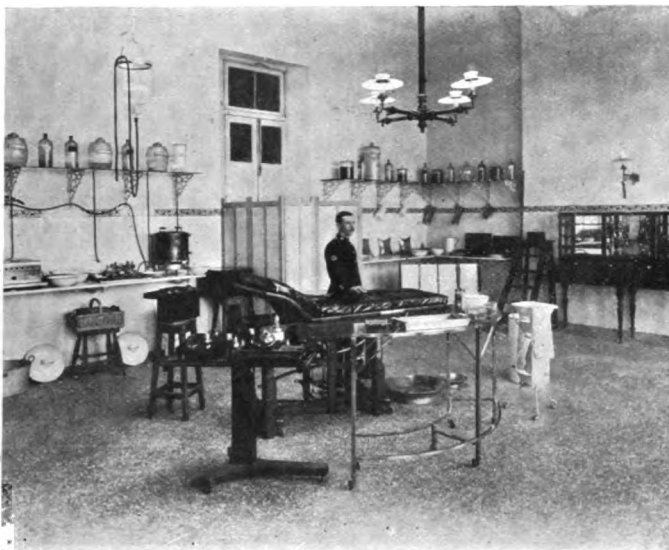


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[Homan.

Operating Theatre, with Orderly in Charge. Netley Hospital.

the wounded presumably being quartered out in private houses, or placed—as indeed was too often the case in spite of all the Crown Princess's efforts—in public buildings such as churches and town-halls.

Sir William MacCormac, who is now acting as consulting surgeon to the forces in South Africa, had his first experience of war as head of the Anglo-American ambulance in 1870, and in the interesting volume where he has recorded his experiences during that time he proves conclusively, if proof were required, how terrible is the need of the formation of a really efficient medical and nursing service even in times of peace. He seems to have devoted most of his attention to the French wounded, probably because the French showed the greatest deficiency of medical arrangements. After Sedan, of French wounded alone there were twelve thousand five hundred; and the famous surgeon also gives a pitiful account of a



Photo by]

Christmas Day. Hospital Ward.

[Homan.

visit paid by him to the camp of the unwounded prisoners. At the present moment it is curious to recall that the then Colonel of the 4th Chasseurs d'Afrique, the Marquis de Galliffet, begged the British surgeon to give him some quinine, as he found himself suffering from an attack of African fever, brought on by the drenching rain. In return he asked Dr. MacCormac to accept his Arab horse, an exceptionally fine animal, which, after proving of the greatest use to his new master at Sedan, came home with him, to enjoy in England an honoured and comfortable old age. At Sedan, as elsewhere, Dr. MacCormac found his most valuable assistants in a band of devoted nurses, including Miss Neligan, Mrs. Pearson, and Miss Barclay.

It may be noted that Sir William at the time formed certain conclusions which he has never had occasion to modify. He became aware of what is now, of course, fully recognised—the absolute hygienic value of open air. He observed that when the wounded were treated in sheds and in exposed buildings they

recovered far quicker than those who were nursed in private houses or even in the ordinary hospitals. As a result of many notes, he made up his mind that wounds to the head and face, which seem so serious, are often healed the quickest; and he is strongly of opinion that the existence of a wound in the back is by no means an indication of want of bravery, for he observed that not only Marshal MacMahon, but many other French and German officers noted for reckless courage, were hit from behind. Yet another rather curious observation made by him seems to bear out the often disputed contention that the left side of the body is much more frequently injured than the right—indeed, in the proportion of not less than 3 to 2. Again, among the thousands of patients whom he examined after Sedan, not one had been wounded by the mitrailleuse, from which he argues that this supposed deadly engine either had no effect at all or else that it killed its victims outright.

It need hardly be said that Sir William MacCormac's views on military surgery have been considered by those who have had to make the arrangements for South Africa. When acting as surgeon in the Franco-Prussian War, although he formed a high opinion of the devotedness and skill of the French military surgeons, he was much struck by the unpractical fashion in which the medical corps was organised. To some ambulances there were attached as many as forty medical men. The very word ambulance, which implies something which can be moved about



Photo by)

Probationers in Hygiene Laboratory.

[Homan.

quickly, had come to mean, in the French army, an amount of medical *matériel* which sometimes required a dozen heavy waggons to transport it to where first aid was to be rendered; and, of course, attached to each ambulance were an immense number of orderlies, some of whom had received little or no training in the work in which they were about to engage.

Sir William considers that a field ambulance should be composed of from four to five surgeons, with assistants who have been trained to dress severe wounds; for, as all those who have had any experience seem to agree, skilled dressers are quite as much required as operative surgeons, and it wastes many valuable lives to entrust bad cases, as has often been done in the past, to inexperienced hands, however willing. The quantity of stores taken should be very small, and should be packed on horses and mules, waggons and carts having proved a serious impediment. This can easily be compassed, for all that are really required for use on or near the field itself are a few cases of surgical instruments, and such appliances as chloroform, carbolic acid, and various strong stimulants; half a dozen stretchers of the simplest and lightest construction are an absolute necessity.

If the scene of an engagement could be accurately foretold, the question of making provision for the wounded would be comparatively simple; but, as even in modern warfare that can rarely be, it is essential that every field ambulance should be extremely mobile.



Photo by]

Chapel, Netley Hospital.

[Homan.

Each modern army now has attached to it a more or less thoroughly efficient medical corps; but, notwithstanding the many criticisms which have been passed of late years on the British R.A.M.C., it is incomparably superior to any in the world, especially as regards organisation. That this is so is probably owing to the fact that alone of all modern armies

the British army is more or less always in action, and in army ambulance work "a pinch of experience is worth a ton of theory."

In the days of the old rough surgery wholesale amputations were considered the principal means of saving life, while many wounds were looked upon as of necessity mortal which would now be regarded as involving little or no danger to life. The change which has come over ambulance work is owing, not so much to the increased wisdom of the surgeons who have made it a special study, as to the discovery or invention of the antiseptic treatment, and also to the fact that the wounded soldier very rarely remains even six hours on the spot where he is struck down. For the fact that the life of a wounded man often hangs upon the comparative rapidity with which he can be attended to by a skilled surgeon is now thoroughly realised; and an engagement is scarcely at an end before the medical officers attached to each regiment or corps are busily at work, careless of the great personal danger often incurred by them at such a moment, picking out the worst cases, who are quickly carried off to the collecting-station, which is, whenever possible, placed just behind the advanced base. In this connection it is interesting to recall that, in proportion to its numbers, the Royal Army Medical Corps has received more Victoria Crosses than any other branch of the service.

From the collecting-station the wounded are hurried off in the field ambulances to the dressing-station, which is placed, if again it be found at all possible, about a mile behind the fighting line. The dressing-station is often quite a small camp in itself, composed of tents each of which is furnished with a complete set of surgical appliances; and here again the British soldier scores considerably over his foreign brother in arms. Nowhere in the world, excepting perhaps in America, are surgical appliances so ingeniously packed for immediate use after a battle as they are by those great English firms who make a speciality of this kind of thing. To take but one example: each box of sterilised dressings measures only seven inches by five by one and a quarter; it contains a dozen sterilised bandages, some sterilised ligatures, and a small tube containing phenol. Till the moment when it

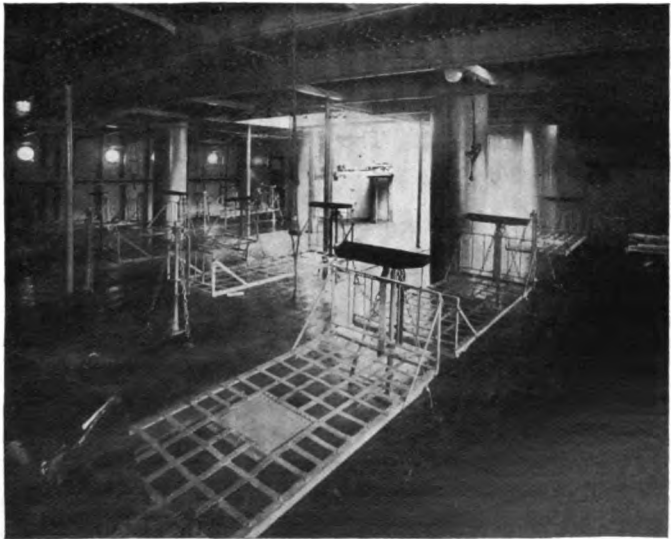
is wanted the box is hermetically sealed, yet it can be opened in a few seconds by ripping off the tin strip soldered round the lid. This lid afterwards does duty as a tray for holding surgical instruments, which can be finally sterilised by being placed in it when half filled with water, to which the contents of the phenol tube has been added, yielding a 1 in 20 solution.

It need hardly be said that only those cases which require an immediate operation are so treated at the dressing-station. Great authorities have differed very much as to how far it is wise to operate at such high pressure, for immediately after an engagement the surgeons and medical orderlies are overwhelmed with work, hundreds of patients often arriving for treatment simultaneously. The maxim, "Operate by all means, provided you can surround the patient with fairly suitable conditions," cannot always be acted upon, and it is usual whenever possible to pass on the wounded from the first dressing-station to the proper field hospital.

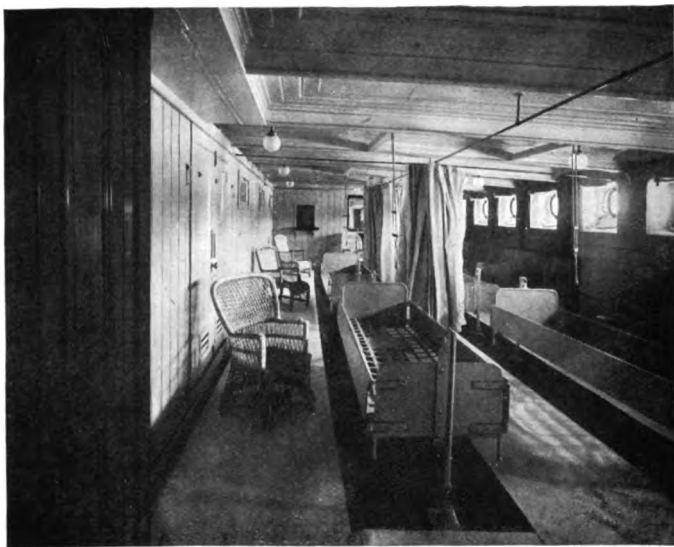
Whenever it can be done, that is to say, whenever the scene of war is a civilised country, where the wounded are as a matter of course respected, the field hospitals are placed as near as possible to what it is believed will be the scene of the more important engagements. In any case temporary hospitals are erected on the line of communications to some seaport, for it has been found that the wounded have a far greater chance of a quick recovery if the hospital in which they are nursed until convalescent is actually on the sea. Sometimes these elaborate preparations cannot be carried out, and in that case the wounded may have to travel a long distance; hence the now recognised value of properly equipped ambulance trains.

But it cannot be too strongly insisted upon that military surgery has become more and more a matter of minutes, or at longest of hours. Sir William MacCormac, when once asked to name the qualities most needed by a surgeon on the battlefield, answered, "Collectedness, common sense, physical power, and—knowledge of languages." This last qualification is of course rendered necessary by the modern dictates of humanity, which ordain, very properly, that a wounded enemy is as much entitled to care and skill as our own wounded.

Every day it becomes more difficult to say with any certainty whether modern engines of warfare are more or less destructive than their predecessors; and there are still many who can testify to the terrible wounds inflicted by the old Schneider bullet and Brown Bess. In the present war the Mauser bullet, which is used by the Boers, is small, hard, and conical, and it often passes in and out of the wounded with extraordinarily little



*Troop Sick bay, Forehead, S.S. Spartan.
From a photograph by Messrs. Humby & Co., Southampton.*



*Officers' Sick bay on S.S. Spartan Hospital Ship
From a photograph by Messrs. Humby & Co., Southampton.*

disturbance of the surrounding tissues. The Martini-Henry, which was the bullet used by the Boers in 1881, was much larger, and the proportion of killed to wounded was proportionately greater. The Lee - Metford, which is in size between the Mauser and the Martini-Henry, inflicts a small clean wound. Unfortunately it is possible to make the Mauser bullet explosive by the exercise of a very trifling

amount of ingenuity. The use of explosive bullets has been ruled out of civilised warfare, but as long as they can be manufactured *sur place* by any soldier who does not feel himself bound to respect international conventions, they undoubtedly present a grave problem in military surgery.

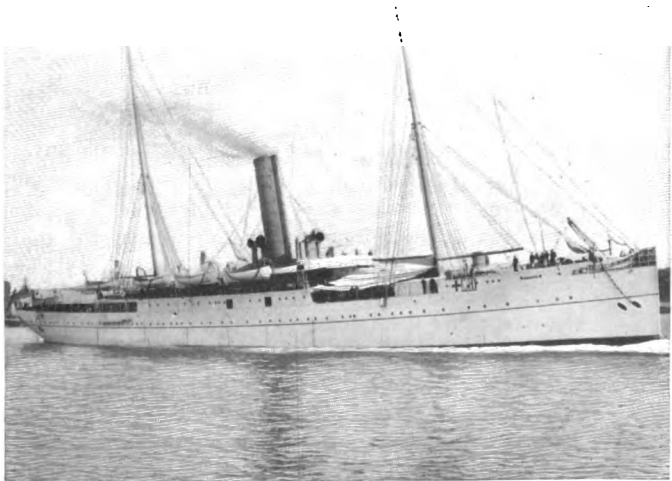
As regards shell wounds, very little is known as to the amount of injury those used with modern explosives can and do inflict. Thus the melinite shells used by the Boers in this war, if accurately fired, inflict terrible losses. Still, it seems to be the fact that, although an enormous number of highly trained German artillerymen have been serving with the Transvaal and Free State forces, the melinite shells frequently failed to burst, obviously because they must have been in themselves defective. The British shells practically never fail to burst. The lyddite shells, which early in the war provoked a protest from General Joubert, were only fired by the naval guns. As an actual fact the difference between lyddite and melinite is only one of name. Those who are killed by an explosive shell of this kind often show no wounds whatever, but die simply from the effects of the concussion; and from this point of view, death for death, this engine of war may be said to be the most merciful of any. On the other hand, before the black powder and shrapnel shell inflicts injury on a man he must actually have been struck by a fragment of the shell or its contents. Sir William MacCormac, from past experience, considers that for the army doctor most work is provided by rifle fire, although artillery fire is more demoralising to the enemy.

From the military surgeon's point of view this South African campaign will have set at rest one important point, that of the value of the Röntgen rays. This extraordinary invention was first used in the Tirah campaign and in the Sudan. During the latter expedition it was found that the various recent improvements in the apparatus had made it of far greater practical value; and so fully was this recognised that on the outbreak of hostilities in South Africa the War Office provided ten complete sets for the use of the R.A.M.C., and this number—none too many!—was supplemented by many generous private individuals, the Duke of Newcastle, to give but one example, having furnished the Princess of Wales's

hospital ship with a set. The extraordinary value of the X rays will be understood when it is stated that, when an injured limb has to be examined, the exact location of whatever foreign body is inside the wound can be ascertained without even removing the patient's clothes or dressings. The apparatus itself is so small that one can always be attached, not only to a field hospital, but even to a dressing-station. It should, however, be mentioned that the surgeon who makes use of the Röntgen rays must have some knowledge of the photographic art, or he will not be able to obtain any result.

Although all honour should be, and is, paid to the admirable women who compose the feminine branch of the Army Nursing Service, a great many erroneous impressions exist as to the part played by them in military nursing work. The R.A.M.C. consists, not only of medical officers, but of a very large body of trained male orderlies. These latter are the real nurses who do the actual nursing work, and they are under the orders of a highly efficient and limited body of trained lady nurses, who act practically as ward sisters, and who, while directing the orderlies, do not take any active part in nursing the wounded. Whether this state of things is entirely as it should be may be open to question. The wounded in the Franco-Prussian War, as of course in the Crimea after the arrival of Miss Florence Nightingale and her devoted band of helpers, were actually nursed by women nurses; and Sir William MacCormac, speaking from direct experience, considers women better fitted, both physically and morally, for the charge of the sick. He has put it on record that in his opinion no male nursing can be compared with a woman's, although no one insists more than he on the necessity of training. Whatever view is taken of the matter, the fact remains that the Army Medical Service has tended more and more to become masculine in its composition. The first and second lines of assistance are entirely composed of men, and it has comparatively seldom happened that a female army nurse has ever been anywhere really near a field of battle, except owing to some circumstances over which her medical superiors had no control.

Such valuable accessories as the properly equipped hospital ship and the ambulance train are of quite recent invention—indeed, they may both be said to owe their existence to the Spanish-American War, during which the hospital ships *Missouri* and *Relief* were used as floating hospitals with excellent results. Even comparatively recently much of the good achieved in well-organised field hospitals was undone owing to the wounded being shipped home in ordinary transports, which were in no sense fitted for the use to which they were put.



*Hospital Ship Spartan leaving Southampton.
From a photograph by Messrs. Humby & Co. Southampton.*

Every hospital ship sent out to South Africa seems to be the model of what a floating hospital ship should be, while from the medical point of view it is impossible to praise too highly the whole ambulance train system. Indeed, it is an extraordinary thing that the world should have waited till now for what has been proved, again and again, to be more necessary than almost anything else, for it would be difficult to imagine a less suitable means of transport for the wounded than even the most comfortable railway carriage. Sir John Furley, who has devoted much thought and a rare inventive gift to the subject, superintended all the arrangements of the admirable hospital train named after the Princess Christian.

MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES.

MAJOR-GENERAL ANDREW WAUCHOPE, OF NIDDRIE.

THE land is sheeted fair, and a white cloud fills the air,
 An' black the sky wi' ne'er a break sae dreary, oh !
 An' they tell us he's awa', who was stark to deal or dare ;
 An' Scotland's heart is sad an' sore, an' weary, oh !
 For Andy, Andy Wauchope o' Niddrie, oh !

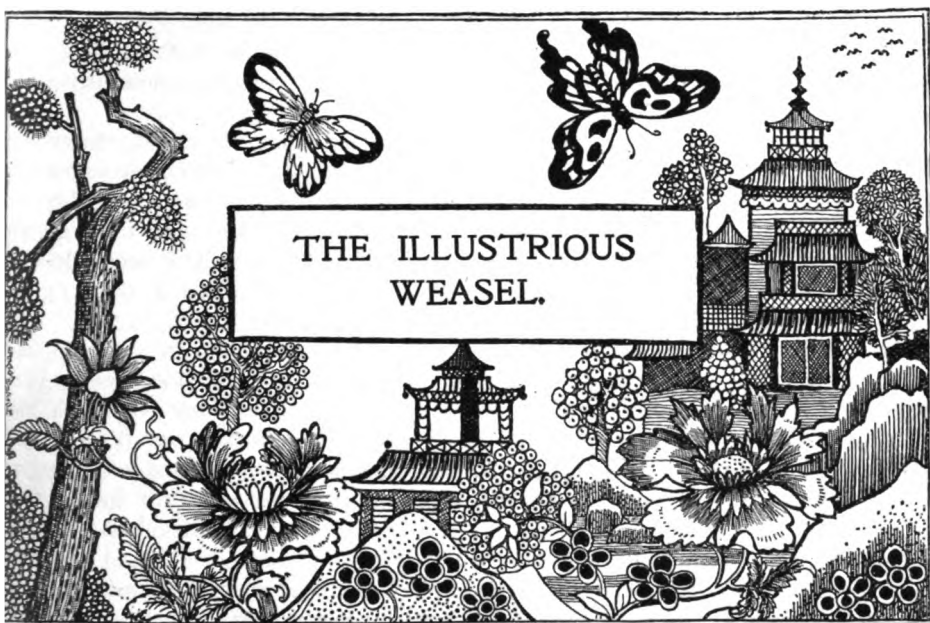
In Ashantee he bled ; and Egypt-land was red
 Wi' the noble flood that Scotland aye renders to the Right ;
 And he kneeled on Soudan sand when the funeral prayer was said
 For the Hero whom he's followed out the Sunshine to the Light
 O' Heaven ;—Andy Wauchope o' Niddrie, oh !

When he and Gordon stand 'yond the River ; hand in hand,—
 Will Scotland thrill as thrills the world when Angels greet ?
 Can ye show a finer touch 'mid a Nation's hero-band—
 When the Hero of Khartoum and the Laird o' Niddrie meet
 'Yond the River ? Andy Wauchope o' Niddrie, oh !

'Twas a stately death to dee, when his Black Watch followed free—
 Followed as his Spirit called them, falling as he fell,
 As Jamie deed at Flodden, 'midst o' Scotland's chivalry ;—
 "Did ye claim an Escort, General ? ah ! they've gien it wide and well
 O'er Death's bourne, to Andy Wauchope o' Niddrie, oh !"

By Modder's stream we laid the Hieland bold Brigade,
 At head we laid him who shall guide thro' Death to Victory ;
 An' the War-pipe's wild Lament told the Sacrifice was made—
 And peace shall come to Africa : her future shall be free
 Thro' your deen : Andy Wauchope o' Niddrie, oh !

E. M. MIDDLETON.



“THE bearer of this despatch must not return to Peking.”

I could scarcely believe my eyes even as I re-perused this cold-blooded order for my destruction; for that I was not to return to Peking could only have one such meaning, and I knew that the Viceroy Chan, to whom this despatch was addressed, a veritable creature of Her Excellence, would understand. This, then, was my reward for the part I had played in the adventure of “The Emperor’s Watchdog.” The important political despatch which Her Excellence bade me carry with all haste to the Viceroy of Shansi, was nothing more nor less than an order for my execution. She who had received me with compliments, with all the specious flattery of woman, was planning my death even as she smiled. No doubt it was a fine stroke of genius, this making a man be the bearer of his own death-warrant; but fortuitous circumstance had befriended me in a way she little imagined, and I yet hoped to prove to Her Excellence that the Illustrious Weasel was an animal not easily caught asleep.

Therefore I cogitated deeply within myself, praying for guidance from the spirit of wisdom. A natural indignation suggested an immediate destruction of the cruel despatch, and a return to the capital, with the story of the attack at the inn, and the subsequent loss of the precious package. It was a feasible story, and might easily have been true, or so near the truth that she would guess without clearer details; but on the other hand Her Greatness was above my petty vengeance, and he is sometimes wiser neither to see nor to know. He is already well armed who knows what to expect.

On the other hand, it was open to me to continue my journey into Shansi and to deliver the despatch before the Viceroy. Undoubtedly it would be like bearing to the executioner my own death-warrant; and yet there was a fascination in the recklessness of the suggestion which strongly appealed to that mad strain which was in my blood, and which all my life I had vainly battled to subdue. It certainly would be extremely awkward if Chan were to order my arrest immediately upon perusing the missive. But of this I knew there would be little likelihood. It

was not the Chinese method, neither would it be diplomatic. Flattery and cunning, an oily tongue and a stab in the back—these were the things that appealed to the yellow man. Secrecy—a crawling in the dark—an infinite patience: such were the weapons of the wily Celestial.

The more I thought of it the more the fancy seized me. It would, to say the least of it, be an interesting experiment, and might prove the wiser course to pursue. If I returned to Peking without accomplishing my mission, I should probably be despatched upon another journey infinitely more dangerous, and one from which certain people would see that I did not come back; whereas, if I succeeded in returning to the capital with an answer from Chan, I might offer a dozen good excuses for entering no more the service of Her Excellence.

It was a mad project, and one replete with the utmost danger; but I had faced too many real perils to cower before a problematical one, and feeling sure that Chan would only strike in secret, I was not loth to match my wits with his. In those days I had a clear head and good muscles, and I had not been called the Illustrious Weasel for nothing. To the man who has encountered dangers innumerable Death always slinks by with a face partly veiled: he half fancies that he has a tacit understanding with fate. The bullet that shall bring him down is yet scarcely cold from the mould.

It being decided, then, that I should continue my journey into Shansi, I easily, with the aid of a match, succeeded in re-sealing the despatch; for the would-be assassin's knife had cut cleanly, and the wax, fortunately, presented no sign of ill usage. Indeed, when I had finished with the document it would have needed an exceedingly clever man to discern that it had been subjected to such strange usage.

It was a mad-brained thing to do, and yet, beneath the apparent madness of it, there was something more than a gleam of sanity. It is true that I was carrying from Her Greatness a despatch which was nothing more nor less than an order for my suppression, which, by good fortune, I had been able to discover: but on the other hand I was dealing with people whom it would be wise to serve well, and with a devotion to duty which, in this case, would have the supreme merit of ignorance. At all events, I made up my mind to see the thing through. Forewarned, I believed there was more security at the Viceroy's Yamen than in the capital—if once the Power Behind the Throne knew that I had discovered her secret.

So, frequenting the by-streets, I made my way out of the city as soon as the gates were opened. I had entertained some serious thoughts of returning to the inn, of invoking the aid of the law; but some little reflection enabled me to forego the suggestion. No longer doubting with whom I had to deal, I passed on in obscurity. A rent jacket is better than a ragged hide.

Though suspicious ever, and occasionally not without some cause, at least so I imagined, I pursued my way into Shansi, and in due course found myself at the gates of Tai-Yuen, from the summit of which frowned some formidable painted cannon. With the aid of a street urchin I duly reached the Yamen, and once there, and the nature of my business made known, I was not kept long waiting. His Excellency would see me at once. Would I condescend to enter the contemptible hovel? A messenger of the Great One! Gods! it was a wonder I condescended to breathe the putrid air of any place so degraded as the contemptible residence of an idiotic Viceroy.

With many bows and apologies I was duly shown into His Excellency's private room, and there left with many more apologies, and the reiterated assurance that His Excellency would, with my permission, present himself as soon as he felt

worthy of encountering the glance of the Great One's messenger. Ah! it is a fine world when we travel in the grand style. It always amuses me to watch the demeanour of a minor official who knows that you are in communication with his chief. But somehow it doesn't add to one's estimation of mankind.

Left to myself, I could not help thinking that I had been guilty of a rash, if not a foolish, thing in thus walking into the lion's den; for, truth to tell, I had entered upon this adventure with some doubt as to its wisdom, and not a little fear as to the result. Yet here I was, and whatever regrets I might have entertained were quite useless now. I was to see the business through whatever came of it.

I had not been left more than five minutes to myself when a door in the far end of the room opened softly, and a venerable-looking gentleman with a long white beard entered. He bowed very low, I in turn making a like obeisance. Then we stood up and looked at each other.

Though his beard was white, his figure was still erect, his dark eyes sparkled brilliantly, and he carried his head like a man habitually accustomed to command. He had not the haughty superciliousness of the minor official—the chief rarely has; but at the same time I had no doubt whatever as to the identity of the person before me.

"I have the honour to bask in the exalted sunshine of His Excellency, Chan the Viceroy?"

He bowed. "Your magnanimous condescension overwhelms me," he said, his thick mouth curling curiously, an odd light playing in his piercing eyes.

"I bear a message for the Viceroy from the Power Behind the Throne."

"The honour is too great for one so contemptible and so utterly degraded as I."

"Nay," I said, "Her Greatness is pleased to think highly of her servant."

"Ah!" he replied, "there is none like Her Excellence, in whom is embodied all the virtues of the Four-and-Twenty Paragons of Filial Piety." Then he went down on his knees and held out his hands for the despatch, which, having received, he bowed over three times with the utmost solemnity. Then, slowly rising to his feet, he begged permission to break the seal, an act which he walked to the far end of the room to accomplish.

It may be taken for granted that I watched him very narrowly all this time; but the Chinaman has an inscrutable face, and one that he can mask with an obstinacy which defies penetration. My venerable friend was no exception to the rule; and yet, knowing what I knew, I was enabled to read more in his face than he imagined. Moreover, my suspicions neither began nor ended with the despatch. There was a certain affair at Ching Ting, an affair not unconnected with a disappearing bed, with which, rightly or wrongly, I indirectly associated his Excellency the Viceroy.

Slowly he advanced towards me, the despatch in his right hand, the long yellow fingers of his left playing with his thin beard. The mouth had taken to itself a fixed, curious shape; the eyes were full of an ominous intelligence.

"I am the recipient of a most important communication," he said, his lips moving into a strange smile, his glittering eyes wandering all over me.

I bowed. It was for me a most important communication. I almost fancied I could see the word "murderer" writ large upon Chan's face.

"No doubt you have some inkling of the contents?" and he carelessly waved the document before me.

"Perhaps I might hazard a pretty shrewd guess."

"Indeed!" His eyes sparkled brightly, his brows lowered suspiciously. The illustrious Chan was just a wee bit startled. But, recovering himself quickly,



"He went down on his knees and held out his hands for the despatch."

he smiled. "Your Excellency has been honoured with the confidence of Her Greatness?"

"She has condescended to lighten my dull intelligence with the glow of her celestial wisdom."

"Good. Your Excellency must be honoured very highly to be entrusted with a mission of this importance!"

I caught the double meaning tone, I read the thought prompting the expression. A wily one was Chan, but even the wisest knows not everything. Fortunately for me, I already knew the contents of that despatch. The would-be assassin of Ching Ting had done me a friendly turn.

"I think Her Excellence has some

little appreciation of my powers," I answered modestly, "though I need hardly confess myself unworthy of her illustrious condescension. It is the fault of a great and noble soul to be over-appreciative."

He smiled curiously. "You may take it for granted that she has no doubt whatever of your value. As her contemptible slave, there is nothing for me to do but place my unworthy services at your disposal."

"The exalted services of your Excellency are the true safeguard of the state. This none knows better than the Power Behind the Throne. But the times are ripe with sedition, and those who cast reproach upon Her Excellence must pay for that illustrious privilege. From her own gracious lips I have heard this story of the Society. I presume that despatch, after introducing me, refers to the same?"

"Precisely. Her Greatness, in introducing you, refers in unmistakable terms to your many excellent qualities; and, to be frank, although your coming is more or less of a slur upon my ability to keep the peace, I nevertheless am heartily glad to welcome so illustrious a colleague."

Now I knew he was lying, lying with that glib, oily plausibility which comes so natural to the Oriental; for there was never a word of all this in the despatch.

What information he had received of me had come through other channels. This I knew, and so one more link was added to the chain which connected the Viceroy Chan with the attempt at Ching Ting.

"Your Excellency overwhelms me with compliment, adding a heavier burden to my weak unworthiness. We who are credited with much wisdom know too assuredly our own limitations—a knowledge which we wisely hide from the prying eyes of the public."

"We can but do our best," said the Viceroy, who, holding a great position, naturally wished people to think he was a great man.

"And this Society, Excellency—what are the latest developments?"

"Thanks to such poor wisdom and vigilance as we may command, the peace is still preserved. Latterly the Society has caused us no anxiety. Perhaps the rumour that your Excellency was drawing near has frightened it somewhat. The Illustrious Weasel is an enemy before whom the mice and such-like vermin flee."

It was not a part of my plan to appear suspicious: rather did I carry myself with a self-complacency which must have entertained the Viceroy. And yet I wondered how he came to know me by the name of the Illustrious Weasel, a name which was known to but few in the capital itself. When I said "I wondered," I fear I am somewhat overstating the case, for there was little wonder about it. I knew who had vouchsafed the information, and I felt none too pleased with the knowledge. Given men to fight, I was capable of entertaining some hopes of victory; but I experienced a few sad qualms when a woman entered the lists. And such a woman!

"Your Excellency would flatter my contemptible vanity. How was it possible for this Society to know of my approach? No, no. I fear that your Excellency's modesty undervalues your administrative attainments. I have evidently been sent upon an errand which is already accomplished. I beg to take leave of your Excellency and depart with the good news. There will be great rejoicing in Peking."

"No, no," he replied hurriedly, showing the first symptom of concern; "all is not yet accomplished. It is true that, thanks to our contemptible vigilance, we have not suffered a revival of sedition; but the malefactors are still at large, their haunt, or haunts, undiscovered, their identity unknown. While such is the state of affairs it cannot justly be said that peace is assured."

"Your Excellency's information is meagre."

"Unfortunately I am badly served, and the throne, which I have already memorialised, refuses to relieve me of office. Therefore I must go on to the end, an end which holds in reserve for me no other position than that of humiliation and disgrace—unless the Illustrious Weasel, he who is never caught asleep, comes to my rescue."

"Excellency," I said, "it seems to me that you build too many hopes on human frailty. Who am I that I dare expect to succeed where your exalted wisdom has failed? And how know you that the Illustrious Weasel has never been caught asleep?"

"These are the words of one who knows all things," and he touched the despatch with a solemn and an impressive gesture.

The liar! I felt like flinging the word burning hot in his face. There was no mention of all this in the despatch. Indeed, there was nothing but those cruel words which constituted my death-warrant: *The bearer of this despatch must not return to Peking.*

"Her Greatness, in whom is centred the wisdom of the universe, is still

a woman, and women see things with big eyes. What I have succeeded in doing with the utmost difficulty, your Excellency could have accomplished with consummate ease. But it is the wish of one accustomed to command, and so we bow. I tremblingly await the information which your Excellency has gathered; not in the hope that I may succeed where you have failed—that I know to be impossible—but that I may, as a reflector, diffuse something of the glow of your surpassing intellect.”

He bowed very low, accepting the compliments with a stolid face, a dull, impenetrable mask of a face which might easily have baffled one who had no knowledge of the real contents of the despatch. But looking behind those black beads of eyes I saw plainly enough what was working in his mind. I even fancied that I could trace the scheme by which he hoped to accomplish the bidding of his inexorable mistress.

Still, we discussed with some show of sincerity our chances of soon bringing this supposititious Society to book—for that it was such I had now no doubt. Indeed, I had thought so the moment the contents of the despatch were disclosed to me—a suspicion which the subsequent conversation of Chan fully verified. That a Society, or some body of men, existed of which the Viceroy was cognisant, the affair at Ching Ting amply testified; but that it was a political society dreaded by the Government was what I could not bring myself to believe.

However, we talked seriously, and with an interest which was exceedingly well simulated. It was a deep game we both played, and I greatly admired my opponent's ingenuity. He was slow but sure, and, like a skilful chess-player, developed his attack with neatness and precision. It was a long time before he undertook the serious advance, and I waited somewhat impatiently for the move, but at last it came.

“Your Excellency will, of course, honour me by condescending to remain beneath my ignoble roof during your stay in our city?”

“It would be a delight exceeding my most fervent anticipations,” was my reply, “a delight of which I will confess that, in my more exalted moments, I have dreamt; but, Excellency, feeling myself utterly unworthy of such a mark of your illustrious esteem, I bow to the inexorable will of fate.”

“I can assure you that never has my contemptible abode been honoured with such wisdom and virtue as are enshrined in your august person. It will be something for future generations to say, ‘Beneath this degraded and utterly contemptible roof the Illustrious Weasel once lived and thought.’”

I knew he was laughing at me, and had there not been such a serious afterthought I might even have enjoyed the joke with him; but I turned a grave face and assumed a more serious tone.

“Excellency, great though the honour be, I would accept it so that I might have the privilege of saying ‘I have lived beneath the same roof with Chan, the most illustrious of Viceroys,’ were it not that I have made it an invariable rule to work alone. Were I to take up my abode beneath the noble roof-tree of your exalted superiority, my mind would become so inflamed with vanity that it would burn to the very roots what little wisdom I have left.”

“It is ten thousand sorrows for me,” he answered, with a smile. “But where shall you go?”

“That, Excellency, I know not. The Gods direct me. But this I can say, that when I go hence it shall be into the by-ways of the night whither no man can follow. When I again emerge into the glare of day, your Excellency shall know more of this pestilential Society.”

"Good. I shall expect a daily visit until the end is achieved."

"Your Excellency will give me an acknowledgment of the receipt of the despatch?"

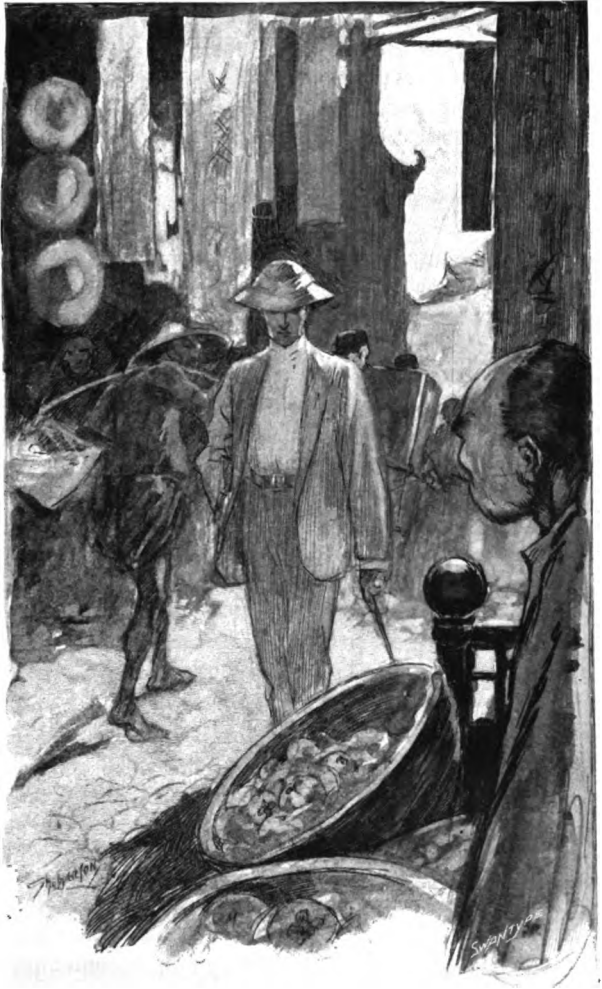
He hesitated for a moment, then smiled and acceded to my request; but he did not press me to stay, nor did he attempt to restrain me. Yet when we parted there was a look in his eyes, a smile about the corners of his protruding mouth, which proclaimed an excellent self-satisfaction. I think he had no doubt as to how the adventure was going to end.

I left the Yamen well-knowing that I was the cynosure of a dozen prying eyes; and something more than a half regret came to me as I thought of the folly of which I had been guilty in thus entering the lion's den. But I held a rigid course straight on, as though totally oblivious of the fact that at least two men were dogging my footsteps in a thoroughly suspicious manner.

Recognising the necessity of an assumed ignorance, I traversed many streets, without, however, attempting to throw my trackers off the scent. That I conceived would be a fatal error; for once the enemy's suspicions were aroused there would be a general closing in on me, and less hope than ever of quitting the city.

To avoid anything which might appear in the least suspicious to those who followed, I presently entered an inn, which seemed suitable to my purpose, and, after inspecting the accommodation, chose a room which was situated at the back of the house, the window of which was not more than twelve or fourteen feet from the ground. This ground, of which was constituted a backyard, or garden, led to a lane at the rear, the lane in turn leading to a main street, which again conducted the wayfarer without the gates. It will be seen that I had not chosen the inn without some knowledge of its topography.

Having made a satisfactory arrangement with the landlord, whom I was careful to inform that I proposed staying at least a week beneath the benign shelter of his illustrious roof, I set about a thorough examination of the room, having no



"I was the cynosure of a dozen prying eyes."

wish a second time to enjoy the luxury of a sinking bed. A close scrutiny impressed me with the fact that to all appearance I was in a respectable house; and, feeling perfectly satisfied with things as far as they went, I somewhat carelessly approached the window, the better to inspect my projected mode of exit, when I beheld a man peeping over the wall at the bottom of the garden. Startled, I was about to draw back; but remembering, stood firm. The head instantly disappeared.

Of course, I could not be sure that the man was one of the spies who had been dogging my steps ever since I had left the Yamen, but I had grave doubts, though I saw only the top of his head. Situated as I was, there was naturally a decided tendency to aggravate the character of the outlook. Yet it would have been an act of criminal folly on my part to neglect the least precaution, and it was one which I hardly contemplated.

What to do now became a matter of most serious moment. I feared that, once the knowledge of my whereabouts was known, there would be little hope of escaping the vigilance of my enemies. A watch would be set upon the house, upon the street, upon the neighbourhood. When an important official takes a matter in hand, and means to succeed, it is marvellous what energy he and his subordinates display. Even the landlord himself, honest though he may have been up to this moment, was no longer to be trusted. The fame and the terror of the Viceroy were as an absolution. There was but one god in Shansi, and his name was Chan.

To remain at the inn that night was an act of folly I no longer contemplated. Indeed, I had visions of quitting the city before the gates closed at sunset; but this was a thought I had to forego almost immediately, as I knew the spies would not dare relax their vigilance until the gates had closed. I should then become still more at the mercy of his Excellency the Viceroy.

Towards dusk I left my room and descended the stairs, encountering the landlord in the front room as I passed. He was in company with a tall, intelligent-looking man, with a refined type of face and an aquiline nose, who favoured me with a quick, comprehensive glance, and then edged away from the landlord.

"Excellency is going out?" said the latter, advancing with a low obeisance.

"For a little while: to see the sights of your city."

"Is Excellency wise?"

"How, wise?"

"Excellency is a stranger, and strangers are often misled in Tai-Yuen."

"Is your honourable city so inhospitable to the stranger?"

"Nay, Excellency, we reverence the laws of hospitality; but of many kinds of people is a city composed."

"But I have seen many cities, worthy host, and"—in an intentionally louder voice—"in many of them there are men who wished they had never crossed my path."

"Still, Excellency, accidents will sometimes happen."

"Ay, to be sure, my friend; but when I am in them the accident usually happens to somebody else."

"Your Excellency knows best," replied the man with a low bow. I did not answer, but with a quick glance at the tall gentleman, to see how he took the boast, passed out into the street. For all the interest I appeared to awaken in him, he might not have heard a word of this conversation.

With the setting of the sun I walked towards the gates, well-knowing that I

was followed all the way. Indeed, as I approached, I saw something more remarkable still—a bare-footed coolie deep in conversation with a soldier—a conversation which I doubted not concerned me, for at my approach they suddenly broke off and parted company. However, I did not attempt to go through, but proclaimed my strangeness to the place by standing and staring up at the gates, as you will see the foreigner, or provincial, do in any capital city. After duly apprising myself of the value of the painted cannon that frowned from the embrasures of the gateway, I slowly turned about and retraced my steps just as the gates were closed.

As I no longer entertained the thought of returning to the inn, it behoved me to while away the hours as best I could until such time as darkness descended upon the city, when I might hope to elude the watchers. But it likewise became an imperative duty that I should know something of the man, or men, who followed me; and, seizing the many opportunities which came my way of crossing streets, and looking back, I soon realised that the bare-footed coolie whom I had seen in close conversation with the soldier was the fellow who had now accepted the, apparently, easy task of shadowing an unsuspecting man.

As the night grew apace, and the lights began to show in a more hideous form the ugliness which surrounded me, I became conscious of an inward irritation caused by the fact that, wherever I went, some dark, mysterious, silent shadow was for ever at my heels. And what was more, sometimes I thought the shadow was joined by other shadows, one—two—three. It may have been my fancy, but I think not. I know I forbore to leave the more open or crowded thoroughfares. A dark alley and a stab in the back! I had no fancy for either.

Entering an eating-house, the grandeur of which I knew would prove an insuperable bar to my bare-footed coolie friend, I ordered some supper, seating myself at a table where I could command an excellent view of the entrance. Not that I was in an altogether fit mood to eat, though the inner man called upon me in unmistakable terms. Truth to tell, this shadowing had irritated me to an unconscionable extent, and I was fast losing that power of self-control of which I had long prided myself. However, the meal being served, I set to with what energy I could command, and was about half-way through it when three distinguished-looking gentlemen entered the room. They stood just inside the door and calmly surveyed the chamber and its occupants. Then one pointed out a table close to mine, which the three, after some hesitation, quietly appropriated.

Naturally I paid them the compliment of observing their entrance, but a close scrutiny failed to charge them with suspicion. For all that I could discern, they were but three ordinary men, the like of whom may be met by the dozen in such places. Yet they had not been seated long before they began staring at me in a way which I deemed highly objectionable, and, as I was in no mood for trifling, I stared back. Then one whispered to the other, and I half caught a remark which was the reverse of complimentary. Such a display of bad manners being most unaccountable, I naturally supposed that the men had been drinking, and that they had reached that state when reason is somewhat clouded and courage a trifle reckless.

At last one of them, the tallest and the ugliest of the three, a sinister-looking man in spite of the excellence of his dress, rose and came towards me.

"Pardon me," he said, a blunt irritability in his manner which was utterly unlike the tone a stranger assumes when addressing a stranger, "but you are making yourself extremely objectionable."

"Indeed! In what way?"

"By staring at us in that impertinent manner."

I felt the blood rush to my brain, and my hands doubled instinctively; but remembering myself I answered, with a fair degree of calmness, "No doubt it is very curious, but I thought it was you who were staring at me. I find I have not merited so high an honour."

"You are insolent," cried the fellow.

I waved him off somewhat contemptuously. "Pardon me. I am accustomed to dine in the company of gentlemen."

By this time the man's two companions had drawn near, and I read something unpleasant in their threatening faces. Then, like an inspiration, I realised the meaning of this simulated annoyance, and rose and faced the three.

"This dog," said the fellow, addressing his companions, "grows in insolence. We must teach him manners."

"Keep back!" I cried, as they made a move forward; but, as if at a preconcerted signal, they sprang forward, and a knife shone in the hand of each.

I had no time to draw my revolver, but in a twinkling I had seized the table and hurled it crashing into them. It caught one man full in the face and felled him, and steadied the other two. In the short lull that followed I whipped out my revolver, and as one of the men advanced he looked right along the gleaming barrel.

"You scoundrel!" I said, "if you move another step you are a dead man."

He fell back, but not without some terror, and the landlord advancing I rated him soundly on admitting such bullies to his honourable house, demanded my bill, and discharged the obligation.

As the tumult subsided almost as soon as it had begun, the other diners returned reluctantly to their seats; and I, albeit I kept an eye on my three friends, finished my meal with no undue haste. Then, as I passed from my table, I stopped for a moment the more insolently to look the three would-be assassins up and down.

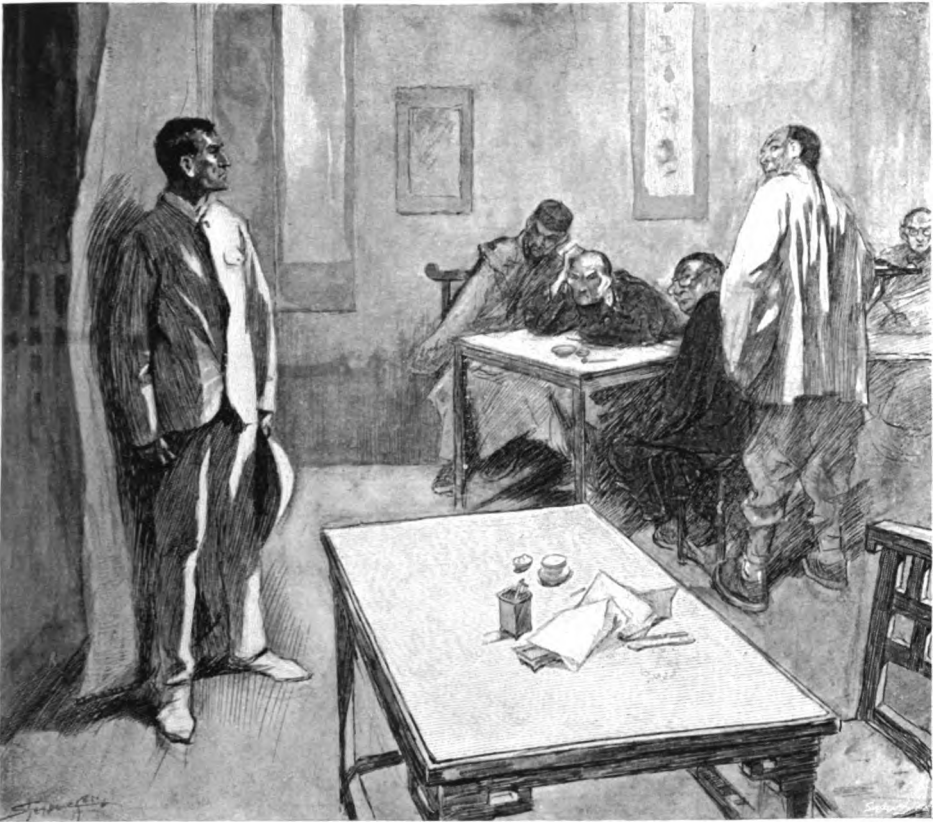
"You will not move from here," I said, "for the next half-hour. Then you will return to your master and report the failure of your mission, and ask him if he ever caught a weasel asleep."

As I emerged from the door I almost ran into the arms of my bare-footed coolie friend, and, acting on a sudden impulse, I let out at him, and my knuckles rattled loudly on his jaw. With a half-stifled cry he lurched heavily across the road, and then collapsed in a heap. Waiting not to see what had happened, I sprang across the road and dashed down a dark alley-way on the other side.

Pursuit there was none, and my joy was great when I realised that at one bound I had freed myself of the watchfulness of my enemies. If they caught up the scent again the Illustrious Weasel might lose something beside his reputation.

That night I procured a lodging in a humble part of the town, and about noon of the following day, when I hoped the vigilance of Chan would have somewhat relaxed, I presented myself, in the guise of a portly merchant, at the southern gate, and after a superficial scrutiny was permitted to pass. There was nothing in my style or bearing which could disclose the identity of the agile Weasel, though it required all my fortitude to withstand the scrutiny of the guard, and of the lynx-eyed man who stood some few paces behind him. Fortunately all passed off well, and soon the tottering walls and the painted cannon of Tai-Yuen became a memory. Not a pleasant one, perhaps; and yet one that might easily have been worse.

Of my roundabout journey back to Peking I need not speak, but having duly arrived at the capital without mishap, though not without some few alarms, I made haste to present myself before the Light of the Middle Kingdom.



"I stopped for a moment, the more insolently to look the three would-be assassins up and down."

She received me with that unemotional, inscrutable look which is not the least part of her power and fascination.

"You have fulfilled my mission?" she said.

"Greatness, I have the honour to present you with the reply of his Excellency Chan."

She took the Viceroy's letter without wincing, and breaking the seal, read. Curious phases of thought showed themselves in the lights and shades that played across her face. She fixed her eyes on me, and I never fully realised until then their power and intensity.

"You have done well," she said.

"Nothing, Greatness. His Excellency Chan is an admirable servant, who has carried out your gracious wishes to the letter. The Society need trouble you no more. Shansi is blessed in having as a ruler the wisest of the Viceroys."

"And I am doubly blessed in having such a courier," she answered, with a smile.

"Excellence," was my grave reply, "you did me the honour to call me the Illustrious Weasel: how could I falsify your exalted estimate by being caught asleep?"

CARLTON DAWE.



MAVOURNEEN.

LASSIE, when we said goodbye
In the wild March morning,
Ah! the sadness of the skies
Mirrored in your tender eyes
Wet with tears, Mavourneen!
Then I prayed to love you less,
For the lips I yearned to press
And the heart I longed to bless
Were not mine, Mavourneen.

Never mine, Mavourneen.



Lassie, when we meet at last,
Tears and parting scorning,
Shall I find you as I dream,
Fair and pure as lilies' gleam,
As of old, Mavourneen?
Eyes, that I have wept to see,
Heart, that is the world to me,
Will they then for ever be
Mine alone, Mavourneen—

Mine, mine own Mavourneen?

FLORENCE HOARE.





THE DEPARTURE OF THE SUBALTERN.

ALL the doors in the corridor were still closed—all except mother's. She had left hers ajar through the night, in case Bob, waking, had called her name. But Bob had not called; he had slept like a top.

Presently the gray dawn grew pink, and little shafts of light crept through the Venetian blinds, picking out the pictures on the walls, the mirror of the wardrobe, and the gallant figure of Bob himself, on the mantelpiece photographed in full uniform.

Mother's vigil was ended. She rose softly, slipped on her dressing-gown and slippers, and stole along the corridor to Bob's room.

Bob lay, six foot of British manhood, yellow-haired, straight-limbed, deep-chested, sound asleep.

The few dreams that had visited him had been sweet to the heart of a soldier. Not a shadow of fear had disturbed his slumbers. He had been assisting in killing the enemy by shrapnel, rifle and bayonet in thousands, and now they lay around him like corn after the sickle; and Bob smiled and awoke, and saw mother standing looking down upon him. It was no unusual sight to see her there; yet to-day something stirred in his heart, and Bob put up his arms and drew her head down to his breast.

"My baby—my boy!" mother murmured. "Oh! my darling."

Bob bore it with admirable grace, but he did not like it—not a little bit; and as soon as he could, he wriggled himself free and asked the time.

There was time and to spare; and mother said, if he did not mind, she would like to read one of the morning Psalms to him; it would comfort her, she said. And Bob consented, like the gentleman he was, and lay still while she read, thinking what pretty hair she had,—it fell in a long plait right below her waist. Then she kissed him again, and went; and when he was quite sure he could count on isolation, Bob got up and wandered amongst the litter of uniform cases and portmanteaus that lay about the floor. Then he took up his Glengarry, and, putting it on, regarded his reflexion in the mirror with complacency. And his pride must be excused, for he was a newly fledged subaltern of twenty years, recalled from leave to rejoin his battalion, which sailed on the morrow for the seat of war.

Having adjusted the cap at every conceivable angle, he replaced it and continued his toilet. His cheeks were perfectly innocent of beard, and twenty

minutes saw him fully attired, immaculate in a bran-new suit and the stiffest and highest of shiny white collars.

Just at this moment a knock came at the door, and his sister, his junior by three years, entered the room. It was easy to see she had been weeping, but Bob expected as much, and in his heart did not resent it. He put his arm round her waist and kissed her.

"Nearly time to be off," he cried, with almost brutal cheerfulness; and turned to strap his portmanteau, whistling a martial ditty.

Nell sat down on the edge of the bed and surveyed the array of baggage with mixed feelings. She was very proud of Bob. He was a dear hero; but if only the war were over and he back again, crowned with glory! Other girls' brothers had gone, and—well, she would not let herself think. She wished she had been kinder to Bob in the days gone by. Now the little unthought-of omissions would be ghosts to haunt her conscience till he was back again. She would like to have told Bob she was sorry, but she knew he would laugh at her for a little goose; and besides, it would look as if she felt this was indeed good-bye; so she choked back the lump in her throat, and sat with brave eyes stoically watching Bob, who stood in the window examining his revolver.

But, strive as she would, she could not check the thoughts that the sight brought to her mind. Bob with a revolver in his hand—yes, but far away in the midst of the din and smoke of battle, surrounded by the foe; dauntless, wounded, bloody,—dying,—*dying*! With a little cry she rose to her feet.

Bob, who had been taking careful aim at the gas globe, turned at the sound. "Halloa!" he exclaimed, "what's up, Nell? You look as if you had seen a ghost." Then his eyes followed her gaze. "Little coward!" he cried teasingly: "I believe you got funky at the sight of this revolver."

Nell stopped short on her way to the door, then she gave a queer little laugh. "Well, perhaps I did," she said, and went quickly from the room.

Bob went back and finished his packing; then he caught up his portmanteau and helmet-case and went downstairs.

In the hall Perkins, the man-servant, met him, and hurried forward with a scared face. "Oh, sir," he cried reproachfully, "you shouldn't, really, sir! I wouldn't have had it happen for worlds, sir," he said pathetically, as he took the case and portmanteau from Bob's hands.

"Oh, it is all right, Perkins," Bob answered, with splendid condescension; whereupon one of the housemaids, who was a witness of the scene, hurried off to the kitchen below.

"He's down," she exclaimed breathlessly, "a-carrying of his own portmanteau and looking as handsome and cheerful, for all the world as if he was a-going to be married, instead of off to the war."

"Poor dear!" said cook, as she turned the chops,—*"poor innocent dear!"*

Perkins hurried down at this moment. "To think," he cried tragically, "as he's strapped his own traps and carried down his own portmanteau, and he off to the war! I'd have lost a whole month's wage sooner than this 'ere should have happened. Supposing he's killed, and I've got to remember that he waited on hisself the last morning!"

"Ain't he cheerful?" said Mary the housemaid. "He don't look as if he meant to be killed."

"Oh! they none of 'em mean to be killed, but that don't make bullets blank cartridge," Perkins answered grimly.

In the meantime mother had dressed. She had borne up bravely throughout.

Once, though, her lips had trembled: that was when the sound of Bob's gay whistling had reached her ears. But even then loving pride had flashed into her eyes and choked down sorrow. Her boy was brave—brave and true; and duty, she knew full well, would find him a hero.

She wondered if father, who was in the dressing-room, could hear the sound. She would like to have called to him, only she was just a little hurt at his apparent unconcern at his son's departure. But after all, she thought, he was only a man; he could not know a mother's heart: his breast had not pillowed the little sunny head in the years gone by; he had not cried with joy when the little feet had taken their first unsteady steps across the floor. How well she remembered that day, and how proud she had felt of her son! He was such a fine big baby. She had placed him against a chair, and he had looked up at her with round eyes of wonder; then, when her meaning came to him, he had not hesitated a moment, he had thrown back his little head, and, with a scream of delight, walked bravely forward right into her loving, waiting arms. And now—now . . . she brushed aside her tears, for she heard father coming.

Father entered the room quickly, but paused on the threshold. To tell the truth, he had thought mother downstairs. He had been trying to remember, that day when Bob had ridden the new pony for the first time so pluckily, whether the lad had been breeched or not. He knew the picture was on mother's dressing-table, and he had come in to look at it, and there stood mother with the photograph in her hand.

"Humph!" exclaimed father, "so you have not gone down?" and his voice was not conciliatory, for he felt that every one that morning, himself included, was wearing his heart on his sleeve; and a sense of lost dignity was irritating him.

Mother's heart swelled at the tone: she put down the photograph and looked up at father with a look in which reproach and sorrow mingled; and then suddenly she turned aside, and her hands busied themselves amongst the brushes and trays on the dressing-table, for her quick eye had detected that father was wearing odd boots—a buttoned and a laced-up one. To think of it! he, the soul of precision, to thus betray himself; but there his abstraction stood confessed. And oh! how mother loved him for it! He had been such a stoic too. Well, there was no accounting for man's ways: but, thank God, he had put on odd boots that morning. She no longer felt lonely in her grief. He cared too: his heart was aching also for their son's departure. Oh, those blessed odd boots!

But she knew his nature, and stood for a moment wondering how best to tell him of his mistake without annoying him; and presently mother, on her way downstairs, tapped at the dressing-room outer door. "One of your lace boots," she said. "I stumbled over it; I have put it down outside." Then she waited until she heard father swearing softly to himself. Then she knew matters would right themselves, and went downstairs.

At breakfast somehow nobody had much to say. Bob wanted to talk, but felt that his one topic—his luck at being sent to the front—would not be exactly congenial to his listeners. So he refrained, and ate a hearty breakfast.

He would carry the memory of this last meal away with him to the far-off land. The tender face of mother, smiling bravely from behind the bubbling, steaming urn; the daintily spread table; the pleasant, luxurious room, with its handsome pictures; the broad bow window, from which he could see the dear old garden where he had played as a child; the loving eyes of Nell beaming upon him across the table. Yes, home was home, although he was the luckiest subaltern in the service.

By-and-by the trap was at the door, and the servants gathered in the hall to wish him good luck and God speed. Bob shook hands with them all and thanked them, and then he stood with mother in the porch—alone. He could not see her face distinctly for the mist across his eyes; and the next moment he and father were walking quickly down the drive, along which the dog-cart was going slowly forward to await them at the gates beyond. Father remarked that the new gamekeeper was giving satisfaction, and that there was every prospect of the covers yielding better sport the next autumn.

"We shall have you home again before then, my boy," he said.

"Rather, sir!" answered Bob; "we shall not take long to settle this little affair."

At the lodge, the gamekeeper's four boys were standing in a row. They had three-cornered paper hats on their heads, and wooden swords in their hands, and they greeted Bob with sundry salutes and hurrahs. And Bob laughed, and gave them a penny each. "You must keep up your drilling," he said. "We shall be wanting new recruits in the regiment by-and-by."

And then the gate was opened, and Bob climbed to the back seat of the cart. Far away at the house, something fluttered white from a window, and Bob took out his handkerchief and signalled back again. Then the boys cheered afresh, and the trap turned into the lane, and home was already a thing of the past.

As they drove through the village, there was not a doorway that had not some one standing on the threshold to bid him God speed.

"'Tis the young Squire off to the War," they cried one to the other; and the men's glances flashed and their voices rose; but the women's eyes filled with tears as they saw him drive past. "God keep him," they said, "and comfort his mother's heart!" For they knew that the men gave willingly their lives for their country; but that the gift of the women was something dearer than life.

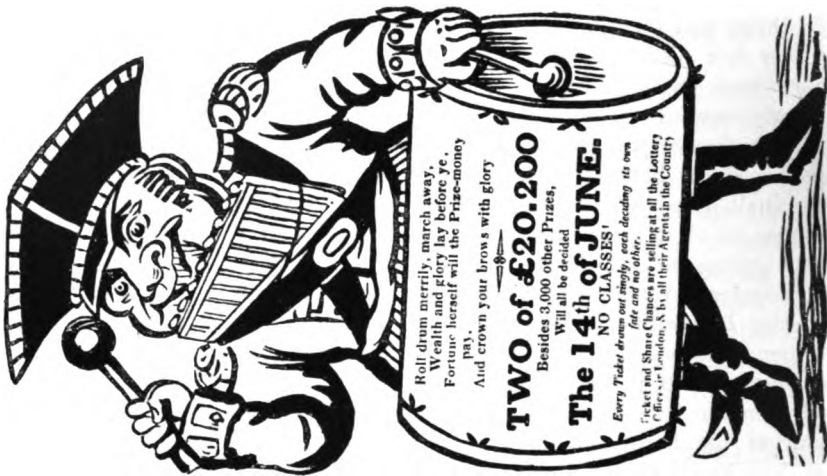
And all the while Bob's heart was singing to him: he did not know that the song had come down to him from the long-ago time when the Sea Kings had gone forth with their battle songs to be the terror and conquerors of distant lands. He did not know; but so it was, and 'twas a goodly heritage, of which Bob in his joy and impatience recked little.

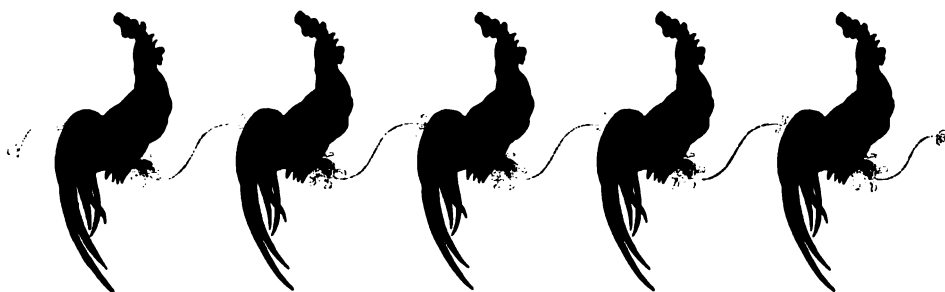
So the station was reached and the last good-bye spoken; and father grasped Bob's hand. "You will—do your duty," father said: "I am sure of it."

And Bob's face flushed. "Thank you, sir," he answered, in a husky voice; "and—my love—to mother."

CLIFFORD MILLS.







LOTTERIES, LUCK, CHANCE, AND GAMBLING SYSTEMS.

PART IV.—GAMBLING SYSTEMS.

"The consent of the civilised world to the proposition that Insurance is expedient, is a tacit acknowledgment of the truth that Gambling is inexpedient. For Insurance is the reverse of gambling, and can only be wise in that gambling is foolish."—W. ALLEN WHITWORTH.

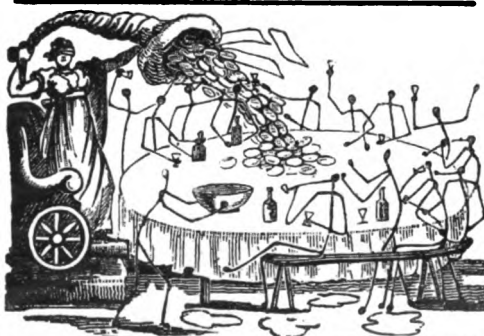
THE present set of lottery notices and advertisements is taken from the concluding pages of my collection of the originals. We may see, towards the end of this article, some of the expiring efforts made by the lottery contractors and their agents to attract buyers of tickets for the last State lottery of this country, which, although announced to take place on July 18th, 1826 [and at one or two dates prior to July 1826], did not actually occur until October 1826: the public hung back despite all the glowing representations to them which attended this last chance to make a fortune, and so the final lottery had to be postponed to October 1826. It was drawn in Coopers' Hall, Basinghall Street; and with this last State lottery also expired a very injurious system of adding £250,000 or £300,000 annually to the National Revenue, which, although in 1826 it was only about one-half of its present amount, did not suffer any serious inconvenience from this loss of income by the cessation of State lotteries.

Since then the system of Assurance has grown to an extent that far exceeds the magnitude of the system of Lotteries—the one system is the very antithesis of the other, and the fit one has survived.

We turn now to a consideration of some of those gambling systems which have no small vogue at the present day, if one may judge from the many systems that are constantly advertised in quarters where customers are to be found.

Here, for example, are copies of advertisements from recent issues of the weekly journal, *Le Monaco*:—

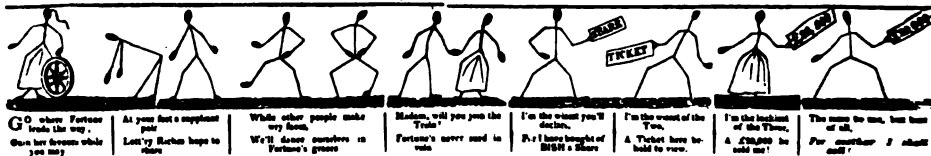
Fortune's Feast, 30th THIS MONTH, (October.)



OLD ENGLISH LOTTERY,
BEGINS
30th This Month
(OCTOBER.)

"AVIS.—L'Etude sur la roulette. Une pièce par coup, que nous avons toujours fait payer 300 francs. . . . Nous en avons fait une brochure. Envoi franco contre mandat de cinquante francs. C'est une magnifique conception, qui s'adresse aux gens sages. On peut l'exploiter avec un capital de 750 francs."

Fortune's 'Train, or the Road to Riches!'



Grand State Lottery contains FOUR of £20,000, and Thirty-four other Capitals, all Sterling Money!—No Blanks!—and all to be decided in One Day, 5th OCTOBER

TICKETS AND SHARES CHANCES ARE SELLING BY

J. HENINGWAY, Jeweller, Market Street, MANCHESTER.
 Per T. BISH, Stock-Broker, London.

§7 BISH and his Agents shared and sold in the last Lottery, THREE Prizes of £20,000, and Fourteen other Capitals.

This "splendid idea, which appeals to the wise," is offered for fifty francs [£2] instead of for the 300 francs [£12] "which we have always charged for it," and this magnificent system for the roulette at Monte Carlo can, moreover, "be worked with a capital of 750 francs [£30].

Here is another offer:—

"LA COMBINAISON MATHÉMATIQUE."

"Basée sur ceci: Que sur 2036 coups de roulette . . ." [Here follow some numerical particulars].—"La seule vraie. Elle s'adresse aux personnes qui ne veulent pas enlever les lustres, mais bien aux gens sages, qui, avec un capital de 200 pièces, se trouveront satisfaits d'un bénéfice de 30 à 40 pièces (or ou argent). Sapristi! Vous ne déjeunez pas deux fois, ni moi non plus. Soyez donc sobres, non seulement vous récolterez ce que la combinaison promet, mais encore vous n'aurez pas d'indigestion. Jeu à masse égal.

"Prix: 100 francs."



This system, offered for £4, is headed with the bait "Mathematical Combination"—it is said that the First Napoleon once exclaimed, "The gaming-banks will be conquered by calculation"—and it sets out the various "runs" on one number, from a run of one to a run of ten, to be expected [by the advertiser of the system] in 2036 turns of the roulette. "The only genuine one. It

appeals to people who do not wish to do impossibilities, and especially to those persons who, with a capital of 200 pieces [of gold or of silver], will be satisfied with a gain of 30 to 40 pieces [gold or silver]. . . ."

A third system, specially adapted to Monte Carlo *trente-et-quarante*, is also on sale for 100 francs, and offers "a way of defending one's self with advantage . . ."

and making a profit of £4 to £6 per deal, with a capital of £200, and much prudence [*sic*]. Without any calculation, mental fatigue, or risk."

If there is one fallacy which, more than any other, leads gamblers to certain loss, it is the popular idea termed "the maturity of the chances." This wholly fallacious notion is at the bottom of many of the systems, and belief in it inspires gamblers to persevere in losing their money. A belief in the maturity of the chances, itself a plausible phrase, is—to use a simple illustration—a belief that when a coin has turned up (say) head, ten times running, the chance of tail turning up at the eleventh toss is greater than the chance of head turning up at that toss: the basis of this fallacious belief being, that, as in a large number of tosses the heads and tails will be approximately equal in number, so therefore, if there has been a run on heads, this observed fact *must* make more likely the turning up of tail than would be the case if the run of heads had not happened. "If this be not the case," say those who believe in the maturity of the chances, "how can you expect the tails to make up their lost ground?"

This argument is as plausible as the phrase itself, and it is not unlikely that many persons of good intellect may at the first glance be inclined to believe in this fallacy of the maturity of the chances. I know from personal experience that people who ought to know better *do* believe in this fallacy; and if one could only show its utter worthlessness, much of the gambling by system would be

demolished, for gambling by system mainly rests on that foundation of shifting sand—the maturity of the chances.

Still using, as an illustration, the tossing of a coin—for the sake of simplicity and clearness, and because one's reasoning

about tossing applies equally well to the turning up at a Monte Carlo roulette table of the numbers 1 to 36, and of zero—how can the past, whatever its nature, possibly affect in the slightest degree the result of the tossing of a coin yet to be decided?

You ask this question, and people reply—even intelligent people—"Yes, that seems all right, of course; but if I saw head turn up ten or twelve times running,



STATE LOTTERY begins 19th JULY, 1816,

AND CONTAINS

PRIZES of £40,000!!! £30,000!!! £20,000!!!

I should be inclined to back tail next time; and if at Monte Carlo one sees that for an hour or so certain numbers have not turned up, one naturally backs these numbers *en retard* rather than those which have been turning up frequently during the past hour."

This fallacy of backing the numbers *en retard*, those which are supposed to be behind in the process of the maturity of the chances, is encouraged in Italy and elsewhere by the lottery agents, who publicly advertise the numbers *en retard* to stimulate the ignorant Italian lottery-gamblers to put their money on these "late" numbers.

One would imagine that the mere consideration of the absolute physical impossibility of any effect being produced upon the tossing of a coin by the fact that within the preceding five minutes the same coin has turned up head, ten or twenty or thirty times running, would suffice to prove the absurdity of this idea of the maturity of the chances. But this is not so. People seem to think there is

something mysterious about these events of chance, which overrides their common sense, and which leaves, lurking in their minds, a strong tendency to back these events: which are *en retard*, whether such events be the toss of a coin, the turning up at roulette of certain numbers, of the colour *rouge* or *noir*, of those numbers in a modern Italian lottery which are placarded as *en retard*, etc., etc.

We must accept the fact that the mode of proof hitherto given does not suffice to demolish this absurdity of the maturity of the chances—and go on another tack.

[One admits, of course, that in a large number

of trials with coin-tossing, with the roulette, with the colours *rouge* or *noir*, etc., the alternative or different results which can happen will happen in approximately equal numbers. The larger the number of trials with coin-tossing, for example, the smaller will be the ratio of deviation of heads or of tails from the number representing one-half the number of tosses made. But this admission, which may be considered an acknowledgment of the truth of the gambler's idea of the maturity of chances, is in reality nothing of the kind. Those persons who believe the fallacy I am trying to upset, and who in consequence of their belief will back tail when there has been a run of ten heads, or *noir* when *rouge* has turned up five or six times running, or who at an evening sitting at the roulette-table will back those numbers which have not won during the afternoon, ignore the fact that to be able to



act on this precious notion of the maturity of chances, they require past knowledge of runs of various kinds to an indefinitely greater extent than is given by a knowledge of runs that have occurred during the past five minutes, the past hour, the past day, the past week, the past month, the past year. Not that such past runs, however extended in time, could have the slightest effect upon trials of chance yet to be made, but I am pointing out that to be consistent in their belief in this pernicious maturity-of-the-chances fallacy, its adherents absolutely require an infinitely longer knowledge of

past runs than they can possibly obtain. Still meeting these mistaken gamblers on their own ground, one says to them, This very run of ten heads which induces you to back tail at the

D. BOLONGARO

With much pleasure observes the increased interest daily evinced in the Lottery Schemes, and regrets that they are drawing so near to a close, that the Public will have few more opportunities of gaining a fortune by a trifling Risk; he now with confidence lays the present New Scheme before his Friends and the Public, convinced that it has superior claims to notice to any preceding One—as it not only contains more than the usual number of great Money Capitals, but it is all to be divided in One Day; a point which he considers very favourable, as every person's Number must be decided on the same day with the Two of £20,000, the Two of £10,000, the Two of £5,000, and the 20 other Capitals.

eleventh toss, or this run of *rouge* which makes you back *noir* at the next turn of the roulette, may be only a compensation in part for an existing deficiency of heads, or of the colour *rouge*, which must be still more prolonged in order to let head or *rouge* make up lost ground. Without the indefinitely extended knowledge of past runs which is essential to your system of the maturity of the chances, you cannot, even on your own line of argument, possibly know whether head or the colour *rouge* is not so much *en retard*, at the very moment when you are gambling, that a prolonged run of head or of *rouge* is not going to occur simply for the purpose of assisting the maturity of the chances to which you attach so much value. Therefore why back tail rather than head, even though head *has* just turned up ten times running?—your system, carried back minutes or hours or days, as the

case may be, may require you to keep on backing head.

“’Tis an ill Wind that blows Nobody Good.”

This old Proverb will come in very opportunely the First of March; for whichever way it blows in the Morning, it will be sure to veer round to the best point of the compass in the Afternoon, when it must blow somebody Six grand Prizes of £20,000, besides other Capitals. Remember that this invigorating Breeze will be sure to take place on

The 1st of MARCH,

And not (as the Almanack says) “a day before or a day after.”

a very practical nature that may perhaps produce more effect than the reasoning hitherto made use of.

Actual experiments have been made which show the utter absurdity of supposing that a tossing, or a set of tossings, or any similar trial of chance, can be affected one way or the other by past trials of chance, whether proximate or remote. The late R. A. Proctor, in his essay on *Gamblers' Fallacies*, gives results of actual tosses of a coin, during which runs of heads and tails were especially noted as regards the turning up of tail after a run of head, and the turning up of head after a run of tail. Here are some of the results :—

In 124 cases tail came four times running; on the next toss, that is the fifth toss, in these 124 cases, head came 56 times and tail 68 times: we see that the tossing of tail four times running certainly did not lessen the chance of tail turning up at the fifth toss. Of the 68 cases which gave tail five times running, the next toss, the sixth, gave tail in 39 instances and head in 29; here again a run of five tails did not lessen the chance of another tail. Of the 39 runs of six tails, 14 gave a seventh tail and 25 gave head. The 14 runs of seven tails were followed at the eighth toss by another tail in eight instances, and by a head in the other six. These results of actual experiment, coupled with the theoretical proofs already given, ought to suffice to show the utter fallaciousness of the maturity-of-the-chances idea. The fluctuations to be noticed in these tossings, especially when the numbers became small, are such as are to be expected in



such experiments. The cases in which the numbers are large show conclusively that past events of chance cannot possibly affect those trials of chance which follow them.

Other gambling systems are based on varieties of the doubling-your-stake principle. If a man whose capital for gambling is unlimited play with one whose capital is limited, and if there be no limit to the number of times that a stake may be doubled, the man with the unlimited capital can certainly win all the money of the small capitalist, even though each bet be quite fair to both players; for the wins and losses will in a series of bets swing backwards and forwards until there comes a time when the capital at the command of the weaker player will be insufficient to effect the necessary doubling of his stake in order to win back previous losses, and the weaker player collapses.

The tale goes that M. Blanc offered a million to any one who could invent

a system to insure winning at his tables. The bank at Monte Carlo is in the position of our strong player, for although all the world may play against the bank, the practical aspect of the case is that the bank deals with its customers after the fashion of "one down t'other come on." Moreover, at Monte Carlo there are regulations which completely protect the bank against the assault of a leviathan of capital, the principal safeguard being the limiting of a stake to £240 at the roulette table and to £480 at the *trente-et-quarante* table : these limits absolutely stultify all those many systems into which enters the principle of increasing one's stake at intervals in order to recover past losses. Moreover, the turning up of zero (when the bank either

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LONDON.

The above may be read upwards of 2,000 different ways, beginning with the centre letter W, and each time will reverberate a direction to the Luckiest Office in the world, without any exception; where, in the last Eighteen Months, the Prizes sold have exceeded the Cost of all the Tickets and Shares bought there by the Public, by upwards of £100,000, viz.

12,690.....	a Prize of.....	£31,000	N° 600.....	a Prize of.....	£20,000
3,869.....	a Prize of.....	30,000	2,508.....	a Prize of.....	10,000
8,539.....	a Prize of.....	30,000	3,134.....	a Prize of.....	5,000
N° 325.....	a Prize of.....	30,000	4c. 4c. 4c.		

POSITIVELY THE LAST BUT ONE.

J. & J. SIVEWRIGHT

BUSINESS, exceedingly, that the Legislature should have determined to abolish Lotteries, which have continued without intermission ever since the reign of Queen Anne, and have brought annually to the Public Revenue nearly Half a Million Sterling, by a voluntary Tax; when, by continuing them, many obnoxious taxes might have been taken off. However, as Government has so decided, it cannot now be obviated; therefore, all that can be done is to make the first as public as possible. We now confidently assure the Public.

That this is certainly the Last but One that will ever take place in this Country (as ALL Lotteries will then cease by Order of Parliament).

THE VERY LAST BUT ONE!

SIX
£21,000

44 45 46

**ALL TO BE DECIDED
In One Day!
3rd MAY.**

board or impounds certain stakes) is another great safeguard which prevents the carrying out of any system ; and a third and sure means of gain to the bank and of loss to the system-follower is the rule which pays a winner who has backed the number that turns up, thirty-five times his stake instead of thirty-six times his stake.

The preceding are practical and effectual stumbling-blocks to the success of any of the systems. Some of these systems are so devised that they hide their weakness better than do some of the others; but the "best" of them which I have seen merely prolong the agony—they give you a longer run for your money.

I have mentioned, as regards roulette, the turning up of zero as one of the advantages held by the bank. It seemed to me worth while to examine the records of one of the roulette tables at Monte Carlo with special reference to this turning up of zero which plays such

an important part in favour of the bank. I bought some copies of the journal *Le Monaco*, which gives the results of each day's play; and I analysed the returns for a period of eight consecutive weeks, which contain the results of 27,081 turns of the roulette. This is a large number, and one may expect to gather from it some instructive information as to the turning up of zero.

Here is a summary of the results thus obtained:—

First, assuming that the roulette is perfectly true mechanically, as there are thirty-seven compartments in the cylinder into which the ball may roll, it is obvious that theoretically the number of zeros to be expected out of 27,081 turns is $\frac{1}{37}$ th part of 27,081—viz. 732 zeros. But 777 zeros turned up during the two months' play that I examined, and the results for each week were as follow:—

				No. of zeros.			
				No. of turns of the roulette.	Expected No.	Actual No.	
1897.							
Dec.	6-12	.	.	3623	98	94	
„	13-19	.	.	3574	97	110	
„	20-26	.	.	3513	95	103	
„	27-Jan. 2	.	.	3368	91	91	
1898.							
Jan.	3- 9	.	.	3368	91	96	
„	10-16	.	.	3336	90	98	
„	17-23	.	.	3156	85	92	
„	24-30	.	.	3143	85	93	
Total.				27081	732	777	

We see that in six of the eight weeks the actual number of zeros exceeded the expected number; and although I do not give the detailed results for each day's play upon which the above summary has been based, I may say that on

JOHN BULL'S LAMENT.



So the Lott'ries will soon close for ever! Oh! Dear!
 When they drop, how many will then drop a tear!
 How many have Lott'ries from poverty saved!
 How many made rich who misfortunes had braved,
 But hold—through my tears I can still see a ray,
 Aye, Four Twenty Thousands all drawn in One Day!
 The Prizes all Money!—No Blanks!—I declare,
 Before they are ended I must have a Share.

twenty-one days of the whole twenty-eight the actual number of zeros exceeded the expected number. Coming now to the comparison of the actual deviation from the expected number, with the standard deviation (in 27,081 trials) from the expected number of zeros, I find that while the actual deviation was 45 (777 minus 732), the expected deviation was only 21—a rather big difference. In other words, given 27,081 turns of the roulette, the expected plus or minus deviation from the theoretical number of zeros (732) is such that the actual number of zeros should lie between the limits 711 and 753: but the actual number of zeros was 777.

It may be that the two months I chanced to select were specially favourable to the bank in this matter of turning up of zero; but I may remark that another analysis made in 1891, this time of only 1000 turns of the roulette, showed that zero occurred 30 times instead of 27. It would be interesting to know the results of other

investigations into the number of zeros which turn up at the Monte Carlo roulette tables, for with these results before one, it is conceivable that the already large odds against the player at Monte Carlo, which exist by reason of the zero in favour of the bank, the limitation of the stake, and the odds of 35 to 1 instead of 36 to 1, may be still more against the player than is commonly supposed, owing to an unnatural tendency for zero to turn up more often than it ought to turn up.

In connection with this excess of zeros, it is interesting to quote the following remark from Professor Karl Pearson's essay, *Scientific Aspect of Monte Carlo Roulette*. After a full examination of a large number of facts, Professor Pearson writes:—

"Thus we see that the totals of red and black . . . are obedient to the laws of chance . . . the succession of reds and blacks, however, set the laws of chance at defiance in the most persistent and remarkable manner. . . It suffices to note that its existence [the existence of great abnormality in the *succession* of reds and blacks.—J. H. S.] demonstrates that roulette at Monte Carlo is not a game of chance, and that no scheme, were there indeed such possible, based on the laws of chance, would suffice to 'break the bank.'"

Also, a rather curious result comes from a calculation I have made, based on the recorded fact that red has turned up at Monte Carlo twenty-eight times running. The odds against this event are more than 268 millions to 1. I find, by examining the published records of roulette, that about 176,000 turns of the roulette occur during one year at one table, so that a run of 28 reds at one table might be expected once in 1525 years (268,000,000 divided by 176,000). In the winter months there are, I believe, sometimes eight tables at work. If we assume that there are always eight roulette tables in full swing—which is scarcely probable—we require, even on this assumption, a *period of 190 years* (1525 years divided by 8) to produce a run of twenty-eight reds. But the bank at Monte Carlo was established about *thirty years ago*! This may be merely an extraordinary freak of chance, or it may be a corroboration of Professor Pearson's statement that the succession of reds and blacks defy the laws of chance. Anyhow, a run of this sort and the hosts of smaller runs on one colour, or on one number, should serve as another practical lesson to those who believe in backing a colour or a number that is *en retard*.

I have not shown in detail any of the numerous systems, such as the martingales, the d'Alembert, the Labouchere, the *tiers et tout*, etc., etc.; for in order to prove the individual worthlessness of these systems it would be necessary to go into a lot of detailed numerical arguments that are not too easy to explain and which are somewhat tedious to follow. I have preferred to show to the best of my ability the absence of a valid foundation for any of these systems, or for any other system. Systems of gambling may be broadly classed into those which are based on the fallacy of "the maturity of the chances," which has been shown to be utterly misleading, and upon this or that variation of the doubling-your-stakes

JOHN BULL IN TEARS!



Oh! Dear!—Oh! Dear!

Why what do I see!—my friend JOHN shedding tears,
And no wonder!—I've not been so troubled for years;
The source of my pleasures for ages long past
Is declining—and now almost breathing its last;
The LOTT'RY, to so many thousands a Friend,
In a very Few Months must all come to an end!
And with them end all chance (ev'ry Englishman's boast)
Of obtaining large Fortunes at very small Cost.
Well, what's to be done!—you'll gain nothing by grief,
Is there the prospect left of affording relief?
Only one—and I think 'twill be much the best way,
While "the Sun is still shining to try to make Hay
The Drawing is now—and the Scheme truly rare,
FOUR grand TWENTY THOUSANDS!—make sure of a Share,
These one lucky hit will dispel all your cares,
And secure Independence for you and your Heirs.

principle, which has been shown to be impractical by reason of the rules of the bank at Monte Carlo, and which, if it were not impracticable, would still result in certain loss to any but those whose capital is unlimited.

As a final proof of the fallaciousness of systems, and of the certainty of winning possessed by the bank at Monte Carlo, it is instructive to glance at the terms lately demanded by the Prince of Monaco for the renewal of the gambling concession for a further period of fifty years. These terms were ratified at a special meeting of the shareholders on January 11th, 1898, and they may be briefly summarised as follows:—

An annual expenditure of £130,000 as subsidy to the Prince, and to provide for the expenses of governing the Principality, allowances for public works, lighting, maintenance of public institutions, etc. The payment in cash of £680,000, £400,000 to the Prince, the rest elsewhere; and a further cash payment, in the year 1913, of £600,000 to the Prince.

In addition to the above, a payment to the manager of the theatre of Monte Carlo of £1000 for each performance, with other payments, in addition, for necessary theatrical items.

These promises to pay, which will have to be met out of future profits on the tables, amount to [say] eight millions sterling, or about £440 per day, merely as the payment for the permission of the Prince to carry on the business. This amount does not include the large expenditure on the Monte Carlo establishment, nor does it include any of the profits to be made by the Casino for its shareholders.

Here is something like a system! Those who use it—the bank, not the public—deliberately take on a liability of £440 per day before any profit comes to them out of which to pay their expenses, or to pay dividends to their shareholders. But this wonderful system is simplicity itself: it rests, quite safely, on letting other people work their systems!

I have shown in Part II. of this article that luck exists, and that there must be lucky persons, whether we apply luck merely to gambling or to the ordinary affairs of everyday life. But while thus insisting on the existence of luck, one insists quite as strongly upon the impossibility of any person being able to know whether he or she is one of the few lucky ones. Also, it has surely been shown that, while there are many reasons why one should lose rather than win at gambling, there is absolutely not a single reason that can be adduced why one should win rather than lose. If people wish to gamble, let them; but do not let them gamble, to their probable and serious detriment, upon such mistaken and crazy notions as those which form the basis of these systems of gambling.

J. HOLT SCHOOLING.



Sketch of the proposed Monument to be erected at the End of the present Contract, which will close Lotteries for ever.



SERGEANT HARDING'S WEDDING-DAY.

YOU know, said the Sergeant, that a paternal Government provides all sorts of things for the good of the "swaddy": such things as ammunition boots, elementary schooling, and the services of chaplains of various denominations. One good thing that the Government does is to send men who are nearly time-expired to Aden and Perim before the trooping season. Then they die, and the country does not have to bring them home or pay their pensions. Then, when a battalion comes home from India, the Government puts it at Shorncliffe, on the top of a big plateau, open to every wind of heaven, when the men from the East, after their late experiences, are only pining for a warm wind, even if it were warm enough to drive them to the place in Calcutta called Germany. Then the wet cold gets into their bones and lungs, and soon more pensions are saved. Oh, it's a good Government—for the tax-payers!

That reminds me about Shorncliffe. We were lying there just before we went to India, and I was private, with a good chance of being lance. They used to call me lance in my hut. We had a very good N.C.O. in charge of the hut, and he never gave us any trouble in the way of reporting a man for being in late, so long as the man's bed was made and something bulky shoved into it, to give him enough to swear by that he thought a man was in the bed.

I was down at Cheriton one evening. "Oh, Maud," I said to my companion, "I do love you so very much,"—then I kissed her,—“and, if I could only get the first stripe on my arm, I'd put down my name for a special church parade.”

"Why don't you do it now?" said she.

"What chance has a private soldier of getting married? If I stop private, I'll be finished, not only my colours service, but my whole twenty-one, if I take on for it, before they ever get to my name."

"Then why not get married without permission?"

"How often have I told you, Maud"—Maud was not her name, and Sarah was, but I called her Maud because that's what she thought it ought to have been, in the same way as she sometimes called me Quartermaster-Sergeant, because that's what I thought I ought to have been,—“how often have I told you, Maud, that it is quite impossible to marry off the strength? If you are on the strength we have free rations and quarters, free rations and schooling for our children——”

"Don't make me blush, Quartermaster-Sergeant," said Maud.

"Some of the officers' ladies' washing——”

"I'm sure I don't want their washing."

"But, if we marry off the strength, we get none of these good things; we lose caste, and it is to us what it would be to an officer to marry in a registry office, without an escort of his company in the aisle."

"I'm sure Bill Jones is dying of love for me, and I could marry him without any trouble."

"My dear Sarah—beg pardon, Maud—if you like to marry a civilian, I suppose you will."

"Of course I will, Private—beg pardon, Quartermaster-Sergeant."

"But, although my N.C.O. is very kind, it is getting late, and I do not want to try his kindness too much. It is lucky there are several footpaths which we are forbidden to use leading up from here to the camp. And it is lucky there are not many guard-rooms. Yet, only last night, I had to take off my ammunitions and play hide-and-seek with Grand Rounds, round and round the huts, and I'm going in early to-night." With that, I went.

When I got near the camp, I found, although it was after "lights out," all our lines lighted up fully; and, as I went up the hill, I saw a dark mass looking like a hut, which had not been where it was when I went away. Then I heard the singing of "Good Queen Caroline," and, getting up to the mass, I found it was the whole of A Company catching hold of each other's belts and shoulders to hold themselves up. They were marking time. Perhaps you don't know how "Good Queen Caroline" is done. All stand up in a circle and sing slowly, marking slow time all the while,—

"Good Queen Caroline
Dipped her boots in turpentine
Just to see if they would shine:
Dirty, dirty Caroline!"

Then they sing it more quickly and mark quick time. Lastly they sing most quickly and mark double time. But here they were too drunk for a circle, and were in a mass. And this was the model temperance company of the Battalion! So I thought something was up. I caught hold of one man and said, "What be goin' on, Zach?"

This man was a teetotaler, a Bible Christian, and his father was a local preacher at Bodmin, so I was surprised to hear him say: "You blanky Afghan! I'll blanky soon cut 'ee blank head off 'ee blanky shoulders." And he tried to get out a bayonet that was not on.

Then I thought it well to get on to my own hut; and the first thing I saw was old Nale, that was brother to Farmer Nale at Trenale, and colour-sergeant of my company, dancing a jig on the mess table, with a drawn sword in one hand and a stone bottle of Plymouth gin in the other.

"Come in and shut that door," said he. "Take the bottle and have a drink."

"What's the matter, Colour-Sergeant?" said I.

"What's the matter! What's the matter! Have 'ee just come from Land's End, that 'ee dun't know what's the matter?"

"Well, I dun't know anythin' about 'n."

"Why, you silly cheeld, there's war in Afghanistan, and we've got the route."

With that I seized the stone bottle and drank the neat gin till I choked with coughing, and the last thing I remember that night was lying in my cot with Nale standing over me and pouring gin down my throat.



"'What be goin' on, Zach?'"

Next morning I woke up and said to my N.C.O.: "I heard something last night about war and the route. Is it true?"

"Iss," he said. "We're to go aboard the *Jumna* next Tuesday three weeks."

"Three weeks!" said I. "That's just like our War Office. Why, the war will be over in that time."

He grinned. He had been in the East before.

"The War Office may be slow, but I daresay you'll find Afghans enough to keep you at work when you get out, Lance."

That night I went down into Cheriton and met Maud.

"My dear," I said, "make the most of your time. We're off to Afghanistan on Tuesday three weeks."

"Dear Quartermaster-Sergeant," she said, as she kissed me, "you'll come home with stripes on your arm. Perhaps four and a star. When shall we be married?"

"I dun't think it's a time to get married just when we're going on active service."

"I think it's just the time. I know the temptations young men are bound to have, especially going to India, and it's good for them to be married."

"I can't get permission. There are many down before me."

"Well, we'll get married without. It's the Government's own fault if men get married off the strength."

Well, the long and short of it was that I went to Lieutenant Tresidder, who knew me at home, and he took me to the C.O. But the C.O. said: "You must know as well as I do that there are many men who have their names down who won't be able to marry during the time they are with the colours. In any case, I should not give permission to a man to marry just before going on active service."

I went down and told Maud that, and she said: "I'd feel much safer about you if we were married. I know what soldiers are. But if you think you've got a little wifie at home, you won't want to go running about, and you'll know I shall be waiting for you when you come back."

And, at the end, she persuaded me to go to Cheriton church and put up the banns, so that she and I could be married without permission, she being off the strength.

Now of course it leaked out. I think our *padre* was thick with the Cheriton *padre*. Lieutenant Tresidder was put on to me, and he talked about the mischief I should do to my prospects by marrying off the strength, and how sorry he would be to see a smart youngster, who had had a father and grandfather in the corps, spoil all his chances of getting on by saddling himself with expenses which he couldn't afford; and he pointed out to me how miserable I should make myself and my wife. Then I told him I had promised, and that my promise was as good as his would have been. He didn't fire up at that, but just clapped me on the shoulder and left. That night I had a letter from him saying,—

"You're quite wrong, and there's no excuse for you, because your folly has been well pointed out to you. But you have promised, and you're a rogue if you quit being a fool. And I hope you'll leave the enclosed with your wife, because she's sure to want it more than you will." And the enclosed was a fiver.

Then the *padre* himself tackled me. He said: "Do you think it right to get married and go away next day, leaving a young wife behind you, considering she won't probably see you for years? Is it likely to make for goodness, or even for happiness for yourselves?"

"As to that, sir," said I, "I must refer you to Government. Government takes a lot of young men, sticks them into the regiment under false pretences,—for we don't really get that fine large shilling a day and all those nice things that are on the recruiting placards, and you know it as well as I do,—and then Government says, 'Be good, boys, and marry and have large families for the country's good.' Then we go to the C.O. and say, 'Sir, we want to get married,' and the C.O. says to us, 'Oh, you be da—,' beg pardon, sir, 'divorced!'"

Then my N.C.O. took hold of me, and said: "Now, cheel, I've licked 'ee into shape, taught 'ee how to look along a Lee-Metford barrel and take the same amount of barleycorn each time, which es the whole duty of man in long-range shootin'. I've taught 'ee how to keep your cheek pressed against the butt, and not to move it until the two seconds after the bullet was gone. I've taught 'ee not to pull a

trigger, but to squeeze her gently till you didn't know the moment the gaspipe went off. I've taught 'ee many things, so that when 'ee get the first stripe, and you've responsibility but no power, and all the boys are doing all they can to make you overstep the power you haven't got, you may show 'n you'm a better man than any of 'n. Do that, and keep your temper, and you're all right. Have I ever put 'ee in a hole? have I ever told 'ee the wind was freshenin' when it was weakenin',



"'I'd feel much safer about you if we were married.'"

or warned 'ee to aim a bit lower on account of a cloud over the targets, without bein' justified in what I said?"

"No."

"Well, now, I've stopped 'ee when you were daggin' to do many foolishnesses. Now I want to stop 'ee again. Dun't 'ee gaw an' get married before we sail. Stick your name up if you like; then, when the war's over and you have the stripes, and the regiment comes back, get married. I'm not goin' to argue with 'ee; others, that can do it better than me, have done that already: I simply say,

"Think how your wife's left if you're killed, an' you married off the strength. I've never humbugged 'ee before: do believe I'm sayin' this for your good."

"That's all right, but I'm going to do it all the same."

"Ef I thought 'twould do any good, I'd give 'ee such a hidin' the night before the weddin' that 'ee'd want a bearer section of the M.S.C. to be best man. But I know your Cornish pigheadedness. For you'm like all the rest of us. You'd be at Cheriton church, if 'ee had to take an ambulance waggon."

After that I met Zach, and he said: "I hear you're going to get married off the strength. Don't you do it, my lad. 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.' You have put yourself, of your own free will, in the D.C.L.I., and you are bound to do what your C.O. tells you. He, and your superior officers——"

"I—— my superior——"

"'Speak no evil of dignitaries.' All your superior officers are your spiritual pastors and masters—especially the *padre*—and your betters, and you must order yourself lowly and reverently towards them all. At least, being a Church of England man, you are bound by your own Catechism. I'm not."

Then many more of them got at me, but it was no good. I told Maud about it, but she said: "Don't you worry about them. You'll be all right. When you come back with the stripes you can get struck out of mess, and have a little home of our own, outside barracks. I never could stand living in barracks."

Things went on like that for the three weeks which we had in England. The Sunday when the banns were up for the third 'and last time came. We all had our time to ourselves except the men on actual duty, and those were as few as could be, for the C.O. was in a melting mood. At ten o'clock the next morning I was to be married, and at six o'clock on the Tuesday morning we were to leave camp for Portsmouth.

Now, after tea at five o'clock on Sunday, Zach came to me and said: "I'm going down in the town. Will you come down for a walk, and have a drink for old times before you get married to-morrow?"

"I don't mind a walk, and I don't mind a glass, or maybe two; but I'm not going to have a Monday head to-morrow, on my wedding day, for any one."

"Who asked you to have a Monday head? I'm surprised at you thinking I'd want you to do such a thing," said Zach, "and me a teetotaller—that is, for a soldier—in the ordinary way."

Then we walked down into Sandgate and into a public-house, and Zach said: "What's yours?"

"Bitter."

"Don't drink bitter the night before you get married. Have whiskey. It's more high-toned, and it keeps your spirits up." So, to oblige him, I had whiskey.

We walked about all the evening, and I give you my word that, notwithstanding that Zach was willing to stand treat well, though he was drinking ginger-beer himself, I only had four whiskies. We were coming back in the evening, talking peaceably, and passing the guard-room—for there was now no need to go by unfrequented ways—when Zach up and shoved me bang into the sentry.

I just had time to say, "What the——" when the sentry yelled at the top of his voice, "Guard, turn out!"

As they turned out in a hurry, Zach banged me again, this time into the midst of them, and the Sergeant shouted, "Take him inside."

Before I could object, I was bundled in and lying in the guard-room.

The next morning I was taken before the C.O. at the orderly-room, and the Sergeant of the Guard said, "I was Sergeant of the Guard last night. At

10 p.m. we were turned out by the sentry, and the prisoner assaulted us. He was drunk."

The Corporal of the Guard said: "I was Corporal of the Guard last night. At 10 p.m. we were turned out by the sentry, and the prisoner assaulted us. He was drunk."

And the sentry said, "I was sentry at the guard-room last night. At 10 p.m. I was assaulted by the prisoner. He was drunk. I turned out the Guard."

Then Zach was called, and said, "I was seeing the prisoner to his hut last night. In passing the guard-room he assaulted the sentry. He was drunk."

"Have you anything to say, prisoner?" asked the C.O., with a grim smile.

And the Sergeant of the Guard, the Corporal of the Guard, the sentry and Zach, all wore the nearest approach to a smile allowable in the orderly-room before the C.O.

"I wasn't drunk at all, sir. I had had four whiskies, but that's not enough to make any D.C.L.I. man drunk——"

"That's enough. Of course you were drunk. All the witnesses have sworn it. Any one to call?"

"There was no one else there, sir."

"If it hadn't been for your previous good conduct, and the fact that we are going away, I should have dealt more severely with you. Two days' cells."

"But I'm going to be——"

"Silence! Take him away, Sergeant-Major."

That's how it was that I was locked up till we took the route, and wasn't a free man till we got on board. I don't know how Maud took it. We never, thank God, went back to Shorncliffe, and I never took a run down to Cheriton.

But I Company, D.C.L.I., spent that fiver at Karachi.

G. STANLEY ELLIS.



THE FAIRIES



IF YE WILL WITH MAB
FIND GRACE,
SET EACH PLATTER
IN HIS PLACE:
RAKE THE FIRE UP
AND GET
WATER IN ERE
SUN BE SET:
WASH YOUR PALES, AND
CLEANSE YOUR DAIRIES
SUITS ARE LOATHSOME TO
THE FAIRIES:
SWEEP YOUR HOUSE: WHO
DOETH NOT SO
MAB WILL PINCH HER
BY THE TOE.

ROBERT HERRICK



THE HOSTS OF THE LORD.



CHAPTER XII.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

WHEN Roshan Khân had joined those two great stabilities, Faith and Love, into one passionate desire for Vincent Dering's damnation, he had meant to follow the English etiquette on such occasions, and keep his aspiration to himself.

But it had been impossible for him instantly to rejoin the society in which he found himself; that is, a society which shared that fundamental crime—which more, even, than any definite jealousy, had roused his anger against Captain Dering—of being alien to his creed, his customs, his code of conduct towards women. So he had wandered off into the garden again, shadowed by old Akhbar's incredulity, curiosity, and sympathy, until, partly from sheer impatience, but mostly from sheer inherited habit of employing such as Akhbar Khân in anything approaching an intrigue, he had made a clean breast of the situation.

Even the latter, however, had, as it were, shied at the extreme novelty of the idea when it was first mooted; but by degrees, its vast possibilities of advantage to faithful old retainers overpowered his abject terror at the bare idea of Father Narâyan suspecting such a thing. The old master, he told himself, was old, indeed! God only knew if he would last a year or a day; therefore it would be well to insure the favour of the new mistress. And there would be no harm in sounding her as to what course that favour would follow. One could never tell with a woman, and his wicked, experienced old eyes had caught many a hint of Anâri Begum in Laila's childhood. Perhaps she had changed since she went to Calcutta. He could but try.

So when, on the morning after the ball, Laila, in obedience to her pious resolve to do nothing really wrong, had bidden him—with threats of vengeance if he betrayed the fact of their having come at all—remove and return certain trays of clothes and jewels which had been smuggled by some one into her room, he had fallen at her feet, confessed falsely that he was the offender, and besought her not to impose so unmerited a disgrace on his employer, who had been actuated by the ordinary rules of native etiquette which prescribed some recognition of his cousin, the head of his family.

Naturally enough, this brought the girl's curiosity, long restless, to his aid, and she had sat listening to the many things he had to tell her, with that faintly mysterious smile of hers. And as she listened, she watched a pigeon, all jewelled about its bosom in rainbow hues, and with a dainty little pair of silver jingles about its jasper feet, which was coquetting and pirouetting to attract the attention

of its neighbours on the wide marble sill of her latticed window. For Laila had a room in the upper storey all painted, carved, and set with little balconies, which was worthy of any king's favourite. And Father Ninian, mindful lingeringly of the fine ladies' boudoirs of his youth in Rome, had filled it, against her return from school, with all the prettiest spoils of the palace. Sèvres vases, rare old cabinets, quaint carved tables which had been brought thither for the dead Nawabs; treasures that were also, inevitably, of the king's-favourite type, and therefore unlike the owner of the room as she sat in her white muslin frock, heavy-eyed, almost sallow from the last night's dissipation.

"So she—my grandmother, you say, was a dancing girl—a real dancing girl?" Even her surprise and curiosity were listless. Yet the next moment, while Akhbar was protesting the superiority of Anâri Begum over all the dancing girls of his vast experience, she had burst into a sudden laugh, uncovered one of the trays, with kicks which sent first one, then the other of her bronze slippers flying, seized on a pair of silver anklets, and there she was centring a Persian rug spread on the marble floor, as if she had been born to it: coquetting, pirouetting, with a challenging clash, a half-impudent jerk of the jingles, for all the world like the pigeon on the window-sill.

Like something else also, so that old Akhbar felt a shiver run through him, lest, after all, his first impression should prove right, and this be no more than a simulacrum, a ghost, a changeling come to possess the usually indifferent, lazy miss-*baba*. Yet when, all of a sudden, she raised her white muslin skirt high in both hands and began to sing, at the top of her voice, the wicked little love song which Vincent Dering had sung the first day she met him, old Akhbar's dread turned to sheer wonder. This was not a ghost, but a devil; reckless, unrestrained, with a fling of white arms, a kick of white feet, all held to rhythm by the outrageous frivolity of the song, until, with that last *staccato* note, she threw herself in a chair breathless, gurgling with laughter and sheer mischief.

"Lo! Akhbar," she gasped, "my grandmother never danced like that, did she? I don't believe she was my grandmother! I believe you are telling stories!"

Akhbar looked wise, and thrust out his folded hands in cringing protest. "The most noble says true; Anâri begum never danced thus. But there is the grandfather Bunavâtar-*sahib bahadur* to be accounted for also."

Laila frowned. The reminder brought back the other side of the story, to which she had listened so often from her guardian's lips, while her pretended indifference masked a real pride: of her grandfather's gallantry, his good looks, his love of adventure; and of some one else, also, who had always had a secret attraction for the girl—that most beautiful woman in Rome, the companion of princes, the divine singer, the best, the dearest . . .

Laila's laughter failed her; she rose, and going over to the window looked out absently, startling the pigeon into flight. The sun turned its breast purple and green and gold, as it fluttered down to renew its pirouetting on a cupola below. And below that again, close to the river, was the roof of the balcony where she had sat with Vincent. The girl's eyes grew soft. She understood now. That best, that dearest, that most beautiful, must have loved her guardian. That was the secret of his remembrance. How could one ever forget that one had sat in a balcony hand in hand? So content; yet saying so little—only feeling. But *he* had said some things. He had said she was beautiful; that she ought always to wear that dress; and she had told him she could not,—that she *must* send it back—that he *must* learn to like her as much in her ordinary clothes—that he would never see her in that dress again. But, after all, why not—if . . . ?

She turned suddenly to the go-between. "There is no need to take them back to-day," she said sharply; "but thou canst tell the person who sent them—he who claims cousinship—that I will not keep them; that I know nothing of them—that he must send and *take* them away."

Akhbar, with an inward determination to do nothing so palpably foolish, salaamed down to the ground. The Presence, he said, in doing this showed her dignity; it was undoubtedly the right course to pursue. But, in the meantime, would not the Begum-sahiba—she must excuse a tongue which could not always bear with the paltry present, which remembered the facts of the past, the possibilities of the future—not temper her noble severity with the usual courtly



"'Lo, Akhbar,' she gasped, 'my grandmother never danced like that, did she?'"

favour? Her cousin's grandmother, a most virtuous princess, sister to the late Nawab, was still alive. Her memory of Bun-avatâr *sahib* was still so green, that doubtless she would be able to tell the Begum-sahiba many things of which a mere mean slave could not be cognisant, and this most virtuous, most interesting one, had long been anxious to return a visit which the Begum-sahiba had graciously paid her, in company with a *missen* miss.

"What! That funny old fat woman?" interrupted Laila, with a laugh. "That dirty old thing! I remember, she *did* claim to be a relation of the Nawab's. And when I asked her why she wore such dirty clothes she was angry, and said she had beautiful ones all tied up in bundles. I don't believe she had, though."

"The dress the Begum-sahiba wore last night is one of them," interrupted

Akhbar quietly. "It belonged to Anâri Begum, *Huzoor*—and there are plenty more like it. And all are really the *Huzoor's*—no one else's."

Laila looked down on the trays with a new interest. "Did it really belong—to *her*?" she asked; "and the jewels also?"

"The jewels also. There are plenty of them. And if Anâri Begum was really the Begum-*sahiba's* grandmother, then the jewels are hers by right."

"She can come if she wishes," interrupted Laila impatiently. "I see thy craft, Akhbar, but I care not for that. Yet it will be fun to receive her—as a Begum. And no harm either, since the *missen* ladies receive her, I know, and her like—when they will come! It will be at night, of course, to ensure her privacy, so Pidar Narayan need know nothing. Only"—she paused, a change swept over her face, leaving it dimpled, cunning, full of mischief and cajolery—"I do naught for naught! If I please thee, thou must please me! If thou art their messenger thou must be mine also; or I tell Pidar Narayan!"

Akhbar Khân's wicked old eyes positively leered approval; he wagged his head and chuckled. Wherefore not? Was there a better, more careful messenger in the world than he, or one more capable of deft arrangements?

"I want none," she put in, with a quick distaste, a shrinking from his manner; "'tis but to take a note to Dering-*sahib*: he must know somewhat before he comes with the other *sahib logue* this afternoon. There is no arrangement needed—no fuss."

How could there be? she asked herself, as, after the old sinner had gone off charmed at this renewal of a once familiar occupation, she sat on the window-sill looking down on the roof of the balcony where she had been so content. For what could be simpler than to make it quite clear that you were real, that you did not pretend, that you were not even afraid? That, briefly, you were not like Mrs. Smith, who took so much—one could not help seeing that!—and gave so little—one could not help seeing that also! For what was a "Thanks! many, Captain Dering," in return for all the trouble he lavished on her?

So it came to pass that when Vincent Dering went to the Palace that afternoon, some words were haunting heart and brain, as Juliet's words must have haunted Romeo's. No more; no less. But they slid into and filled up the blanks between some words of his own which he had spoken carelessly, not five minutes before he had first seen Laila, and which came back to his memory unbidden. "It isn't altogether despicable to let yourself loose in Paradise without an *arrière pensée* of flaming swords, especially if you can give pleasure to some one else thereby. One could play Romeo and Juliet in this garden nicely."

Well! he had played it for an hour or two, swept off his feet by chance. Whether he would continue to play it was unsettled till her note came. That ended his vague reluctance, and he went over to the palace, eager as any lover could be for the interview she suggested in "the old place when it grows dusk, and the people will mostly have gone."

For those of the camp who were bound to follow the Viceroy's whim of riding by the old road—the pilgrims' road—while the big camp went round by the longer, easier route, had promised to look in on the palace on their way past it for a cup of tea, a good-bye. Since already, the functions over, the Hosts of the Lord-*sahib* were passing on, the dream city had begun to melt away.

"Glory be!" said the Commissioner with heartfelt gratitude. "We've done our worst, and leave you to take the consequences. That's sound policy. Anyhow we are ahead of everybody on the road to heaven, and the pilgrims will have to swallow the dust of our feet! I wonder how they'll like it." He was in wild

spirits, like a schoolboy escaped from school; yet as he paused to shake hands with Dr. Dillon, he said aside, "Any more cases?"

"Two," replied the doctor laconically—"both dead. It is a bad type."

His hearer's face was immovable as he turned to Mrs. Smith, who stood close by. "Good-bye, me dear lady," he said cheerfully; "remember me house is yours if you or the child want it. Doctor! couldn't you conscientiously recommend change of air to the hills? Couldn't ye swear the close proximity to an open canal and a jail is unwholesome? If ye could, you'd oblige a grass-widower, whose wife is at Baden Baden—or is it Marienbad?—living prodigally while he has to fill himself with husks which no self-respecting swine would eat. Faith! me dear madam! I'd bless you if you'd come and kill the cook! It's a woman's work; not a man's!"

Dr. Dillon, with a quick look, backed him up instantly. "Certainly! I told Mrs. Smith a long time ago that she and Gladys had had enough of Eshwara. Indeed, as her doctor, she would be doing me a personal favour if——"

Muriel Smith swept round on him sharply. She was looking her very best, in her very best gown: white, mystic, wonderful, with a faint gleam of silver embroidery about waist and hem. And she had been obtrusively, unnecessarily friendly with Vincent Dering all the afternoon; even now she was standing with him attached to her apron strings.

"I don't think nervous headaches are dangerous," she said, eyeing Dr. Dillon coolly. "But thanks all the same. I should love to kill somebody—even a cook. Perhaps I may by-and-by, when *all* the nice people leave. I'm so sorry you're going, but we are still to be quite gay, aren't we, Captain Dering? And that reminds me we have to settle when that riding party is to come off.—Goodbye! goodbye!" She waved her hand to the departing Commissioner, and carried Vincent Dering off with a defiant look at the doctor.

He, knowing her, smiled indulgently; but Father Ninian, who had come down to see his guest off, looked after her with a wistful pain in his kind old face.

"That is a mistake," he said briefly; then the wistfulness grew into a puzzled look, and he added, half to himself: "It need not be, surely; there is something wrong. I can't understand——"

Dr. Dillon, catching the end of the remark, gave a cynical laugh and turned on his heel, "No one does," he said as he went off. He would not discuss her even with dear old Pidar Narayan. For the rest, though he was keen to get back to his jail, he would wait till she tired of her game, and then drive her home, himself, to her idiot of a husband, who was too busy over his blessed search-light to see things that were going on under his very eyes!

Captain Dering, however, was already impatient. It was growing dusk, the shadows were claiming the garden bit by bit, and as the glint left the varnished leaves of the orange trees, the white flowers stood out like little stars against the gloom, and sent a bewildering perfume into the darkening air. He could see no hint of Laila anywhere—Laila in that detestable white muslin garment which made him long vainly to get rid of the surroundings which suited her so ill, drive all that civilised crew from the garden, and claim it as his own, and hers! She must have gone to the balcony already. She must be waiting for him. And yet a soft-heartedness for this other woman with whom he had been friends, whom for a few days he had *imagined* he loved (it had come to *this* now),—forbade him from leaving her cavalierly. So it was long past dusk, the short Indian twilight was hovering on the edge of night, ere he made his escape, and, full of anxiety lest Laila should have lost patience or hope, hurried down to the wide archway, and so, by the turn riverwards to the right, into the balcony.

Most girls, he told himself, would by this time have taken offence; but she was there. As he entered, her figure showed dimly against the light beyond.

"I'm afraid I am awfully late," he began, then paused; for, as she turned, there was a faint clash of silver, a faint gleam of it, too. His heart gave a great throb of glad recognition. It was Laila! Laila indeed! the Laila of that dream last night. And she had risked *this*, to please him!

"Are you?" she said: "I thought *I* was late, for *this* took time; but I wanted to be the same—always the same to you—always!—always!"

She stretched her hands to him, but he set them aside, took her in his arms, and kissed her passionately.

"Yes! Laila! always Laila—my Laila!"

She gave him back his kisses joyfully. "I knew you would come," she said: "Love comes to love, you know."

He called her Juliet then, and many another lover's name. She took them all, and gave them back again without reserve, until, as they stood there, some one passing outwards from the arched passage to the garden, paused to listen at the half-heard sound of voices. For Father Ninian—who had come down to his own rooms for a pair of foils wherewith to give Lance Carlyon a lesson in the *Addio del marito*, until Captain Dering should choose to come out of the recesses of the garden and allow of their going back to the fort together—knew of none likely to use, or even to be aware of, the balcony. Thus he turned thither curiously, then stood arrested; so that the clash of the foils on the stone, as he purposely lowered their points, came as a warning to those two that they were observed. Laila, with a cat-like noiselessness, withdrew in a second; to stand a yard or two away, in deepest shadow, leaning in a careless, easy attitude over the balustrade. Her only possibility of escape lay, she felt instinctively, in showing no desire to do so. Vincent, for his part, turned to face the old priest, prepared to brazen it out: for his blood was running like wild-fire in his veins. Yet scarcely so fast as the heart's blood had once leapt, and was even now leaping, in the old man who came forward, facing him also. Came forward slowly, short-sightedly, a foil in each hand. If he had held out one, bidden him take the button off, and fight for his life, Vincent Dering would scarcely have been surprised, would almost have been pleased. It would have raised him in his own self-esteem. For he knew perfectly well that he had no right to be there; that, as yet, he was not sure of his own footing.

But Pidar Narayan did not. He paused, as he generally did, a few paces away, a slender, straight shadow in black, girt about with that pale sash, on which and on his pale face, such light as there was fell softly. For there was no anger in the latter: only an almost passionate regret and pity. Even so, his words startled the young man who stood prepared for defiance.

"Oh! Captain Dering!" he said courteously, "it is you, is it? You have found a pleasant place indeed! But scarcely a very safe one for your companion." He turned to that faint gleam of white and silver in the arched shadow. "The air grows chill, madam, so close to the river," he continued, his voice taking a tone almost of command, "and you are lightly clad. Will you not be wise, and leave us?"

Vincent's surprise had passed by this time into a rush of vexation, almost indignation; for he had grasped the old man's mistake. For an instant he felt bound to undeceive him, then the impossibility of doing so held him silent, feeling a coward indeed. So, desperately, he could only join his voice to Father Ninian's. It seemed the only way out of the *impasse*.

"Perhaps you had better go——"

Laila did not need more. Already, under cover of the shadow, she had



"Under cover of the shadow she had dexterously slipped off her silver jingles."

dexterously slipped off her silver jingles, lest they should betray what really seemed to her her worst, nay, her only offence: the taking and wearing of Roshan Khân's present. And now, wrapping her veil about her like a cloak, gathering her trailing skirts to orthodox length with an appalling presence of mind, she was off with just the little uneasy laugh which might well befit the situation.

She left her companion bewildered, yet still facing the old man recklessly. Since he could not explain, he did not mean to be hectored. Yet, once again, the old voice took him unawares.

"Memory plays strange tricks with us at times," it said slowly, but with a suggestion of the fateful, hopeless rhythm of a Greek chorus in it. "She has taken me back, this evening, more than fifty long years. The river before us is the yellow flood of the Tiber, the woman who has just left us is the woman I loved—fifty long years ago. . . . I had kissed *her*, as you have kissed her . . . I had told her I loved *her*, as you have just told her. . . . And then, like an echo from the river below, where a boat was moored, came to our ears the same words—'*I love you.*' . . . They were spoken, Captain Dering, by a boy, barely in his 'teens, to a waiting-maid. The boy was her son. She had been married, as they marry them in Italy, almost before her girlhood; and I, the boy's tutor, was nearer her age than his father—a better man too, Captain Dering! . . . But those words, "*I love you*," parted us once and for all. They mirrored the truth for us—the truth of the love which hides in balconies, in pleasure-boats." He took a step forward, and his whole presence changed. He raised his hand, priest to its finger-tips. "Let them mirror the truth to you also, my son. Leave this poor lady to her duty, as I——"

Vincent Dering broke in on him haughtily, his pride in arms, his impatience at the falseness of his position making him discourteous.

"You don't understand; you are absolutely mistaken. I refuse to explain; but I really must ask you not to interfere——"

The old man's whole bearing changed again: he drew himself up, and, foils in hand, bowed, as fencers do at the salute.

"Were I the lady's husband, sir, I would *make* you answer. As a priest of God, I must warn you that I will speak, if——"

Vincent Dering interrupted him again.

"I can't prevent that; but you will wrong us—her, at any rate—the best, the kindest woman——"

He paused, for Father Ninian had come close, laid a hand on his, and the touch seemed to bring silence.

"It is fifty long years, Captain Dering," he said, and his eyes seemed to pierce through the darkness, "since I have laid my hand on my fellow-men, save in the hope of healing. It was a fancy of mine after—after we kissed, and parted. But I touch you as a second self, a fellow-sinner; for she, too, was the best, the kindest——" His old voice failed.

Despite his anger at the whole miserable mistake, Vincent was touched; despite his emotion, his annoyance strengthened.

"Possibly," he broke in; "but I must really refuse to discuss the matter further. Shall we end this, sir?—unless——" he gave a reckless laugh and pointed to the foils—"you would like to fight it out?"

Once more Father Ninian bowed as fencers bow in the salute, the priest, the wise counsellor, lost in an older entity than these: in the high-born Scotch student, who, for a while, had forgotten his vocation to ruffle with the best blood in Italy. "I have not the privilege of being the lady's protector," he answered hotly; "if I were——" he paused, then said courteously, "Shall we come upstairs? I came down for these foils in order to teach Mr. Carlyon the thrust we spoke of once: *l'addio del marito* they called it in my youth—I doubt if the name has changed now. He will be wondering what has become of me, and—and—it."

As Vincent followed him, he felt a thrill at the savageness of the old man's tone, and told himself that here was the Church Militant indeed!

He might have said so with still more reason ten minutes after, when Father Ninian was left alone. For the hour proved too late for lessons, and Lance Carlyon, who had been out of sorts ever since his walk at dawn with Erda Shepherd, was obliged to give in to dinner, grumbling the while that Vincent was the worst chum he ever came across. Never to be found when he was wanted, then turning up just when dear old Pidar Narayan looked as if he could have licked creation!



"Yet at each thrust the heart-shaped bell chimed a feeble protest."

Possibly Lance might have repeated his assertion, also with greater fervour, could he have been witness to Father Ninian's actions when, his last guest gone, he went to put the foils back in the armoury next the chapel.

For he would have seen him, with head bowed over the crossed foils he held, repeating a *mea culpa* as he passed the altar; but ere the second foil matched its fellow on the armoury wall, he would have seen as pretty a bit of sword play as

could well be seen. Many a dexterous turn of wrist, many a quick imaginary parry, many a sharp *riposte*, following each other accurately as if memory held each attack, each defence of an unseen foe ; until finally, swift as a flash, would come a falter back, as if from a blow—then a thrust forward.

There was a little silver bell, no bigger than a sixpence, such as men put to a falcon's hood, and shaped like a man's heart, upon the tassel of resting lance beneath the solitary foil. And the tassel swayed gently in the cool river breeze.

Yet at each thrust the heart-shaped bell chimed a feeble protest under the button of the foil, making the Church Militant smile cheerfully.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT THE GATES.

THE darkness which holds the dawn was, as a rule, silent as the grave in the sand stretches beyond the river, where the wide cut of the canal, the huge mud-heap of the jail, with its scattered workshops and houses, showed as mere spots and lines on the illimitable plain. But on the night after the band had played "God save the Queen," while the first drops of sacred water trickled over the chink of the sluice into the dry bed of the canal below, its silence was broken by unfamiliar sounds.

First of all, by the now ceaseless splash of the thin, glassy curve of water on its way to find out this new road to the sea. It had a sort of dreamy whisper in it, as if it were telling its first impressions, its hopes, its fears, to the river it was leaving behind.

And on this background of ceaseless sound came two others intermittently.

The first, a muffled hammering from the darkness which hid the Viceroy's camp, told of departure, letting the night know that another white-winged tent was flitting, and that the dawn must be prepared to find its place empty, the dream-city in ruins, the Hosts of the Lord-*sahib* gone.

The second told of arrival. It was a strange cry, soft, almost musical : "*Harâ—Hari! Harâ—Hari!*"

Then every now and again, in a sort of chant—" *Râm—Râm—Sita—Râm!*"

It was the pilgrims' cry ; their call on the Creator, the Destroyer ; their appeal to the godhead in man and woman. For the forerunners of the great host to come were already nearing Eshwara on their road to the "Cradle of the Gods."

But there was a fourth sound, inaudible—by reason of that ceaseless noise of water through the chink or the sluice—except to those close by it, like George Dillon, as he stood on the hand-bridge above the closed gates, looking down idly into the darkness which prevented him from seeing the cause of the sound. He had been up all night. On his return—later than he had intended, owing to his determination not to be defied by any woman—he had found that in his absence cholera had been hard at its work. So he had buckled to his, expecting one of those awful nights which live, even in a doctor's memory, as a horror ; as a warning to those best fitted to stem the stream of death that they are but straws on its surface.

But he had been mistaken. True, for an hour or so cases had come in quicker than they could be attended to ; then, suddenly, they ceased to come in at all. That had been eight hours ago. Too short a respite for certainty ; but Dr. Dillon, being no novice in such work, had his hopes ; the more so because the disease, from the very outset, had become steadily less and less virulent. Even so, seven dead bodies lay awaiting the first glint of dawn ; therefore, as ill luck would have it, there would be seven columns of smoke on the river's edge for all to see !

It was inevitable, however ; nor could he do more to prevent others coming.

So he had been on his way back to his own house for a few hours' rest, when the dreamy splash of the water made him pause to lean over the handrail and listen to it, as he finished his cigar in the open.

Then it was that he heard a faint tap-tapping as of a ghostly hand on a door. What was it? It was quite distinct—though almost as low—as the *lip-lipping* of the water, made restless by that glassy curve, against the gates.

A curiosity to know seized on him. There was already a glimmer of dawn in the east; he might as well wait and see.

It was not long before a streak of something faintly white made him call himself a fool. The cause was a log of wood. He might have thought of that! Even that faint setting of a stream towards a new way, must have drifted it here. The thought made him frown, for this fulfilment of the river people's prophecy was annoying; the more so from its absolute unlikelihood. Years might pass without such a chance coming again; yet it had come the very first day! It was too bad; the stars in their courses were fighting against him. In a pet he threw the remains of his cigar from him, and was striding off, when a faint glimmer, as of a candle, made him turn sharply and look down whence it came.

The lighted end of his cigar had fallen on something dry, inflammable, which had blazed up. But it was only for a second; the next found darkness, save for that still, faint, glimmer of white. But the brief gleam had told him it was not a log which had drifted astray: it was a corpse.

That *tap-tapping* he had heard had been from the dead feet seeking vainly to pass through the chink of the sluice, swerving with the side current, coming back again and again. He stood grasping the rail, staring down at the dim outline almost incredulously, and feeling, despite himself, a trifle shivery.

Then the remembrance that this was a thing which must be seen by none, which somehow, and as quickly as possible, must be set on its right road again, made him hurry back to where he knew some coils of rope, which had been used for bunting at the ceremony, were lying. Seizing one—still gaily decorated—he tied a brick to one end and hurried back to the bridge. By dropping this weighted rope over the dim white streak, he was able to edge it gradually to one side, until it lay moored against the wall of the basin. Kneeling down for a closer look, he could see, in the fast-growing light, that it was the corpse of a woman. He could even guess the death she died; and, if proof were needed, it could be found in the hands folded at full stretch down the body; the thumbs, pointing upwards, linked by an iron ring. To this iron ring had been tied a little tuft of the tricoloured hank of cotton which plays so great a part in marriage ceremonial. Dr. Dillon stood up and swore under his breath.

The fates were, indeed, inexorable in their spite! Of all things unlucky for the changing stream to claim, a corpse seeking union with Mother Ganges was the worst; and of all corpses this—the cursed one which had held two lives, and could send one back to haunt men—was the worst!

He must get rid of it somehow, if he could.

Fastening the rope, so strangely out of keeping, all hung as it was with gay colours, to the iron ring which showed about the ankles, he proceeded to tow the body back along the basin, past the first gates, and so to the river itself. Thus far was simple. But how was he to get it afloat on a current strong enough to sweep it beyond danger of its returning to tap at the gates once more?

The dawn was hastening with great leaps of light, that shot in broad bars from the darkest spot in all the dark horizon; the spot which would soon be the brightest, ablaze with the sun himself. Already the broad shield of the river was

changing its heraldry—the sable was turning to steel, sign that the world would side with the light. What was to be done?

He looked over the wide waste of sand and water, with a perplexity which vanished suddenly in a smile, as he caught sight of a round shadow like a man's head, dipping and dancing on the surface. He walked on to the last dry spot of land and shouted—

“Ai! fisherman! Ai, Gu-gu! Am-ma! anybody! Come and earn a gold *mohur*!”

It was Am-ma. Luckily, perhaps, since the idea of towing a dead body such as this might have been too much for semi-civilised Gu-gu. Am-ma, however, had not even borrowed his neighbours' superstitions. In fact, ever since he, the Miss-*sahiba* and the *Dee-puk-rāj* had bested the devil between them, he had felt himself to be invulnerable. So, he assured Dr. Dillon affably, were the *Huzoors*; therefore he obeyed them. Consequently, less than five minutes after the call, with a vague wonder as to what sixteen rupees would feel like all at once in a man's palm, he was heading hard to the nearest stream capable of carrying the thing he had in tow back to the path of purification. This happened to be towards Eshwara, and beyond a sandy point set with tamarisks which jutted out above the canal head. There was, of course, a certain stream against him, and to save himself exertion and finish the job, as he had agreed to do, before dawn, he swam for the most part under water, only coming up, after his habit, for air.

Now it so happened, also, that Gu-gu had thought fit to set nets for wildfowl, and was even now dozing, while he waited for the result, in the same tamarisk jungle. But the sound of something swishing through the water against the stream roused him in a second; and even without the glimpse, which the coming dawn gave him, of a long streak parting the river with a curved ripple like the prow of a boat, his experience told him what it was sure to be. Briefly some one of the river people,—Am-ma for choice, since who but Am-ma had the luck of such things?—had happened on the chance of stealing a log from the piles about the canal workshops. He was now, after time-honoured precedent, towing it to the stream, where, having set it adrift, he would recapture it, and of course claim his reward for so doing!

But two could play at that game. When secrecy made it necessary for a thief to swim for the most part under water, it was easy to swim under water too, across the track of the robber, cut his prize adrift, and put your weight on the rope instead.

Then you could either choose revenge, and let an enemy tow you home—which was a side-splitting trick; or you might wait till your adversary came up breathless, and dash down after the prize yourself; where even if you could not secure the whole, half profits were generally possible.

Therefore, slipping noiselessly into the stream like an alligator, he was off across the track in a second; swimming, of course, under water. He came up once for air, and smiled to see how far he had come; so, fearing lest the holder of the unseen tow-rope might chance to come up at the same time, his black head went under once more.

When it came up again, he was within a few yards of the long white streak. He gave one look at it, let loose a yell of abject terror, and almost turning a somersault in his haste to escape, his head went down again, his feet went skywards, and though his lungs nearly burst in the effort, he came up no more till he felt certain he must have put a screen of tamarisk between him and the horror. He had; but his teeth chattered, his eyes were half out of his head, when he scrambled, hands and knees, on to the bank; and, lying face down on the dry sand, moaned and shuddered. What else could a man do who had seen a cursed

corpse breasting the stream on its way back to Eshwara? To whose house? That, however, was quite a secondary consideration to a man who was already as good as dead; since what man had ever survived the sight of a *churail*?

The certainty of his own fate, after a while, made him absolutely, recklessly, calm. He gathered up his nets, pitilessly, wrung the necks of the few birds he had caught, and went with them, as usual, to the bazaars. Not only for profit, however. Other men should taste of his fear. Other men should know that they too might have to die!

Am-ma, meanwhile, having seen nothing, when he came up wondering what the sound was which had filtered to his ears through the water, had gone on his way, unwitting, found the stream, cut the corpse adrift himself, and gone back to his fishing.

It was not until he, also, went into the bazaar with his basket, that he found it ringing with the direful portent; yet for all that going its way buying and selling, squabbling over the uttermost part of a farthing—since portents are ever with an Indian bazaar. At first, when called upon to verify Gu-gu's story, Am-ma, remembering his promise of secrecy, gave it stout denial; but when the real truth of what had occurred dawned on his slow brain, the opportunity for piling the agony on to his rival was too strong for him, and he burst into details, all of which made Gu-gu's chance of escape still more remote. The corpse had shot after him with a speed only equal to the fire-boats in which the *Huzoors* came across the black water,—it had sat up, and beckoned, and called cajolingly, "Gu-gu! Gu-gu!"

"But if thou hast seen all this, thou too must die," remarked the syrup-seller round whose shop the talk was loudest.

Am-ma laughed vaingloriously. "Not I! The devils are afraid of me. See you, I have taken the *Huzoors* for my God; I am on the strong side."

"Hark to him!" jeered another of his own tribe who was also selling fish. "He cannot balance his basket on his head, he holds it so high, since the wood-*sahib* up the river hath bidden him guide their big raft,—as if he was a whit better than the rest of us!"

Am-ma smiled peacefully. "That is true, brother. I go for the raft this very day. But I leave a son in my house, if the luck goes against me. That is the *Huzoors'* doing. They have the *Dee-puk-râj*. They are the light-bringers, the birth-bringers!"

A tall man, in curiously crumpled clothing, who had just joined the group, gave a hollow laugh.

"Birth-bringers!" he echoed. "Aye! and Death-bringers too. They took seven in the jail last night. I have it from a sure hand."

That might well be, seeing that he was none other than the *gosain* Gopi, who, scarcely an hour ago, had been given his ticket-of-leave, and the clothes in which he had been convicted two years before. They had since then been rolled up and docketed with his name and number; hence the creases.

"The doctor cuts a hole in their heads," he went on calmly, "takes out their brains, and puts the bit back. Then 'tis cholera. That is why they burn them in their clothing and their *caps*, so that none may see. But they *say* 'tis for the safety of the living; as if that did not lie with the Gods!"

"Hark to him!" said approving voices. "Yea! hark to him, the pious one!"

The long bazaar lay flooded with sunshine and life. The quails were calling from their hooded cages, the sacred monkeys were chattering about the sweetmeat-sellers' shops, men and women were going about eager on their own affairs, and a group of schoolboys on their way to a mission school came along, their books

under their arms. A quaint collection for the most part. A copy of the Gospels, Saadi's "Gulistan," and the "Hitopadesa," certainly ;—a treatise, in English, on the latest theories of mind and matter equally so ; and selections from general literature probably ; with Burke's Speeches and Addison's "Spectator," possibly !

One or two of these boys paused in their school talk to listen, as a voice said fearfully,— "Twill be for *momai* they want them. Folk say they are running short of power."

Gopi shook his head. "That may be ; but these are to grease the slots of the canal sluice : without it, water will not run. One brain—his that they killed with the light—opened it but one inch ; as all can see if they choose. And these seven will not go far. What matter ? There be plenty more where they came from."

The gossipers looked at each other. "Yea ! that is so. It opens but an inch now, and there are many prisoners," they said, with that curious faculty for giving heart-whole assent to the truthful foundations of a lie, which makes the latter go so far in India.

The boys went on. There was nothing about the dynamic and hydraulic power of a man's brain in their treatises ; but, after all, the statement was scarcely so strange to ignorance as many another held in the books under their arms.

"The times are bad," remarked some one, chiefly to give a fresh fillip to the flagging horrors. "They say the Pool of Immortality will be dry to-morrow."

A trail of saffron-robed pilgrims who were passing, under the charge of a priest, looked at their guide doubtfully. If this was to be so, what was the use of having given him a rupee each, to be admitted thereto at the most auspicious moment ?

"Lo ! 'tis easy to father that falsehood !" cried the priest in charge, venomously eyeing a similar figure to his own, which was also followed patiently, trustfully, by a band of men and women and children, all in their saffron robes. "When folk have had their own miracle stopped, they would fain stop other folks' also. Have no fear, my children ! The sacred water will rise as ever, and send your souls blameless to the 'Cradle of the Gods.'"

It would have been easy enough for his rival to throw doubts on the genuineness of the pool miracle, had it been sound policy to do so ; but before those patient trustful faces, desirous only to save their souls alive at any cost, it was unwise to sap at the foundations of faith. So the reply contented itself with assertions that there was no fear, either, for them. Tampion or no tampion, *jogi* Gorakh-nath had promised to be inside the gun as ever. And that would be a newer, a better miracle, than any other in Eshwara !

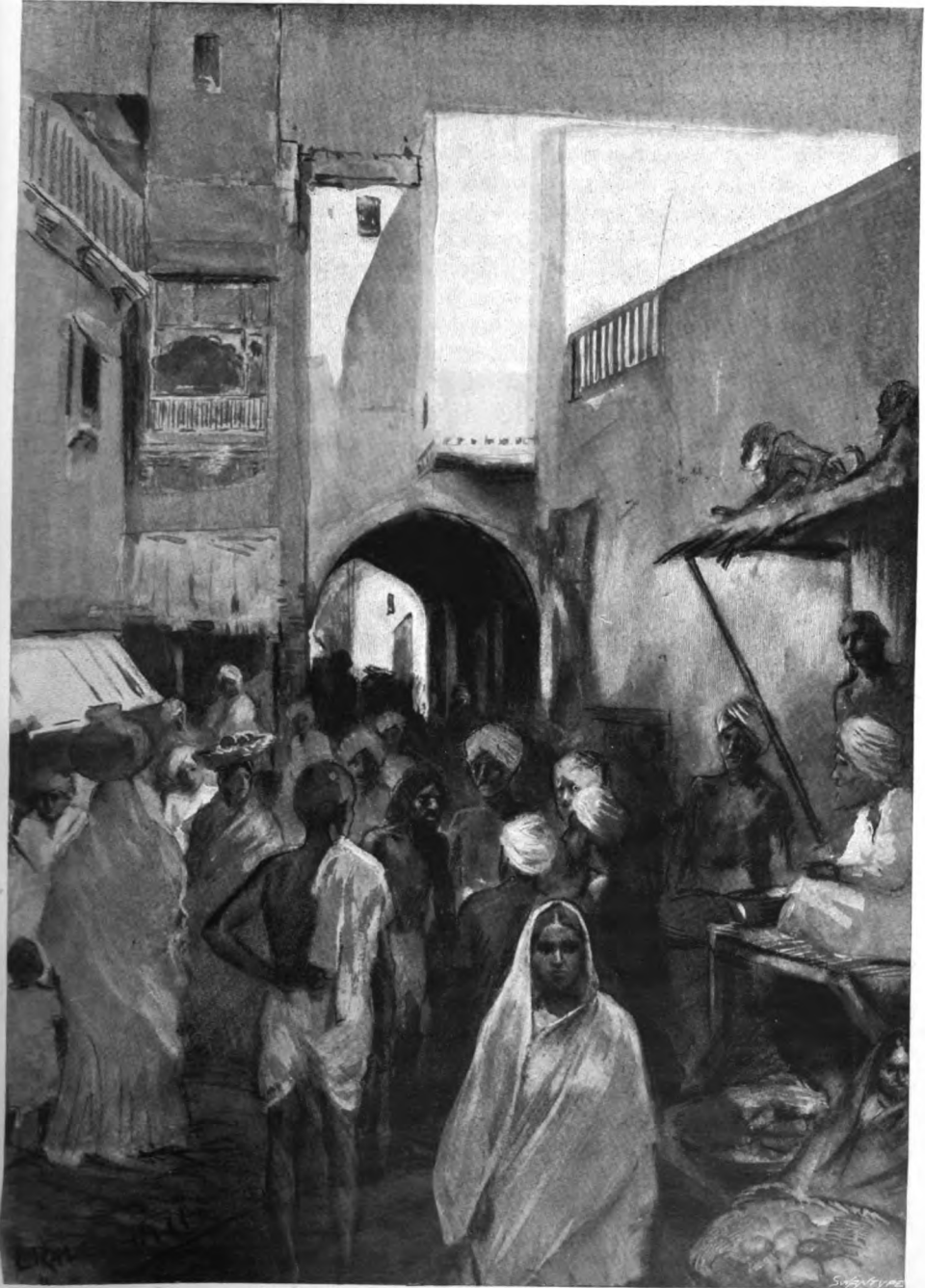
Here a fresh voice put in its word ; for the syrup-seller's shop being at one corner of the central square or *chowk* of four bazaars, no one who had any errand of any sort in Eshwara could fail to pass it sooner or later. Therefore Dya Ram and some other pleaders on their way, thus early in the morning, to the tahsil court, were bound to overhear the priest's boast.

"But most undesirable, nevertheless," expostulated Dya Ram quickly. "We have duly appealed against the order to the higher court, and our legal course is to await the result."

The priest looked at him sullenly scornful ; for such as he are no favourites with the hereditary Levites of India.

"The *jogi* hath appealed to the Gods," he retorted, "and they will give judgment without the help of such as thou, pleader *jee* !"

"Hark to the pious one !" murmured the crowd again ; admiringly responsive, as ever, to a hint of religious sentiment.



"The long bazaar lay flooded with sunshine and life."

"But it will confuse issues—it is irregular—and I who drew up the petition object *in toto*," began Dya Ram in angry protest; when a friend interrupted him consolingly in English. "True. As it has been said, it is impossible to serve God and mammon; yet, seeing that miracles are, as Herbert Spencer proves, *ipso facto*—"

The ludicrous inadequacy of logic to the mental calibre of those around him, struck one of the little party of progress keenly, and he broke in, as he passed on.

"What is the use of combatting such ignorance? It is for us—who represent the intellect of India—to pioneer the way . . ."

The rest was lost as the little party went on discussing their own position.

"Mayhap 'twas to Ramanund's house the *churail* was coming; there was such a corpse went from it a week or two since; and they return from far," said an old man, looking after the last speaker.

Gopi the *gosain* laughed. "This one I'll wager was sent back because of the canal. Mark my words, Mai Gunga will return them all now. 'Tis the *Huzoor's* doing."

A curious shiver ran through the crowd of men. To have your women against you, to feel in your heart that they cannot help being revengeful, that their blood is on your head, is ever the greatest of dreads. And so many lives held the possibility of this revenge.

Am-ma, philosophically seated on the outskirts of the group, trying to sell his fish, laughed vaingloriously again

"Only for fools! The miss-*sahiba* and the lights, and I, can defy devils."

Here he stood up, and, with frightful grimaces of joy and uncouth salaams, greeted the appearance of Erda Shepherd, who, in the mission ladies' uniform of blouse and skirt, white pith hat, green veil, and bag of books, came out of a neighbouring alley.

It was not a becoming dress, Lance Carlyon told himself, as, on his way back from escort duty to some lingering bigwig of the camp, he at the same moment came cantering up the bazaar towards the fort.

She could not say the same of his. It was the first time she had seen him in uniform, and the sight of the scarlet and gold, the buttons, the *fal-lals* generally, took her breath away. There are, in fact, few women whom they do not impress.

Yet, curiously enough, her impulse was to pass on without speaking; his to do what he did—namely, pull up, dismount, and shake hands. And, still more curiously, the reason for both these impulses was the same: the presence beside Erda of a tall, rather weedy-looking man, with a long black coat and a long red beard.

"Let me introduce my cousin, the Reverend David Campbell," said Erda, with great dignity, somewhat marred by a fine blush.

"I thought it must be," rejoined Lance coolly. He might have said he was certain of it; that a fellow could scarcely feel a desire to murder another fellow at an instant's notice, unless that fellow were your rival.

Yet, still more curiously again, this notion of rivalry had come to Lance in an instant also. Before he caught sight of Erda and her *fiancé*, he would have sworn that, though he had been a bit cut up at hearing that the nicest girl he had ever met was already engaged, he had never had the remotest idea of fighting against the fact. But the first glance at the two walking together had changed all this. Here, by God's grace, was the one maid for him. And another man . . .

Not a bad-looking chap, certainly. Better dressed, too, than most missionaries. That was because he was fresh out from England. Any fool, though, could do that with an English tailor. Yes! not a bad sort; but not the sort for *her* . . .

"You've been out on your rounds, I suppose?" he said, pointing to Erda's books.

"Yes!" answered the Reverend David, with eager assent, and the benevolent smile which includes the smiler's own virtue in smiling; "and I have been privileged for the first time to see somewhat of the noble work Englishwomen are doing for their Indian sisters. It is no easy task, Mr. Carlyon, for delicate——"

"I like it," put in Erda, with a faint frown at the missionary-report style of her cousin's enthusiasm; "so there is no use wasting your pity on me, David."

"Pity!" he echoed in appropriating approval. "I did not even pity you when they called you evil names——"

Being of the new school of Free Church ministers, he put all possible ill into evil, like any Ritualistic curate.

"Do they call you names?" asked Lance sharply.

Erda gave a vexed look at her cousin. For the first time in her life the militant joy of the true proselytiser at persecution failed her.

"Sometimes—not often," she said, quite apologetically. "They happened to do so to-day, and David heard it. There are so many strangers about, you see, who don't know me."

"And what did you do?" Lance's eyes were on the Reverend David this time.

"Do?" repeated the latter in faint surprise. "Nothing, of course. We missionaries bear such things joyfully—for—for the work's sake." There was dignity in his tone and manner.

"By Jove!" said Lance softly, under his breath, "if I'd been there, there would have been a row. Besides," he added, quite argumentatively, "if I believed in my work, as you do, I'd be hanged if I'd let anybody *krab** it—or me—for it's the same thing. Not, at least, without trying to make 'em answer for it all I knew."

The Reverend David Campbell shook his head. "That is not our view. Erda, the meeting is at nine, and it is already the half-hour. To-morrow, you see, Mr. Carlyon, is our field day, and we have to arrange our forces."

Once more the flavour of the missionary report made Erda shrink, but Lance nodded.

"A field day for most of us. I expect to be in the saddle all day. Good-bye, Miss Shepherd!"

But something in the girl rose up in revolt at parting with him thus. When he had been out of sight she had faced the probability of never seeing him any more with equanimity. Now she felt that she must tell him she was leaving Eshwara the very next day, or the day after; that she must make this a *real* good-bye.

"I have to see another old woman in an alley close by first, David," she said; "you had better go on and let me follow."

Yet when he had gone, after another joyously-militant pæan over the work, she stood silent. It seemed, somehow, too sunshiny for words. Then she looked up at Lance, and her heart sank. For something in his face told her, in an instant, that she had been too long in letting him know of her engagement to her cousin. The fact, by rousing her indignation—since it was impossible to go about proclaiming that you were not available for idle people to fall in love with—helped her to be hard.

"You need not have been so fierce just now," she said, with an unreal little laugh. "People won't have many more chances of calling me names in Eshwara. I told you, didn't I, that I was going? But it will be sooner than I expected—to-morrow or next day."

"Then I shan't see you again?"

He grasped the meaning to himself in an instant, and the wondering pain in his voice awoke an echo in her heart.

"I suppose so; for Mr. Campbell's appointment will be at the other end of India; unless, indeed"—she could not withstand his look—"My aunt has asked

* Abuse it.

a few friends in to tea this afternoon to say good-bye. If you or Captain Dering cared——”

“Of course I'll come,” he interrupted quietly. “Now, which way are you going? for I am going too.”

She looked at him helplessly.

“But you can't,” she began.

“Oh yes, I can! I'll finish the smoke you interrupted, while you polish off the old lady. They're not going to have a chance of—of abusing the *work* again.”

He had a most ingenious way of appealing to her sense of humour, and, though it was partly at her cousin's expense, she laughed as they set off together—a most incongruous couple!

He had little time for his smoke, however; and he had barely left off watching the point where she had disappeared, as if for any hint of felonious calling of names, when she reappeared, in company with Father Ninian; the latter looking almost pope-like, yet also curiously native in the white washing *soutane* and skull-cap which he invariably wore in his visitations. His face was rather stern, and he had his spectacles on.

“Ah! Mr. Carlyon,” he said, surprised in his turn, “I am glad. Will you take Miss Shepherd home? I want to go over to Dr. Dillon at once; and I have advised her not to visit in this quarter to-day. There are many lodging-houses for the pilgrims, and——”

“Did they call names?” asked Lance, belligerent at once.

The old man looked at him sharply, almost angrily. “No one ever called me names, sir, still less a lady who was with me. But excuse me—I am pressed for time.”

“Now, that's a man!” said Lance enthusiastically, as he looked after the hurrying white figure. The comparison was too obvious.

“Father Ninian is not a missionary,” she said coldly; “it is easy for him.” She paused, turned to her companion and held out her hand. “Good-bye, and thanks; but I really can go home by myself, Mr. Carlyon.”

“Good-bye,” he echoed; then holding her hand still, a sudden resolve seemed to come to him. “But—I should like to tell you something first, please.”

She felt her heart beating everywhere but in its proper place.

“Not that it matters,” he went on, “but I'd like you to know it. I had some news by the mail this morning—bad news!”

She felt her blood everywhere but in its normal course now, in sheer shame at her own imaginations. “I'm sorry!” she murmured.

“So am I,” he went on thoughtfully, “though it isn't bad for me. Do you remember my telling you about my cousin? a weedy chap—six-four. Well! they sent him round the world for his health, and he died two months ago, it seems, in Australia. And the shock was too much for my uncle—he was an old man, and this was his only son. So—so I am Sir Lancelot now. It doesn't make any odds, of course, but I thought I should like you to know—first.”

She looked up at him as he stood beside her, so tall, so strong, so young, so kind; and though she only said, “Thanks, Sir Lancelot—it won't make any difference to—to our friendship, I'm sure,” she knew in her heart of hearts that it did. Though how, she had not yet had time to discover.

FLORA A. STEEL.

(To be continued.)



THE DUTY SOLDIER.

COLONEL JEMMETT took a chair opposite his hostess, who was toasting her obviously pretty feet by the fire.

They had first met when he was thirty-three and she fifteen ; they had not seen each other since he had turned forty, and she had availed herself of her majority to marry foolishly, so their early relations, if familiar, were unromantic. Thanks to a line of forbears wearing in succession the wig of jurisprudence, he had been already bald and serious when she had cast her child's glance upon him ; and now, a quarter-century later, her widow's scrutiny found him much the same, save that the frame of his baldness, like his moustache, was grey, and the seriousness of his face become gravity, almost sternness.

If he had changed not very greatly, in the shaded light of her own strategically planned drawing-room, she seemed to him to have aged not at all. The girl was grown full woman, and indeed a widow of forty cannot properly affect ingenuousness ; but her weeds were rather becoming to her beauty than illuminative of her sorrow.

They were alone, and would, intentionally, remain alone ; for the game of hide-and-seek of chastened hearts is not to be played in company.

"You are looking well," she observed. "Better than when I saw you last."

The occasion to which she referred was her wedding breakfast ; and certainly the then captain of foot was not looking his best that day.

"Thank you," said he, nodding stiffly : "I'm pretty fit. And you—you're as well as ever, I suppose?"

She smiled at the awkward speech. "You are as ironical as ever, I perceive."

"Me ironical !" he blurted,— "not I ! But I thought you seemed so well, and I remember you always seemed well. Were you not always well?"

She had not intended herself to open a flirtation with him, but this temptation was irresistible.

She was silent, with fire cast eyes, before she answered : "Yes, when you knew me I was well." A little pause. "Since then I have not always felt so very very well." Another brief pause. Then, as the eyes travelled gaily from the fire to his face, to fall demurely on his watch-chain : "But you see I am quite myself again."

Colonel Jemmett was entranced : wrinkles of twenty years' standing faded from his countenance, and he tried to recall speeches imagined before the wrinkles

came ; but the futility of the phrases crushed him now, and he said, with a very little emotion : " So you missed Grandpapa, after all ? "

" Used I to call you Grandpapa ? " she asked ; she really had forgotten it. " Why should I have called you Grandpapa ? "

His right hand ascended to his crown. " I think, at first, it was because of that," he said.

She stared. " Because of what ? " she begged.

Colonel Jemmett writhed in his chair. " Because of not having any hair on the top of my head. I wasn't so very old, don't you know ? " he answered.

Laughter rippled from the widow. " You are avenged," she said : " my own hair is growing thin now, and I'm only thirty-nine."

In spite of himself, he started : he had just ordered a bracelet to be given her on her forty-first birthday.

She saw she had made a slip, and hastened to recover her balance. " Don't tell me you know better," she rallied him,—“since my birthday is in February I may be forgiven for keeping it only in leap year. But truly, I shall very soon have less hair than you. Don't you believe me ? ”

He shook his head incredulously.

She deliberately loosened some half-dozen pins and took from the centre of her *coiffure* a plait of not very great proportions. " It is my own," she remarked incidentally. " It was cut off when I was very—not very very well—I had it made up. . . . Now come and look at my bald spot."

As one who approaches a shrine, Colonel Jemmett did her bidding. Two of her long fingers diving into her hair, discovered to him a perfectly bald disc, certainly not bigger than a sixpenny-piece : perhaps it had been once tenanted by a contumacious patch of grey.

" Can you give me nothing to make it grow again ? " she asked pitifully.

Colonel Jemmett's heart fluttered as he stooped and kissed the place, but the kiss itself was reverential. The widow's surprise was divided evenly between his gallantry and his austerity. She wondered what he would do next.

" I hope you are not offended with me," he said.

" Oh, no ! dear Grandpapa," she answered, with a trace of malice. " Sit down and tell me all about yourself ; about your exploits in the East. I want to hear particularly about them ; for the newspaper reports are so stupid I never can understand them."

" Exploits ! " said the Colonel : " I never had one to my name."

" Don't be modest with an old crony," she returned. " I heard of what you did in the Black Mountains—or were they Blue ? although I confess I could not make out exactly what it was."

" Upon my honour," declared the Colonel, " I never did anything at all."

" What ? " exclaimed the widow laughingly. " You never marched from some place to the relief of some other place, carrying your guns over a snow mountain ? "

" Ah ! I know what you're thinking of," said the Colonel. " It was a man called Whippett did that. A splendid chap he is too : you really ought to know him."

" The papers said you did it," persisted the widow.

" That was a confusion in the names, Jemmett and Whippett. Whippett said nothing about it, but it was corrected as soon as possible."

" I don't see that Jemmett and Whippett sound at all alike," protested the widow.

" No, but on the telegraphic code they're much the same."

" How stupid of these horrid newspapers ! " the widow ejaculated disgustedly.

"Well, it really was not so stupid," the Colonel argued. "For it might, in a sense, have been I, instead of Whippett, that did it."

"How do you mean?" asked the widow sharply.

"Well, you see," replied the Colonel, a trifle nervously: "Ali Pindah, where was Ben Williamson, who had to be relieved, was at the apex of an isosceles triangle of which a line drawn between Fort Dufferin, where Whippett was, and Fort Nicholson, where I was, would have been the base."

"That conveys no idea to me," returned the widow pettishly. "Can't you use plain English?"

"I mean to convey," said the Colonel desperately, "that Whippett and I were equidistant from Bob Williamson, and it was a toss of which of us made a dash for him."

"And why were you not the one to do it?" queried the widow.

"You know I never was a dashing fellow," answered the Colonel humbly.

"You don't mean to say you were afraid?" she said, after a little while.

The Colonel nodded his head. "I was afraid."

She waited yet awhile before delivering what she meant to be a taunt: "I cannot understand why you did not follow your father's profession."

"I had not enough brains for it," he said simply. "Besides, I am attached to my own trade—so attached that I do not know what will become of me after another year."

"What happens then?" she asked, without interest.

"I shall be retired," he told her. "The age clause falls heavily on a man like me, who has never had a chance to distinguish himself."

"I thought you had Whippett's chance," she cut at him.

For a moment he stared at her stupidly; then said without bitterness, but reprovingly as a father to a child: "I see you have not understood me. You have perhaps forgotten that your husband's nickname for me was 'The Duty Soldier.'"

"Yes," she retorted, without weighing her words: "and he defined it as One who is afraid of God, and Man, and for his Own Skin."

Her teeth closed on her tongue as she said the last word; for Colonel Jemmett arose and shook himself. "I see that my call has been an intrusion on you: I shall not repeat the indiscretion. Good-bye."

"Good-bye!" she repeated mechanically, and touched the bell. She felt powerless to detain him, but looked wistfully at the door when it had closed behind him.

Ten days later she had a letter from him bearing the Southampton postmark. "I am leaving for the Tirah," he said, "to command a Brigade. If I had done what you wished in the Black Mountains, I should have risked the lives of five thousand men, women, and children. I was afraid to do this. Perhaps in this new business I may be able to present the Duty Soldier in a better light—at least, in one which you can see."

"After all, he can be ironical," the widow said; and wondered if he could escape retirement. She thought she might write to him.

Colonel (local Major-General) Jemmett received the widow's letter the morning of the day his brigade was to attack the enemy's position. It was the first battle in which he found himself his own commander, and such a time is not the best for reading a woman's—particularly a beloved woman's—letter. He was a duty soldier, and though the touch of it burned his fingers, he put it in his left breast pocket unopened.

It was good, he thought, to have her writing next his heart; but he almost reproached himself for thinking about it at all. Things were not going so well in this campaign that any man could afford consideration of his private affairs. One, by name Winter, he who commanded the brigade at the other side of the big hill yonder, by thinking of his chances of winning a C.B., had sacrificed the better part of a battery of ill-spared artillery. If Jemmett were to follow his example the welfare of a thriving district would be jeopardised. As it was, he would have to make head against a very superior force, if Winter's disaster were to be retrieved. His Second-in-Command had observed to him that Winter's imprudence was good, inasmuch as he, Jemmett, would be sure of a C.B. now, if he could counteract the effects of it.

In reply, Jemmett did what he seldom did: he snubbed the Second-in-Command, who went away and laughed at him, and then damned an aide-de-camp up hill and down dale for doing the same.

The enemy had brought two of the four captured guns into action against Jemmett, and the Second-in-Command was for opening the fight in the orthodox way by knocking these off their carriages with a round or two; but Jemmett would not hear of it. "No, no," said he; "we must have these back intact. Tell Captain Maxwell to burst his shells behind and around them on every side, so as to clear away the supporting infantry; but we must take our chance of a bit of a basting from them until we get near enough to pot the gunners. They're firing very slowly, they're ranging badly, they're not setting the fuses properly, and they have only one limber's supply."

The Second-in-Command was a linesman, and when one of the hostile shells, the first which did happen to burst properly, carried off a bugler and six men, a growl escaped him about waste of life.

Jemmett, who saw with half an eye that things were going as he wished them, leaned from his saddle to pat his subordinate on the shoulder. "My friend," said he, "it may be inhumane, but I should not call it waste of life, though twenty more and myself were to go, if we win the day and get back those guns, while a man as good as you remains to take my place."

"I beg your pardon, General," said the Second-in-Command, "but I wish you'd get off your horse; for I'm not big enough to do your work, however pleased I should be to try."

And just then another fragment of shell—the last the enemy fired that day—plumped against Jemmett's knee and brought his charger down with a broken back. Jemmett fell heavily on his head.

"You know what to do," said Jemmett to the Second-in-Command, as he recovered an hour later from the stunning effect of his fall.

"It has been done," answered the Second-in-Command. The Rifles have cleared the ridge, we've got the guns safe and sound, and the guides are chivying the beggars down the valley."

"That's A 1!" declared the Colonel. "And how long have I to live?" he asked.

"Bless my soul! how should I know?" returned the other. "Twenty years, twenty-five, anything up to a hundred and fifty. Long enough to bury the Brigade, anyhow."

"I hope you thought to pistol Blue Peter."

"The poor beast was gone already—stone dead."

Colonel Jemmett's lip quivered a little. "By the Lord, I thought I was gone too: it was a great mercy."

"It was, for me and the Brigade."

"What's happened to me? I thought I felt my leg go."

"Yes, a chunk of it went. . . . I'm afraid you'll limp a bit, old chap."

"You mean it must come off?"

"No, it's not so bad as that—it only wants absolute rest—and there's the C.B., don't you know."

"I'm too old to care about that, but I suppose they'll hardly retire me now."

"Make you a Field-Marshal more likely," said the Second-in-Command.

Then Jemmett dictated a ten-line account of the action to the Second-in-Command; and when the latter had departed to send it off, and to attend to his proper work, bethought himself of the widow's letter.

It was very long, for the widow, and it made Jemmett forget the limp on one side, and the C.B. on the other. It ended with the words: "Give me a definition of a Duty Soldier to take the place of that stupid cynicism he taught me."

Jemmett put the letter into the envelope, and the envelope back into his pocket; and his heart, full of pride, tried to think out the desired definition.

His cogitations were broken by the re-entrance of the Second-in-Command, just a trifle flurried. "That ass Winter has been at it again," he said. "He heliographs down that he's in the deuce of a mess, and can you get him out of it?"

"What does he want?" asked Jemmett, taken aback.

"He says he's surrounded, and can't cut a way through without a big loss."

Jemmett was a wee bit angry. "It's a shame," said he. "My men must be dog tired. I hardly know what to do."

"I know what I should do," snapped the Second-in-Command.

"What would you do?" the General inquired.

"Let him go to the devil his own way."

"You forget yourself," said Jemmett. "That's not business. We must do what we can to help him."

"If you send one man you must send the lot," said the Second-in-Command. "And you lose the fruits of your victory."

"Better that," returned Jemmett, "than suffer a defeat."

"Better for Winter, perhaps," growled the other, "but not for us."

"Better for the British Army," returned Jemmett. "Sound the assembly."

The Second-in-Command turned on his heel, but Jemmett heard no bugle call. Instead the other returned with the surgeon.

Then Jemmett learned that a mile's journey in a dhoolie would spell certain death; and he felt himself falling from the highest peak of happiness to the lowest depths of despair, for his was a commonplace mind, that did not feel heroism as an ecstasy; but all he said was "Sound the assembly."

"How many men shall I take with me?" asked the Second-in-Command.

"Every living one but myself," said Jemmett.

"Eh?" said the Second-in-Command: he thought his chief had forgotten the meaning of Afghan War.

Jemmett smiled. "It'll be all right," he said. "The doctor's given me a sleeping draught. Have you got a pencil and an envelope?"

When the Second-in-Command gave Jemmett his last hand-shake, he carried away with him the envelope. It was addressed to the widow, and inside it was her own letter, with these words pencilled at the foot of it: "My dear child, a Duty Soldier is one who is afraid only of failing in his duty.—Grandpapa."

F. NORREYS CONNELL.

LA FRIVOLE.

AN ALLEGORY



MEN call me La Frivole. The peasants think this an appropriate name for a Provençal stream that dances lightly from rock to rock, that dashes the spray so gaily against the iris reeds, and smiles sparklingly in answer to the soft whispers of the west wind.

Perhaps! Yet there are days when the sunbeams do not come to play, and then I think of sad things and call to mind strange doings which have taken place along my banks.

One of them I saw played out many years ago, and the memory of it haunts me more than that of any other.

It is about the olive tree that stands at the entrance of the little valley, through which I flow when, with a bound, I leave the rosemary and rue-grown hill, the children call the Desert. A white Banksia rose-tree flings her soft branches about the dark trunk of that olive, and half covers with her cloudy mantle that grey and gnarled tree, as though she would shield it from the sharp stab of the Mistral and shade it from the fierce rays of the sun.

But I remember a time when no olive and no Banksia grew in the valley. Once in those days I was lying very quiet and nearly asleep at noonday, when suddenly a beautiful maiden came out from the woods that lie towards the south. As she drew near I no longer cared to sleep, for I would not waste one of the moments I might spend in gazing upon her loveliness.

Her face was sweet and fair, and a wonderful light of happiness beamed from her eyes. Her robe was long, white and flowing; and as she walked I perceived that her every movement was perfect grace. To see her stoop and replace in the parent nest a nightingale's fallen egg, was a pretty sight.

I had watched her do this, and her face was still a little flushed from the exertion, a smile of pleasure at the mother-bird's delight still playing about her lips, when there came towards her, from the rocky desert above, a youth whom I knew well by sight, though never before had I seen him in the bright light of day, but only in the greyness of twilight or in the half blackness of night, when the moon begins to rise in the sable sky.

His dark face, handsome, yet so sad that I never loved to look upon it, was generally bent earthwards as he paced along my banks, and his mournful eyes were usually fixed intently on the ground; but this day as he glanced upwards his eyes

met those of the white-robed maiden, and then he stopped, as though in the presence of a gracious vision he might dispel by too near an approach.

The maiden too stood still for a few seconds, and then, a wave of pity faintly shadowing her joyous face, she moved towards him with outstretched hands, and gently accosted him.

"Who art thou?" she asked in a low-toned voice.

The youth, falling on one knee at her feet, answered in tones most weary and melancholy: "I am the Son of Sorrow."

He paused, as though expecting some word or action from the girl he addressed; but she continued to gaze gently down on him, her soft eyes looking pityingly into his.

Then an eager, surprised look came over the sad youth's face, as, rising and taking her hands passionately, almost roughly, in his, he said:—

"Who art thou, fairest of maidens, that thou dost not shun my presence, now that thou hast heard my name, and must know the burden I am forced to bear? All men and women shrink from me, lest perchance it should fall on their shoulders."

"I am the Daughter of Love," answered the damsel gently; "and wherefore should I fly from thee? I see thy heavy burden, and long to help thee bear it. See, I am stronger than thou thinkest."

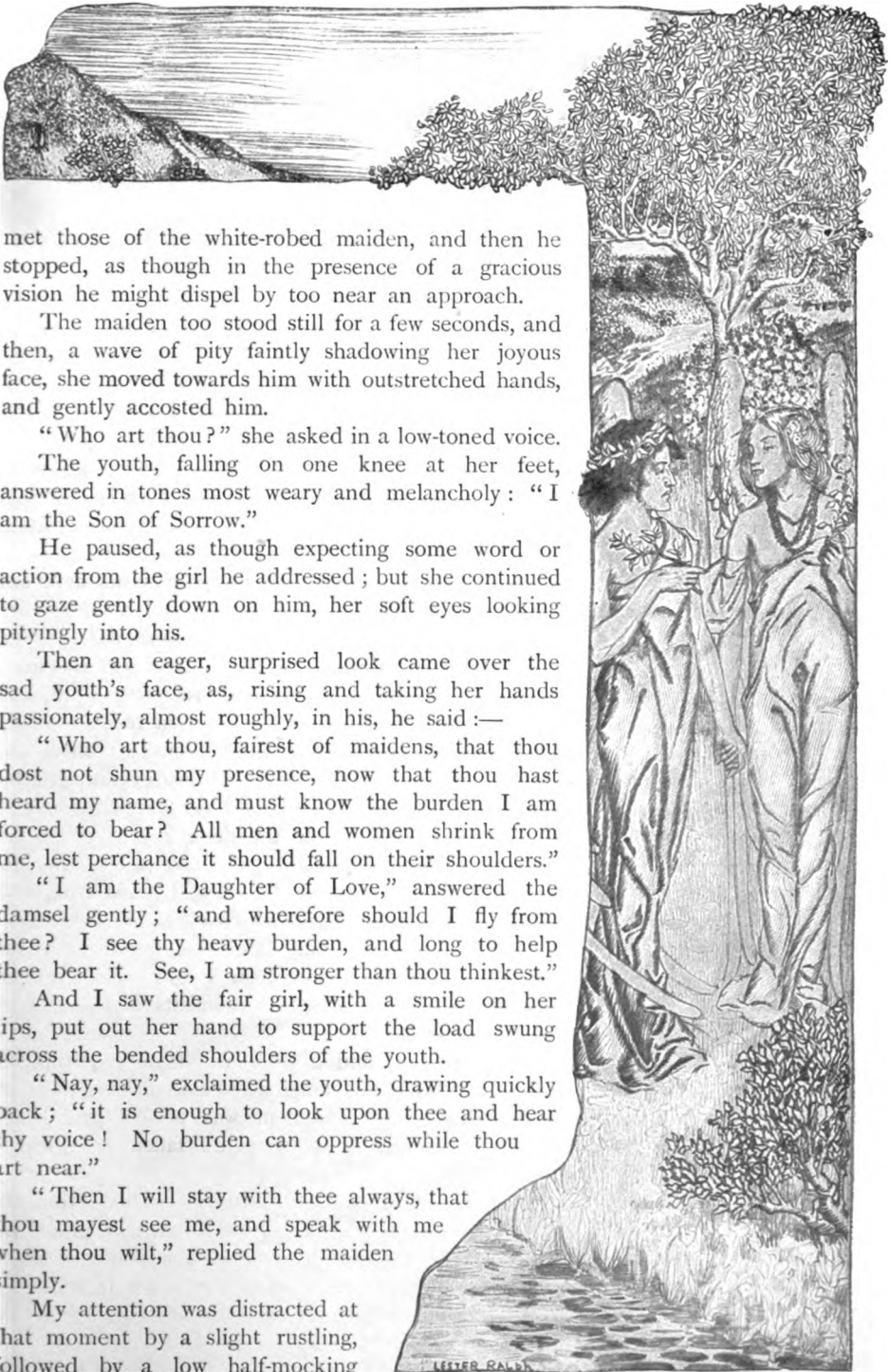
And I saw the fair girl, with a smile on her lips, put out her hand to support the load swung across the bended shoulders of the youth.

"Nay, nay," exclaimed the youth, drawing quickly back; "it is enough to look upon thee and hear thy voice! No burden can oppress while thou art near."

"Then I will stay with thee always, that thou mayest see me, and speak with me when thou wilt," replied the maiden simply.

My attention was distracted at that moment by a slight rustling, followed by a low half-mocking

laugh; and looking away from the youth and the maiden, I saw, at a little distance, the familiar, aged, though strangely young-looking figure of Dame Fortune. Into



LESTER RALPH



one hand she had gathered her long train, shot with a hundred colours, and changing with the dancing light, looking a black, leaden thing one moment, and gleaming with silvery whiteness the next.

With her other hand, held up as though to quiet the singing birds, she stood almost motionless, listening.

"The Son of Sorrow and the Daughter of Love conversing together," I heard her say in her low voice, which also was half-mocking, like her laughter.

The youth and the maiden, as they heard their names pronounced, slowly turned towards her.

"So you two would wish to dwell together, would you?" inquired the Dame. "The union would be very droll, really too droll!" And she laughed again in the way I so much disliked; but I could not see her now, for she was hidden by a tree from my sight. "Would it be allowed, though? Do you foolish young things imagine for one moment that it would be allowed?"

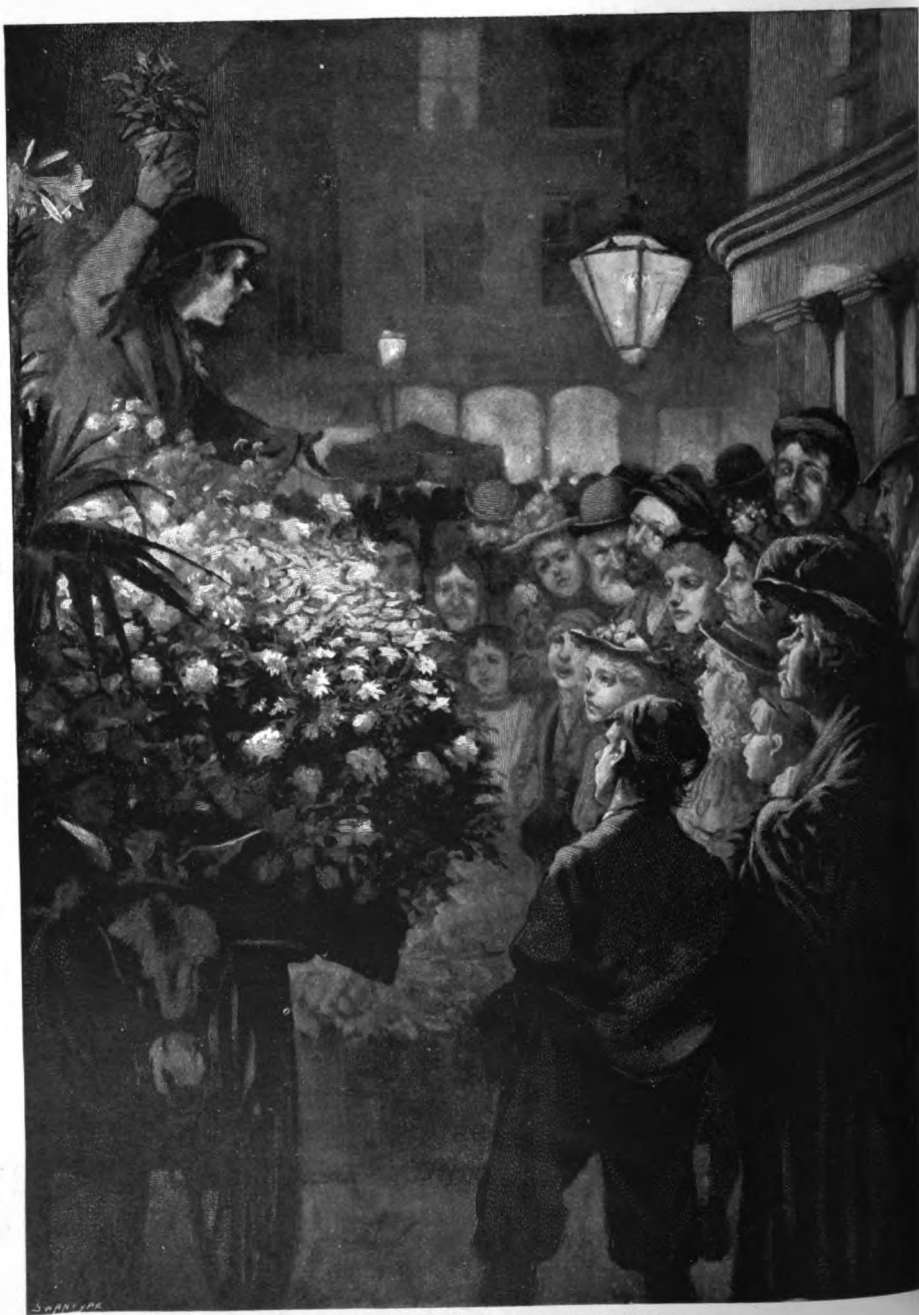
Once more the old lady laughed scornfully, and between the trunks of two pines I could again see her, and notice a twinkle of fun suddenly light up her eyes, as a mischievous scheme flashed into her mind. Her voice was broken with laughter as now she advanced a few steps forward, and said half-jestingly, half-seriously,—

"The match would vastly amuse me! I will see it made sure! You, O Son of Sorrow, shall become an olive tree, and you, O Daughter of Love, a Banksia rose-tree at his side. If ever you would escape from this bondage—and at certain seasons you shall be set free—it must only be if with each other, hand in hand together."

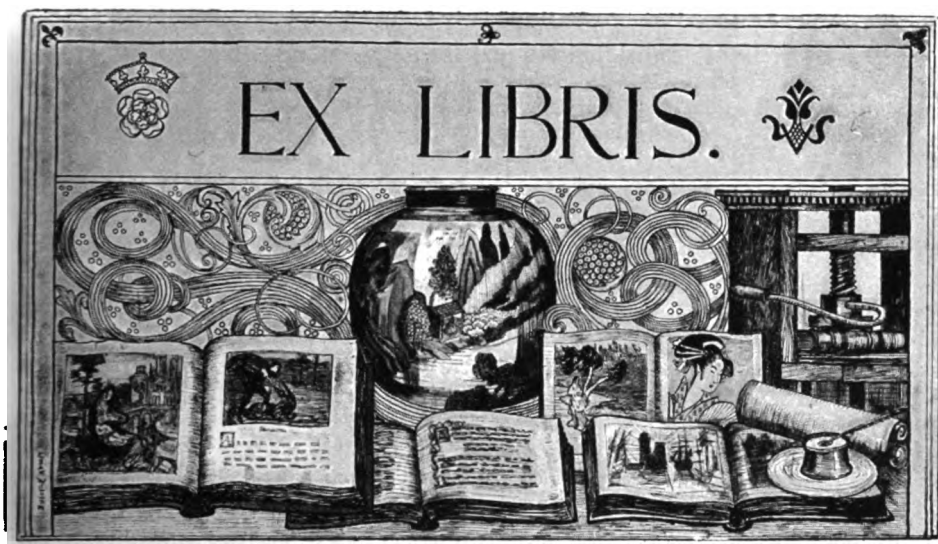
Dame Fortune never pauses to think over her plans, and so it came about that an olive, in the fair embrace of a white Banksia rose-tree, grew from that instant in the valley below the desert; and Love and Sorrow have ever since been found in the world together.

ETHEL SNAGGE.





ALL A-GROWIN' AND A-BLOWIN'.



MEMORIES.*

AS I write, the sands are spinning fast through the neck of the hour-glass, and a few—a horribly few—hours hence this '99 of ours—this year in which we have all of us thought and dreamed and done, through which so many of us have lived, in which so many more of us have died—will have lapsed into the sheer,

“Blind gulfs unravined of mere Yesterday;”

and we shall have entered upon the possession of 1900—the last of the Nineteenth Century. The year's end was ever a time for meditation. There is none, obviously, of the most self-righteous even, but it gives him pause; and he resolves, the line once crossed, the bells once silenced, to do something that, to be perfect beyond expression, he ought—perhaps—to do: smoke fewer cigarettes, for instance; or read less Gaboriau and more Plato; or hanker less and less after Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and more and more after Lord Rosebery, and at the same time set more and more by the example of Sir Edward Grey, and less and less by the teaching, such as it is, of Sir Henry Bannerman-Campbell. Such pauses are merely conventional, of course, and they come but once a year. But they are useful in their kind and degree, for they are coigns in the road at which one may do battle with that Apollyon—“straddling quite over the whole breadth of the way”—whose terrene name is Cigarettes, or Whiskey-and-Soda, or Bridge, or Belinda, or Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman (or Bannerman-Campbell, as aforesaid): at which, in any case, one can turn, and look back upon the year that goes and ask what it has brought, and forward upon the year that comes and wonder what it will bring. At such stations, in effect, in the original of Longfellow's best poem, “Recuerdese el alma dormida”: the slumbering souls awake, and consider the situation, each one after his kind.

* *Paolo and Francesca.* By Stephen Phillips. London: John Lane. *Et cetera.*

There's never a cigarette the less,
 Nor a decent pint undrawn ;
 And I think of you and you revel in me,
 From day-dawn to day-dawn.
 But the year that goes and the year that comes,
 They tell us, and tell true,
 That I, my dear, am fifty-one,
 And you are thirty-two :—

thus the lover—of a certain age. For him that has the luck to be his junior, any cutler's poesy, any bald-head and ridiculous valentine will serve, and serve well: "He has eyes of youth, he smells April and May," he is good and good enough. For the sailor, he may dream of cutting foreign throats, and doing something with a Navy that in peace-time makes the world sick with envy and despair. For the soldier, there is South Africa; and I doubt not that he considers and reconsiders the position there with joy, if he be in the thick of it—with misery and wrath, if he be left to do garrison duty at some place out of it:—

"Through his diurnal round of dawns
 Our drum-tap squires the sun."

'Tis the same with the rest of us; and while great issues are developing, and "inimaginable destinies" accomplishing, for that deboshed, poor, earnest, hard-working, and grossly misunderstood *funambuliste de l'art*, the Archer-Hazlitt-Walkley, the literary rope-dancer—in a word, the professional critic—there is nothing for it but to recall to 1900 some, at least, of the stuff which he read with most pleasure and to best purpose in '99.

Mr. Stephen Phillips? No. A conspiracy of eulogy does not make a tragedy; a series of anxious and modest fumbings of the Muse, some good with many passable verses among not a few bad ones, do not make a poem; a single character—or rather one incarnation of a passion (Lucrezia)—some moving scenes, a touch of Sophoclean irony, the proof of a right sense of what is essential in drama—these things do not make a play, especially a Shakespearean play: a work of art, that is, in which nothing will serve but inevitable verse and essential emotion. It is a pity; but it is even so. Mr. Phillips, who is (I insist on it) a poet, has taken up the formula of *Lear* and *Othello* and *Hamlet*, and into this tremendous mould has poured his hectic, earnest, amiable, extremely well-meaning, and at times indubitably elegant self: with the result that everybody must applaud and admire him to a certain point; and that nobody outside the chorus but must urge him to cut Shakespeare and the form which Shakespeare beggared and exhausted, and do (I can't help it: slang is good enough for me in a high-toned case like his) "a little bit on his own." He has been compared, I hear, and compared to his advantage, to Tennyson, Milton, Shakespeare; so that in all probability he will go on making sham Shakespearean plays—(his efforts at "relief" in *Paolo and Francesca* are almost inexpressibly innocent, by the way, in intention and effect)—piously wooing the Muse, and occasionally getting her to kiss. Meanwhile, despite his eulogists—(despite, even, that statement of "the most elderly and cautious among English critics," that in his works are "passages which move with the footfall of the immortals")—I would not forget nor forego the *Nightingale* or the *Grecian Urn* for all that he has done. Keats—dear Keats! *You* were reared in a sterner school! No reviewer acclaimed *you* as the only living singer! No troops of admirers, or ever line of yours was published, "made the live air sick" with

rank superlatives! The cautious and elderly critic of your time did not forget his caution nor lay by his years when he talked of you; nor did your publisher produce you in covers elegantly imprinted with the Apollonian wreath. In your favour none forgot the past, nor tried to play at posterity, nor had the impudence to ignore the living present. But, dear Keats—you are none the less alive for that; and you were fortunate in life, even as you are illustrious in death; for that you did your work, and left it for what it was worth, and your best champion was called—not William Watson, nor Richard le Gallienne, nor even “Mr. Looker-On,” but—Percy Bysshe Shelley :—

“He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely.”

That is not all the truth about you; but it is enough.

But '99, whatever you may say in its dispraise, is not all Mr. Phillips and his galaxy of midwives. It is the year, of course, of an infinite deal of immemorable print in the matter of fiction; but it is also the year of Mr. Kipling's *Stalky & Co.* ;* of Mr. Arthur Morrison's *To London Town* ;† of Miss Keats's *On Trial* ;‡ Harold Frederic's posthumous novel, *The Market Place* ,§ a very sound and solid piece of work; Mr. Murray Gilchrist's fresh, masterly, and delightful *Nicholas and Mary* ;|| and of some well-nigh miraculous visions—visions of extraordinary fullness and intensity—of the unknown Orient, as also of the dreadful West Coast of Africa (*The Heart of Darkness*), which Mr. Joseph Conrad has published in *Maga*. Again, it is the year of *A Double Thread* and of *No. 5, John St.*, but it is also the year of *Red Pottage* ; and, if the first two have sold the more, the last is incomparably the better reading. I read all three without prejudice: by which I mean that I knew nothing of the authors; and the result was that the moment I finished *Red Pottage*, I sent out for *Diana Tempest*, which I had seen somewhere described as Miss Cholmondeley's best book. I do not think it is—though I *do* think it is a better story. But I am happy to believe that I have a certain sense of humour—(this, though I confess that I may seem to have treated the apotheosis of our new Five o'Clock Tragic somewhat seriously)—and that above all things I love a Fool. Now, in *Red Pottage* ¶ Miss Cholmondeley has given me a fool—a fool and his wife even; and I delight in both. All the rest of the novel seems to me capable enough—the work of a writer with brains, and an eye for character, and a fine capacity for its presentment, and some knowledge of life, and a certain sense of style. But the foolish parson and his helpmeet are, whatever I may have said elsewhere, the best of the book to me. Plainly Miss Cholmondeley has the gift of the Fool; and, if I may say so, I should like her to make all the use of it she can. Meanwhile, the worst I can report of *Red Pottage* is that, at the time of writing, it bids fair to sell better than *No. 5, John St.*, and even to dispute with *A Double Thread* **—a novel which may be described as a fairy absurdity tempered by effects in epigram—the rather dubious honour of being “the Book of the Year.” In one way this is a good sign; since, as I imagine, even the Three-Fingered Jacks of criticism, the gentlemen who distribute praise and blame over half a dozen signatures, cannot but be impressed by an excellent sale and a steady demand. But in another I should take it for the worst sign possible: inasmuch as it would seem to show that at last the Mob—Dr. Robertson

* London: Macmillan.

† London: Methuen.

‡ London and Edinburgh: Blackwood.

§ London: Heinemann.

|| London: Grant Richards.

¶ London: Arnold.

** London: Hutchinson.

Nicoll's public—and I were at one. A conclusion which would fill me with despair.

I can say little of the Stevenson *Letters**; for the very simple reason that I decline to write, on any terms, about R. L. S. until the final estimate is given to the world. But I cannot choose but think of them as a part of '99, and I cannot choose but say that, while Vol. II., with its anxious babble of royalties and moralities, is depressing, I thought Vol. I., with Mr. Colvin's *éloge*—a thing chaste yet spirited, academic yet significant, elegant and at the same time touched with vision and emotion—exceeding good reading. Mr. Fitzpatrick's full and masterly presentment of the South African trouble,† as it was before Mr. Kruger showed his hand to the world at large, has passed into history, and needs no praise from me. Yet another book which looms large in my memory, albeit for very different reasons, is a certain excellent complication concerning old-world Scotland. Not very long ago it was my misfortune to have to write about a certain distinguished Scotsman.‡ In the course of my essay, which (I should add) was greeted with howls of fury, which are repeated every 25th of January, wherever "The Immortal Memory" is drunk in solemn silence. Yet 'twas but a part of the truth that I told—a very small part, too; and I cannot help wondering what would have happened to me had I gone into details, and set things forth with anything like the zest, the spirit, and the amazing particularity displayed by Mr. Henry Grey Graham in his two volumes, *The Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century*.§ Certes, any one of Mr. Graham's chapters had cost me my life; yet, so far as I know, he has gone, and still goes, utterly unscathed: despite the fact that "puir auld Scotia," as she is presented in this most curious book of his, almost obliges you to stop your nose in the very act of considering, and to pass on the other side, averting your eyes even at the moment when you are asked to look your worst. Yet am I reproved, year in year out, for calling that Edinburgh which was visited by Him that shall be Nameless, "drunken, dirty, lettered, venerable," and for hinting that His heroines were not all-compact of "youth, beauty, and clean linen"! Well, well . . . This it is to be an Englishman, and touch the thistle. *Nemo me impune lacessit*: so runs the device. And, by my head, I live to show that it runs so not in vain.

Have you read Mr. Kenneth Graham's delicious little masterpieces? If you have not (Courteous Reader), you are hereby advised to read them as soon, and as often, as you can. If you have (and, being a person of parts, you have, I know), I would commend to your notice two books in the same key: to wit, Mrs. Harker's *Ivée Folk, Good Folk* || and E. Nesbit's *The Treasure Seekers*.¶ Both are excellent, and each is excellent in its own way. Mrs. Harker's formula is poles apart from E. Nesbit's, nor have E. Nesbit's methods and ambitions anything at all in common with Mrs. Harker's. Where the two meet is in their love for and their understanding of the Child. E. Nesbit is boldly dramatic: she puts her stories into the mouth of a boy, and her general effect is perplexingly, well-nigh convincingly, good. Mrs. Harker, on the other hand, is content to tell stories; and she does

* London: Methuen.

† *The Transvaal from Within*. London: Heinemann.

‡ At this date I scarce dare think of him, and in writing can hint at his identity only thus: R-b-rt B-rns.

§ London: Adam and Charles Black.

|| London: Duckworth.

¶ London: Fisher Unwin.

what she sets out to do with a tact, a reticence, a lightness of touch, a sureness of vision, which are not common in literature. To be read with these—and with *The Golden Age* and *Dream Days* and certain pages in *Great Expectations* and *David Copperfield* and *Holiday Romance*—is *The Human Boy*,* which is work as pleasant, as just, as capable, as Mr. Eden Phillpotts has ever done.

I had hoped to say something of *The Drama of Yesterday and To-Day*,† but, I confess, I am not equal to the task. When I was young and bloody-minded, and was convinced that I had a mission, I might, perhaps, have risen to the occasion, and mangled the book and its writer as they deserve. But I am elderly and placable; and I am content to “let them slide” (as Mr. Scott would say), with the reflection that, if the writer be indeed a representative British Play-goer, and if his book do mirror fairly and evenly the mind of that astonishing entity, then is it no longer difficult to account for the “surpassing imbecility” of the existing British Theatre. For a restorative, commend me to a certain *History of the British Army*,‡ in which the Hon. J. W. Fortescue has told the story of Tommy Atkins and his captains, with admirable insight, with abounding scholarship, with the finest feeling for his hero and his hero's work, from the Black Prince's time to Marlborough's, and so to the end of the Seven Years' War. This, indeed, is a book to be proud of and to read in steadily; and I rejoice that, even thus late in what has been a fateful year for us, it has come my way.

W. E. H.

* London : Matheson.

† By Clement Scott. London : Macmillan.

‡ London : Macmillan.





A LOST OPPORTUNITY—THREE STAGES OF SENTIMENT—THE PROPER RESOLUTION—
A DUBIOUS EXPERIMENT—THE CHARMS OF THE OLD AND THE PROBABLE
HORRORS OF THE NEW—A POLITICAL PARALLEL—MR. SEAMAN'S BOOK—SATIRE
AND KINDNESS—OLD DUTCH HOUSES—A SUGGESTION—TO OUR BETTER HEALTH.

WHAT an opportunity have I lost! If I had but remembered two months or more ago that what I wrote then would be read now (*i.e.* at the end of December), instead of indulging with most other people in placid hopes about the war which events have shown to have been based on information more than ordinarily deficient—instead of these fatuous hopes I might have given you Christmassy sentiments and reflexions about the New Century. I wonder if they would have been welcome. For my part, I detest these customary and perfunctory effusions so much that they have a morbid fascination for me, and I have lately read about thirty articles all saying the same things about Christmas and the New Year, and all, as it seemed to a perhaps suspicious observer, equally insincere. And whether it be that same attraction of repulsion, or the fact that habit of any kind produces a physical craving, I am sure that a large majority of newspaper readers—which, alas!

is to say a majority of poor perverted white men—would seriously resent an omission to prattle about Christmas on the part of their favourite penny whistle.



BUT you will not want my sentiments on the subject in February or March, and probably they would not have been very daring or original. Christmas sentiment has three stages. The first, an indiscriminate rollicking jollity and benevolence, was triumphantly exploited by Dickens. The second, of which Mr. Punch was at one time the chief exponent, is cynical and dyspeptic, and makes much of unpaid bills and indigestible puddings. The third is a re-reaction: do not let us be curmudgeons; let us think of the dear children. I notice that Mr. Owen Seaman, in his new book of which I shall have a word to say later on, takes this third view, and points out to the curmudgeon that the youth of Christmas is eternal, and that it is he, the old fogey, who is out of date. I do not wish to start a re-re-reaction, but in this form the sentiment strikes me as a trifle unfair. Christmas festivities are the joy of children, and a man is not out of date and a dotard merely because he is grown up. Judged by this criterion we are most of us old fogs and dotards at twenty-five or so. For, unless you are luckier than most men in the accidents of life, all such anniversaries as that of Christmas must begin to be sad at an early age. You remember; there are gaps; the thing is hollow. To enjoy them whole-heartedly, without a sad thought, you must be wholly selfish and unfeeling—the very vice of which Mr. Seaman accuses his complaining fogey. But what is indubitably true is that the best way to enjoy Christmas is to think of the children only, and put one's own experiences and reflections on one side. The man or woman who cannot romp with children—except perhaps in the evanescent period of adoles-

cent priggishness—is lost. That is to say, if the atmosphere is natural and the children are not, as it were, thrown at one's head. One need not, indeed, follow all the impassioned eulogies of babyhood and childhood. Babyhood and childhood are apt to be callous and sel-

fish—a callous baby! your chance, Mr. Illustrator—and if they are “innocent” of grown-up vices they are also innocent of

grown-up virtues. But to resist the appeal of youth and freshness is to miss the most precious and the cheapest and the healthiest charm of life. At Christmas, therefore, let us romp with the children and forget.

AS for this Twentieth Century business, I admit that I regard it altogether without enthusiasm. It is not likely to be an improvement on the nineteenth century, which is or was anything but an improvement on the eighteenth. The eighteenth century brought social life, whether you study it in the letters of a man of the world like George Selwyn—read, if you cannot read the whole in the Historical MSS. Commission Report, the selection made by Mr. Roscoe and Miss Clergue (Unwin)—or in those of a woman who led a comparatively humdrum existence, like the incomparable Maria Josepha, first Lady Stanley of Alderley



(Longmans)—bother chronology: I count the first twenty years of the nineteenth as eighteenth century—the eighteenth century, I say, brought social life to its most admirable condition in human experience. The nineteenth has commercialised everything, until even Taste is fain to forget itself and howl aloud in the market-place for bread. Its boasted facilities of locomotion have destroyed the individual life of country places; its boasted swiftness of communication has ruined our nerves and made a quiet life, and almost made a sound judgment, impossible. Something happens: tick! tick! everybody has heard of it, everybody is committing himself to rash and ill-considered opinions, the newspapers are shrieking and exaggerating. In the last century that news would have arrived slowly, leisurely, but fully; and ill-considered opinions would have been tempered by the reflection that events in between must have altered the situation. As for this twentieth century, I cannot help thinking that Mr. Wells's hideous anticipations of its “improvements” are horribly approximate to



probability. We shall all grow exactly like one another, and a confounded uninteresting likeness it will be. We shall be busier doing sordid and tedious things than none we can conceive. We shall not have a moment for observation or contemplation; such "causeries" as this will disappear—think of that!—and their successors will be facts, or lies, yelled at you by some ugly engine.

SO I have little enthusiasm for the twentieth century. At the same time, being confident that my own tastes and habits, with all their anachronistic limitations and prejudices, are too firmly fixed in me to be essentially changed by moving streets and flying machines, I have no personal fear. But I do not anticipate much pleasure from reading optimistic forecasts in the papers. I observe, by the way, that some people have started a cunning theory that the new century will not begin until a year later, with a view, no doubt, to turning round next year and saying the century began a year ago, and so escaping the nuisance altogether. I do not profess to understand these abstruse calculations: they may be right or wrong. In any case the idea is well meant, but if I know my fellow-creatures, and more especially my fellow-writers, they will not be cheated out of their fatuities. However—I have said enough of the subjects I do not intend to discuss.

MANY people have observed a parallel between the war in the Transvaal and the Crimean War: there is no real parallel politically, and a certain likeness in the opening of the campaign and the too sanguine view we took of it is rather vague and elementary. But, so far as I know, nobody has noticed a parallel which is somewhat closer—the parallel between Lord Palmerston and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in the latter's recent appearances. If you read Charles Greville, for example, you will notice how similar was the effect of Lord Palmerston's speeches to that of Mr. Chamberlain's. Both statesmen, not sought, perhaps, but at least found, popularity in a spirited, defiant, "let-'em-all-come" tone towards foreign nations, and proportionately alarmed discreet persons. Lord Palmerston made a speech insulting Austria or Russia, and at once the political clubs and societies

were in a ferment. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried the wise and prudent, "this terrible man! Where will he lead us? What will they say in Petersburg, in Vienna? Can't anybody stop him?"

Much-sounding editors solemnly rebuked him. And somehow, in the country, even when the first impression was unfavourable, the ultimate effect was to confirm Lord Palmerston's popularity and to inspire a belief that he was the statesman

on whom it could rely to assert England's importance and to stand no nonsense from foreigners. I should hesitate to say that this is happening in Mr. Chamberlain's case—on the whole I think it probable—and I am far from insinuating that he has been forming himself on that model, but the parallel is not without instruction.



MR. OWEN SEAMAN'S book, "Cap and Bells" (Lane), would be a notable little book at most times, but is particularly notable at this time, when the quality of wit is almost non-existent in our literature. We have many writers who can shout about nothing in particular, some who can talk agreeably about the same subject, and a few who can do the big bow-wow with some effect; but our funny men, with very few exceptions indeed, confine themselves to clowning—by which word I mean no disrespect to them at all. Mr. Seaman never clowns; indeed, mere fun is hardly his pursuit at any time. He has been compared with Calverley, and the comparison is rather more superficial and stupid than such comparisons are in the habit of being. He has not Calverley's lightness and grace and pleasant laugh: on the other hand, Calverley had not, or did not show in his verses, Mr. Seaman's critical acuteness and depth. All parody is criticism, of course, but Mr. Seaman is less a parodist who is necessarily a critic than a critic who expresses himself in parody. His game is not to divert you with an absurd reminiscence of somebody's form so much as to arrive accurately at somebody's point of view and method of

thought, and then to express that unfortunate somebody in verses which, except for a slight and occasional exaggeration, that somebody might have written. For example, his imitation—I think the most brilliant thing in the book—of Mr. Meredith's odes on French history :

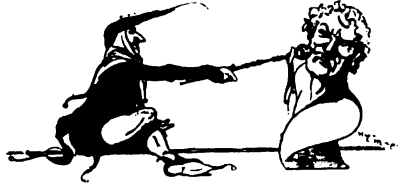
“Rooster her sign,
Rooster her pugnant note, she struts
Evocative, amazon spurs aprick at heel” :

Mr. Meredith has of Napoleon :

“Cannon his name,
Cannon his voice, he came.
Who heard of him heard shaken hills,
All earth at quake, to quiet stamped.”

So far the parody is without exaggeration. “A dual blast, the intern and the extern, blizzards both”—there you have the comic touch, the slap, rather a hard slap, at a famous and much wondered-at passage in the original. “The Woman with the Dead Cert” is more than a very neat *reductio ad absurdum* of Mr. Stephen Phillips's accentuation ; it is an exposure, so to speak, of Mr. Phillips's weaker kind of sentiment. I said that those whom Mr. Seaman elects to parody were unfortunate : of course I did not mean that any of them had reason to resent the parody ; but I do not think Mr. Seaman a kind critic. And I am glad not to think it. There is a fashion of insisting that all satire and parody and caricature should be kind and good-natured, and calculated to flatter its object rather than otherwise. It is a stupid and flabby and hollow fashion, and if it were confirmed would abolish the arts it seeks to regulate. The best of satire has never been kind and good-natured. Socrates in Aristophanes, Croker in Thackeray, Tigellinus in Juvenal, are not good-natured portraits ; in every case the victim gets a good drubbing. There must be sympathy of a kind with the victim, and understanding of him, for the critic to be good ; but the good satirist is, as it were, kind only to be cruel. Not that Mr. Seaman is a bitter critic, or malicious ; he is never one or the other. But when he sees a fault he says so plainly. That good quality sometimes has its defect, of course. That the goad should find out the tender spot and prod it hard is part of the game, but there should not be a knock-down blow. There is just a little of the counsel for the

prosecution in Mr. Seaman's manner. In treating Mr. Alfred Austin, for example, one would rather prefer that the parodist should dance round that remarkable poet, whereas Mr. Seaman is inclined to run at him and knock him head over heels. But as a critic in the form of parody he is without a rival, and apart from his ability in execution it is his good merit that as critic and satirist he plays the game, and does not try to combine it with distributing sugar-plums.



Of his serious poems an ode to Queen Wilhelmina is a very graceful accomplishment of a difficult task. He reminds us, by the way, that the Dutch are nearer akin to us than they are to the Germans—a fact which it is to be hoped we and they will be able some day to remember in practice.

MENTION of the Dutch brings me to a sumptuous and beautiful book which has been sent me called “Old Colonial Houses of the Cape of Good Hope,” illustrated and described by Alys Fane Trotter, with a chapter on the origin of old Cape Architecture by Herbert Baker (Batsford). There is no harm in remembering that, if the Boers are rightly our enemies, their ancestors or kin, who were the original settlers in Cape Colony, had qualities of grit and hardihood which we of all people should hold in respect. Beside other qualities, which make a readier appeal to the English mind, they had a sense of what is comely and seemly in building. Many of the plates from Mrs. Trotter's drawings are of houses and gates and halls beyond question beautiful. The modifications of the style of old houses in Amsterdam and old homesteads in the Holland country are appropriate and happy. In particular there are pictures of Groot Constantia, once famous for its wine, which show a simple and stately decoration absolutely charming and satisfying. There are some curious stories in connection with these houses. One of the Dutch governors at the end of the seventeenth century

Willem Adriaan van der Stal, aroused the jealousy of the farmers by his agricultural operations, and was (it seems) accused in particular of living in an unreasonably sumptuous house. Put on his defence by the Dutch East India Company, he produced a picture, given in the book, of the house in question. It shows a simple enough dwelling, with the beginnings of a formal garden, lions and other big game strolling in the vicinity, and hills in the background—a curious and interesting picture. I am no expert in architecture, and Mrs. Trotter confesses in her preface that she is not one either, but I can safely say that her pictures are extremely well drawn and attractive. I would exchange my attic for one of those old houses.

FOR London is not very pleasant now—is it, or rather was it? When London really gives its mind to being inclement and uncomfortable, it is hard to beat. Poisoning fog and biting cold one day—the patron has not yet sent me the fur coat—and the next pelting rain and a bath of mud. Why does anybody live in it? Why—but to-morrow there may be a fine sun, and Piccadilly will be smiling again. No, not smiling, there is an emptiness and gloom in Piccadilly on the finest day at this time . . . and what egotists are we who can think of petty discomforts at such a time? Not egotism, madam, but mere habit, and the knowledge that we, who haply for one reason or another must be stay-at-homes, can do no good by being different from our ordinary selves. There is, however, one reason for staying at home which should not be. The

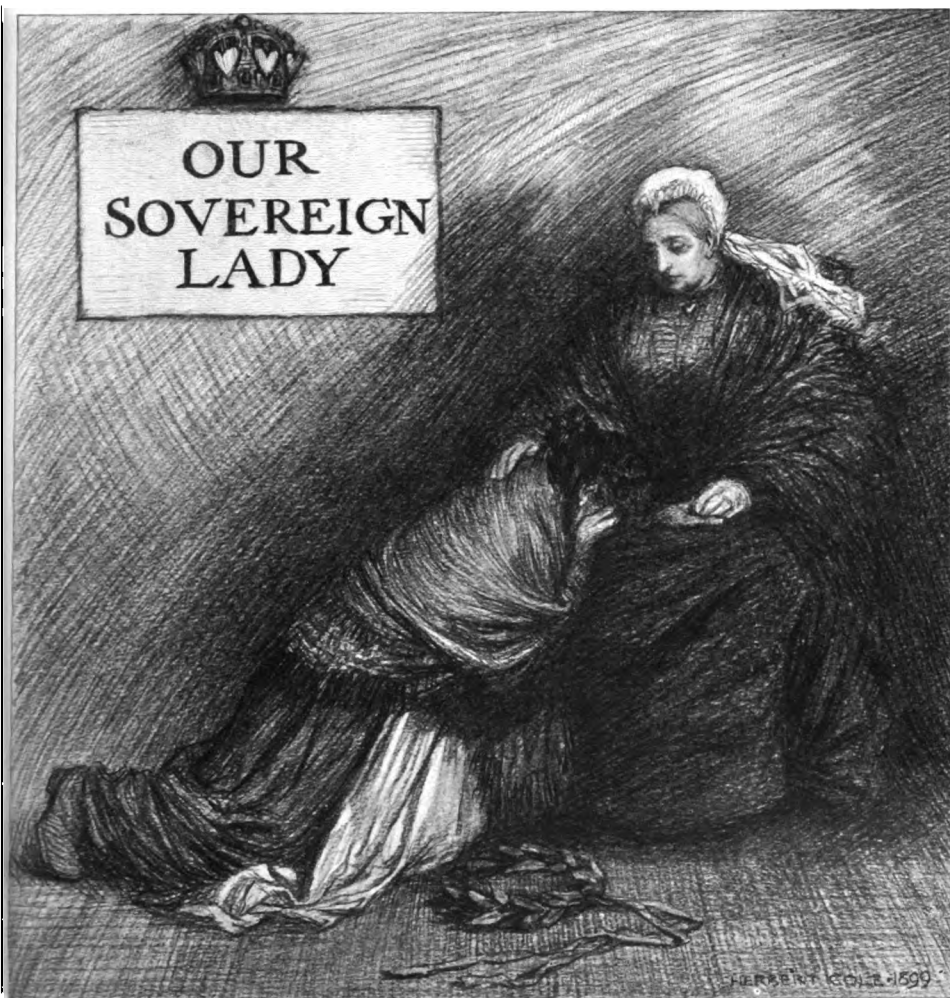
lesson of the war, we are told, is that citizen armies are the armies of the future. Should it not be possible for the country, in return for a pledge to be at its disposal when called upon, to give able-bodied men the opportunity of the rifle-range and the riding-school



free of cost, which most of them cannot spare, and with a minimum of fussing? . . . But I am on a very serious subject, one hardly in my province. . . . The times are bad while I write; may they be better when you read!

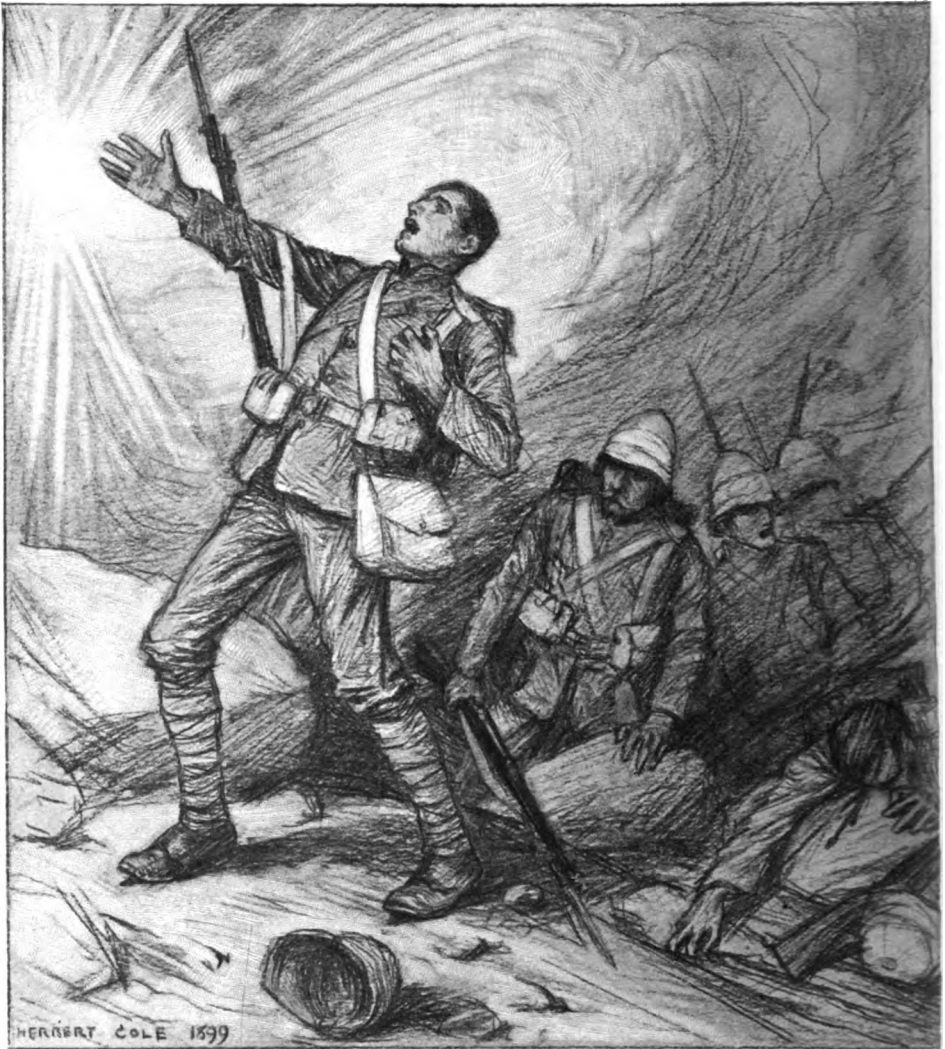
G. S. STREET.





AS one who sees a face sore missed of late
 In Memory's mirror shining soft and clear,
 Nor cares that others deem it wise or great,
 Remembering only that it is most dear :
 So we count less our Queen's Imperial part,
 An Empress ruling an historic throne,
 But dwell upon Her tender Woman's heart
 That makes the Nation's joys and cares Her own.

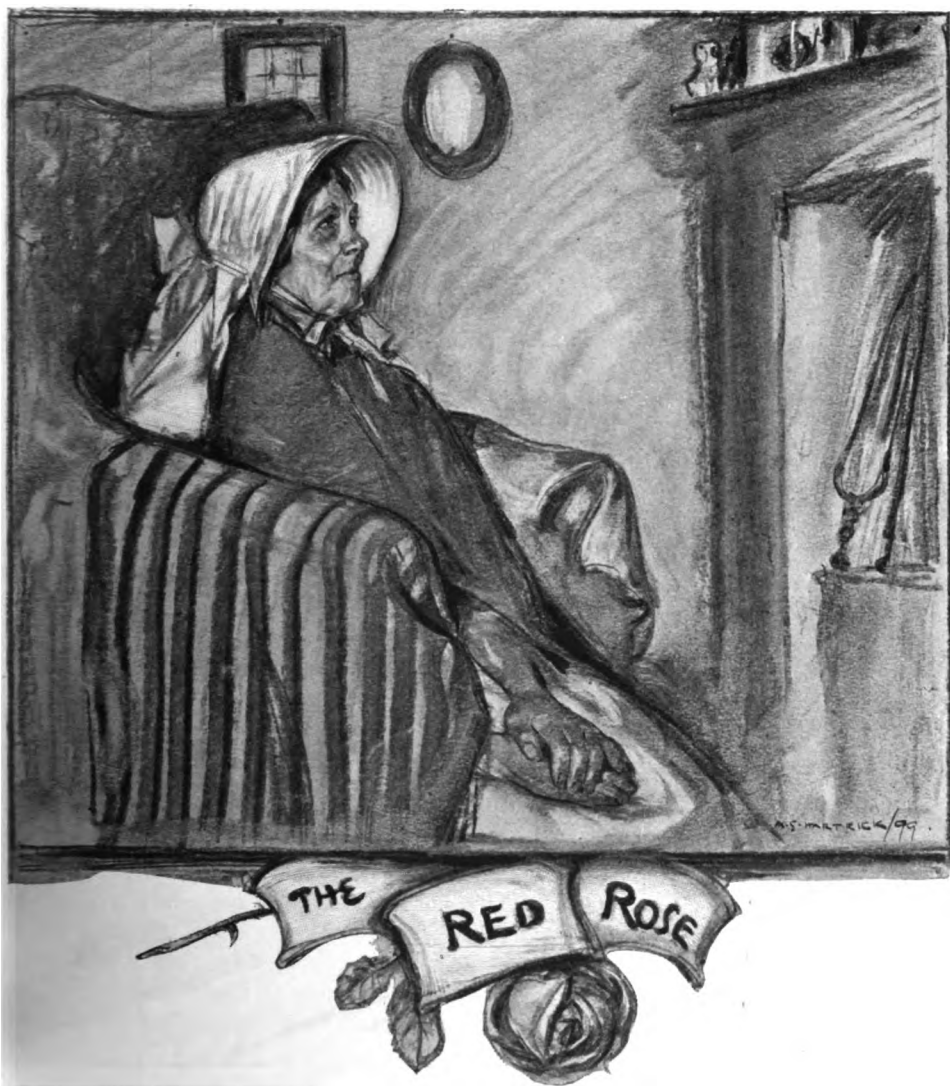
In the long record of a glorious reign
 This thing Her People surely hold the chief,
 That She has sorrow'd in their hour of pain,
 And borne with them the burden of their grief.
 Now, when the stillness of the startled air
 Is broken by the sullen roar of guns,
 Her Mother's eyes are dim with anxious care,
 Her soul is heavy for Her absent sons.



The Sick who toss upon their fever'd bed,
 The Wounded journeying home across the sea,
 The Rich and Poor who weep their gallant Dead—
 Each find a place in Her deep sympathy.
 And though the beauty of the sunset hour
 Is marred by strife and clamour fierce and rude,
 Yet still more brightly shines in gracious power
 Of gentle acts Her Royal Womanhood.

To-day, as in heroic days of old,
 Men's love and loyalty are set aflame,
 Courage revives, and Hope once more grows bold
 At the strong inspiration of a Name :
 And country lads with hot and passionate breath
 Cheer as they cheered upon some village green,
 And rush tumultuous up the steep of Death,
 Shouting with dying lips—God Save the Queen !

CHRISTIAN BURKE.



WHEER I lived to as a maiden, folks believed anything you told 'em ; an' for that matter theer be other plaaces beside Little Silver, wheer men an' women are awnly tu ready for any new thing. But they say the times o' signs an' wonders is past now—long past away—an' my gran'children do laugh at me an' my old-time sayin's. Teacher to school larns 'em different nowadays, though I doubt theer's things worth knawin' still, such as a body's manners to his betters, as these here new-fangled schools caan't teach the bwoys an' gals, 'cause them as be set up in authority doan't know theerselves what's comely an' what ban't. That's neither here nor theer, but I reckon the wisdom o' God doan't change wi' the larnin' o' men, an' what vartue was put in the herb o' the field be theer still though no man plucks it now. An' other things deeper yet, things handed down from generation to generation, by white witches, an' black tu, for that matter. I know, I know, for I be eighty year auld an'

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wears things against my skin to this day: gude charms I warn 'e—though the nature of 'em ban't for your ear, 'less you should laugh at me an' count me a silly auld mump-head.

"You'm lookin' at that dead rose 'pon the mantelshelf under a li'l glass shade. I thought you was. It have bided theer, between them two white cloam dogs, through winter an' summer for fifty year; an' 'tis more'n that since it budded and blawed. 'Twould fall to dust if you moved un; yet I'd not have it do so till I be put away; then the poor withered thing 'll go under wi' me—back to the red airth us both sprunged from so long since. My childer smile at me—they'm fathers an' mothers now theerselves; an' theer childer laugh, for what lad or lass caan't teach theer gran'mother to suck eggs nowadays? But theer 'tis yet—the ghostie of a li'l, red rose, an' so dear to me as the memory of the time when 'twas plucked; an' the dead wan as plucked it. An' a mystery, tu; for though theer ban't no magic in the story, yet it comed forth o' magic, if you understand me: 'twas a strange happening as could never have falled out but for my faith in hidden sayin's believed when I was a gal.

My maiden name was Bassett, Margaret Bassett, younger darter of Sexton Bassett—a man as digged more graves by all accounts than ever a sexton to Little Silver afore. Gude havage* the Bassetts comed of, though they've sinked to the soil of late. But I held my head so high as them as had gone afore me when I was nineteen, being a bowerly, pink-an'-white maid, though I sez it, wi' hair black grape colour in the sun, darker'n a winter night in shadow. So Enoch was pleased to think. That was the Bible name of un; an t'other was Dawe. A under gardener him, up to Oakshotts when fust I knawed un—a man six foot tall, wi' a red skin an' sand-coloured hair, an' eyes so blue as lupins. The Little Silver gals laughed at un somewhat, why for I couldn't tell 'e; for he was a man of seemly outward paarts, a clean liver an' wan as stood to work. But his amazin' directness of speech made him 'pear differ'n't to other men. He talked little enough, but allus to the point. Weern't no more 'feared o' the naked truth than you o' that cat sleepin' 'pon the hearthstone. An' as he telled it in season an' out, he didn't have so many friends as he might. Silent by nature tu, an' short an' sharp in manner; but Squire, as was a plain-dealer hisself, found out the worth of un, an' said in company, as I heard through Tom Aggett, footman to Oakshotts, that Enoch Dawe was 'bout the awnly man ever he met that 'peared unequal to lyin'.

Though a under-gardener, even to Oakshotts, was a chap a long way under the point of my nose as I cocked it in them days, yet I grawed friends wi' Enoch—out of curiosity fust, then from other reasons. I let un take me to a fairing wi' my sister Jane; an' I went up to Oakshotts to see the fine things he'd worked theer—'mazin' carpet-beddin' an' such-like furrin' gardenin', wi' man's thoughts all copied out in God's grawin' things. Butivul 'twas, for certain, an' cost a mint o' money, so Enoch said.

He never spawk soft—never so much as squeezed my hand. Words was allus hard wi' him; an', in his jonic way, if he'd said anything at all to me 'twould have been the truth; an' he was feared to tell that. But I was wife-auld, an' a peart gal very interested in men-folk; an' I seed in the blue eyes of un all what he thought about me. They was so honest as his tongue, you see, an' couldn't hide the truth. For though a strong man may keep the bit 'pon his lips most times, he can't prevent his eyes from tellin' li'l secrets here an' theer, not if they'm honest eyes, like Enoch's was.

* Ancestry.



"Jane, her blinded my eyes wi' a handkercher."

I'll make haste now to a Midsummer Eve when the world weer fifty year younger, an' maids simpler in their ways, an' not 'shamed of puttin' faith in fairy stories. Me an' my sister Jane it was; an' the moon in the sky, an' a blush o' pale light still broodin' awver the hidden road of the sun behind the high lands above Little Silver up Dartmoor way. Theer us stood at Midsummer midnight in our li'l garden o' flowers—sweet-williams, lad's love, pinks, grannie's nightcaps, an' herbs for many uses. 'Twas a glitter o' dew below an' stars above; an' the valley silent save for an auld owl from Farmer Vogwell's owl-tree; an' the airth asleep; an' the distant cots, as climbs the hill theer far off, lookin' like white goblin men a-squat on the moor-side wi' theer eyes blinkin' in the moon an' theer thatches silver bright.

Us was theer, me an' Jane, 'pon a strange errand for sure, an' you may laugh if you'm pleased to; though theer's nought to laugh at so far as I can see. You must know that if a blindfolded maiden plucks a rose 'pon Midsummer night at the bell-stroke of twelve o'clock, theer'll be found deep vartue in such a flower. So 'twas thought then; an' a wise woman—as be dead now an' wiser still, I doubt—had told me how such a blossom, plucked at such a time, should be wrapped careful in white paper, an' hoarded away from the light, an' kept in a secret place till Christmas marnin'. An' then the maid as picked it would find her rose so fresh an' fair as 'twas six month afore. Next, her care must be to set it on her bosom when she went forth; an' then 'twould prove a loadstone of power, an' draw—will he, nill he, the man as God had willed to be her master. Ess fay, 'twould draw un to her against all fightin'; an' he would put out his hand an' take the rose from the gal; an' wi'in a year an' a day them two would be man and wife, so sure as the sun's in heaven. Which things I believed most steadfast when I was nineteen.

That was our errand then; an', no ways 'shamed, us stood theer in our nightgowns, wi' awnly the moon to see; an' Jane, her blinded my eyes wi' a handkercher, and I done the like for her. Then us turned about wance or twice, till in doubt wheer we was tu, an' waited for the chimin' of the hour from the church. Presently it tolled out, an', 'pon the twelfth stroke, us put forth our hands; an' Jane laughed, for she met a bud straightway; an' I hollered, for I pricked myself cruel an' touched nought but thorns. Yet I found a rose tu, though I smarted for it; an' then us took the bandages off our eyes, an' went in the house, an' lighted a cannel, an' found as Jane had picked a white monthly rose, an' I'd a got a red 'un. So we wrapped the flowers in white paper an' stored 'em snugly away till Christmas. Half in jest, half in earnest, I reckon us was; but Jane hoped least from her white rose, for she weern't much to see in the eyes of men. Awnly when a body comed to know her heart, the faace of her grawed into new meaning.

Time rolled along to Autumn an' the fall of the leaf; an' nothin' much happened 'cept Enoch Dawe 'peared more tongue-tied than ever when along wi' me. Not that I should have taken any gert count of that, for us had our lives afore us; but I noticed that Jane an' him was grawin' a bit close tu. Her never lost a chance of sayin' a gude word for the man, an', what 'peared terrible coorious was, that though when along with me speech comed so hard with him that us would often walk a mile wi'out a word; yet, to Jane, he could talk so natural as a duck can swim. I grawed a bit dark in my mind, but I could't tell even then what I thought about it; much less can I now, arter all these years. Jane, I reckon, was the best woman the world's ever shawed me; but, come winter, it set me shakin' to hear her praise of Enoch Dawe noon an' night. I weern't a comin'-on

maid, but I'd grawed to love the man by then, an' very like theer'd have been bitter words between me an' Jane 'fore long. Awnly Christmas was a busy time, an' us didn't have much chance for quarrel.

'Pon Christmas Eve I was dog-tired, I mind, an' I went to sleep almost afore I'd got into bed. But 'twas as though I'd put a bit o' yarrow under my pillow, for I dreamed of Enoch Dawe that night—a gashly auld dream as shawed un to me coffined. 'Through the lid I could see un, tap, tap, tapping, an' calling out to my faither to stir hisself an' dig a grave for un. I woke wi' a scream, an' theer was a light in the chamber, an' Jane, who slept along wi' me, stood by my side an' axed what was amiss.

"I was stirring," she said, "an' you 'peared so onrestful an' wisht that I was gwaine to wake 'e when you waked yourself. What's wrong with 'e?"

"Nought," I answered her; "nought but a bad dream."

She shivered, for 'twas a cruel cold, starved Christmas that year, an' blawed out the light an' comed into my bed for warmth. Then us was soon asleep again, an' I dreamed no more, gude or ill.

Come marnin', what should Jane do but rise up an' rummage in a auld desk of gran'mother's where she kept her trinkets an' treasures?

But tweern't for some brooch or other adornment to brighten herself Christmas Day, for she took out from bottom of the desk her white rose; an' I seed her fingers shake a bit as she awpened the paper. But that might have been my fancy. Then she gived a low cry.

"Withered up!" she said,—“withered to nought but dust, my poor li'l white rose!"

"Sarves you right for such foolishness," I told her, "an' me tu, for I lay my red rose be so fady as your white wan. Ban't no magic left in the world now," I said, "because all the witches be dead this many a day, for sartain."

To tell 'e plain truth, I'd most forgot all about the rosen, an' mine might have bided to the bottom of my box till crack o' doom for me; but now, seeing



"I awpened the paper, an'—my stars! Theer was my red rose."

sister so set 'pon it, an' not sorry to show her I was no better off than she, I turned the changes out my box, an' theer, at the bottom, under a sprig or two of rosemary, as I'd put along with it, was the flower. I pulled un out, awpened the paper an'—my stars! 'Theer was my red rose, sweet as June, fresh an' butivul to see, wi' the very dew o' night 'pon un, same as in the moony hour of bygone Midsummer when I picked un!

I thought I was dreamin' again till Jane spoke; but her words told me she seed same as me.

"You'm wrong," she said, keeping 'mazin' quiet; "theer's magic in the world yet."

I took the rose to the dim marnin' light, an' found as it were living leaf an' petal, stalk an' scent. A real blood-red rose; an' biting frost 'pon all the airth, an' ice inside our window-panes!

For a moment I was feared, an' scared cruel. You see I minded the rest of the auld tale, an' it looked an awful thing to read the future by wearin' of un. A dark thing it looked to me, I do assure 'e. Weern't much better'n Witch of Endor to my frightened thinking, an' I most shivered when I remembered that so sure as I went out in the village wearin' of my rose, I should meet the man ordained to marry me. An' if no man comed an' took it, then I should bide a maid. So I was for burnin' the flower, though half in doubt as to what might hap if I thraved un in the fire; but Jane awverbore me an' spoke so strong 'pon it that I said as I'd do what she bid.

"You caan't in reason go back now," she told me. "My flower be dead, an' that shaws theer ban't no lover for me, so I must make shift to go on wi' my life alone; but your red rose means a living, loving man, I'll stake my life, an' 'twill be flyin' in the very faace o' Providence to set such a sign at nought. Wear the thing to church, come marnin' sarvice,—'tis a charm for gude, not evil, I promise 'e."

So I gived way, an' set the rose in water till arter breaksis, an' then, in a flurry, went off wi' Jane, prinked out in Sunday clothes wi' the flower 'pon my breast—throbbing to my young heart's throb. Even now I flicker up when I think of it, an' my auld blood do come an' go faster from my cheek as I call home that Christmas. I was that full o' myself that I fancied the whole world was lookin' 'pon my rose, an' I shooked like a leaf when any lad I knawed comed nigh me, an' turned away from the males as though they was Red Injins. A mizmaze I was in—a terrible coorious sensation—an' the smell o' the rose in church most made me scream out more'n wance. Yet theer 'twas, full an' fresh, sitting under my chin so calm an' sweet as any flower what ever blawed in proper season 'stead of a heathen, bewitched thing as was picked six months afore an' did ought by rights to have been dust an' ashes long since with all the other flowers of the flown summer.

An', comin' out o' church, I mind how Samson Chugg, the blacksmith, as was disposed to be soft wheer I was consarned, comes up an' gives me joy o' the day; an' I gathers myself to myself, as if the man had been a mouse or a beetle, an' I sez:

"You keep your distance, Samson Chugg!"

An' he graws beet-red, naturally enough 'fore such an ondacent speech, an' sez: "All right, all right, mistress Spitfire," he sez. "I wasn't gwaine to kiss 'e onder a lich-gate," he sez. "Doan't give yourself such damn silly airs," he sez. "just 'cause Heaven's given 'e graces!"

People laughed, an' I could have cried—cried salt tears—to think of havin'

made myself such a giglet afore all the bettermost folks of the parish. An' I couldn't see Jane nowheers, nor faither neither, so just set off back-along so fast as my legs would bear me. In a passion tu, to mind what a fule I'd shown myself.

Then, gwaine up the lane from the village to wheer us lived in them days, I seed a long man in Sunday black leanin' awver a gate; an' my heart went up in my mouth, for 'twas Enoch Dawe. He turned; an' he seed the rose. I know he seed it, for 'twas shakin'; an' I grawed faintylike, an' everything swimmied round in my eyes.



"He put out a hand; an' my rose was gone."

"Merry Christmas to 'e, Margery," he sez, "an' a Happy New Year, an' plenty of 'em!"

"Thank you," I sez, my voice no bigger'n a hedge-sparrow's.

Then he made a sort o' sound, not speech—a gaspin' sort o' sound 'twas—an' put out a hand; an' my rose was gone.

"I must; I must do it, sweetheart!" I heard un say; then I comed awver queer, an' shut my eyes; an' I reckon as I'd have falled in the hedge if he hadn't seed I didn't. When I looked again, theer the man was wi' my red rose between his teeth, an' his faace matchin' the colour of it. He'd used both hands seemin'ly to hold me up, though wan would have done seeing the huge strength of him.

"Doan't say no; doan't say no, Margery, my dear woman," he begs of me, wi' a voice so squeaky as a cheel's. "I'll be a gude husband to 'e all the days o' my nat'ral life if you'll let me."

What could a poor, dazed gal do? An' I did love un, whether or no. But I just had sense to think of sister.

"'Tis Jane as you loves, I reckon, Enoch Dawe," I said.

An' he answered, all in wan piece:—

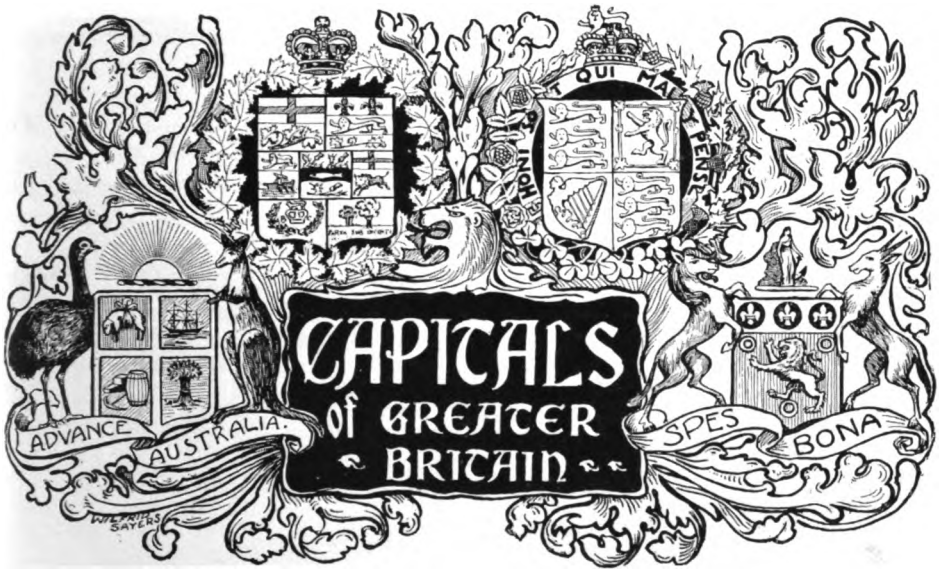
"No, her loves you, not me. Us conspired together against 'e, for I bein' so slaw of speech couldn't faace 'e; an' I tawld her how 'twas with me; an' her minded that midsummer night; an' 'twas her gude thought—solemn truth. She said as how you'd hoarded a red rose, an' shawed me the bush; an' I took a

braave cutting of it by night, an' bore it up to Oakshotts, an' set it in a hot plaace under glass, an' tended it, same as I'd tend you, my dinky maid. An' the buds comed, for her forced butivul; an' the flowers was theer when I wanted 'em; an' yester-noon I cut a purty bud—this here wan—an' gived it to your sister. She done the rest, I see; for her promised me as you'd wear it this marnin', an' bid me pluck it from 'e, same as what I done. "'Twill make talk between 'e,' Jane said, 'an' loose your lips'; an' so it have seemin'ly; for, God's my judge, I never talked so much to man or maid afore in all my life."

Then he waited, wi' a world o' fear on his faace, to see whether I'd taake it kind or hard. An', what wi' the upstore my heart was in, an' the prayer in the eyes of un, an' the gert body o' the man, an' the gude name he'd a-got, an' the thought of sister, as had worked so clever unbeknawnst to bring it all about—I took it kind.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.





KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

IT would be hard to find a fairer type of our tropical Empire cities than Kingston, the capital of Jamaica and metropolis of the British West Indies. The elusive beauties of this glorious "Isle of Springs" are beyond artist's brush or poet's golden words. Inadequate description were almost sacrilege. Even the American tourist's cheerful loquacity is silenced, as he gazes from the deck of his steamer upon a radiant vision of white houses and waving palm-trees, stretching



"King's House," the Governor's Residence.

From a photograph by A. Duperley & Sons, Kingston.]



The Rodney Monument, Spanish Town.

From a photograph by J. W. C. Brennan, Kingston.]

from the shores of a sapphire harbour to the foot-hills of vast blue mountains, that float ever in a haze of lapis-lazuli.

The premier position of Kingston as capital of the island is of comparatively recent date. Jamaica's romantic past, blazoned across every page of West Indian history, had much to do with the making of the British Empire; but in that past Kingston has small part. The lion's share of the honour is divided between the two ancient seats of government, Port Royal and Saint-Jago-de-la-Vega (now called Spanish Town). Jamaica was discovered in 1494 by Columbus, during his second voyage to the New World. He aptly described the corrugated appearance of its mountains and valleys by crumpling up a piece of paper and telling Queen Isabella, "Your Majesty, that's Jamaica." The Spaniards, moved by their lust of blood and gold, exterminated the gentle aborigines and held the island until 1655. In that year Oliver Cromwell, stirred by Milton's fiery verses demanding vengeance for English blood spilled by Spaniards in the West Indies, despatched a strong expedition, under Admiral Penn and General Venables, to capture the rich island of Hispaniola, now known as Haiti. Beaten off with heavy loss by the Spaniards there, they huddled pell-mell into their ships, and came over to Jamaica, with the soldiers dying on the decks in scores like rotten sheep, and "the Admiral and the General cursing one another right heartily." Luckily, the Spaniards in this island ran away without fighting; but when Cromwell heard about the business, he hanged Admiral and General impartially for "only taking Jamaica." A grosser insult was never offered to our fair "Isle of Springs." We have felt sore against Cromwell ever since. From that time to the present day, Jamaica, almost alone

of the British West Indies, has never passed even temporarily under the sceptre of a foreign foe.

Soon after the conquest of Jamaica, Port Royal became the chief rendezvous of the buccaneers of the Caribbean Sea, a romantic company of arrant and daring blades. The softening hand of time has worn the rough edges off their iniquities, and the adventurous mind loves to recall their amazing exploits. They used to come to Port Royal at the end of a successful cruise laden with gold almost beyond the dreams of avarice, but easily dissipated in a fortnight's drunken orgie. When the land sharks had got all the pieces-of-eight, the buccaneers had nothing for it but to put to sea and singe the King of Spain's beard once more. Only the greatest of them all, Henry Morgan, came to a respectable end. He possessed the genius and ambition of a Napoleon; but his character was marred by cruelty and treachery. He even cheated his own men in the division of the booty. Charles II. ordered him to come to England and be hanged. He went, taking with him some priceless diamonds—won in the sack of Panama—to hang round the pretty neck of Mistress Gwynn. Of course that melted Charles: he knighted the "mighty thief," and made him Governor of Jamaica. With all the zeal of a convert, Morgan set to work to hang his former comrades in rows at Port Royal, and eventually died in the odour of sanctity. An unspeakable fellow!

More creditable history followed. For two centuries the Caribbean Sea was the battle-ground of Europe's navies. The bones of countless gallant sailors wash

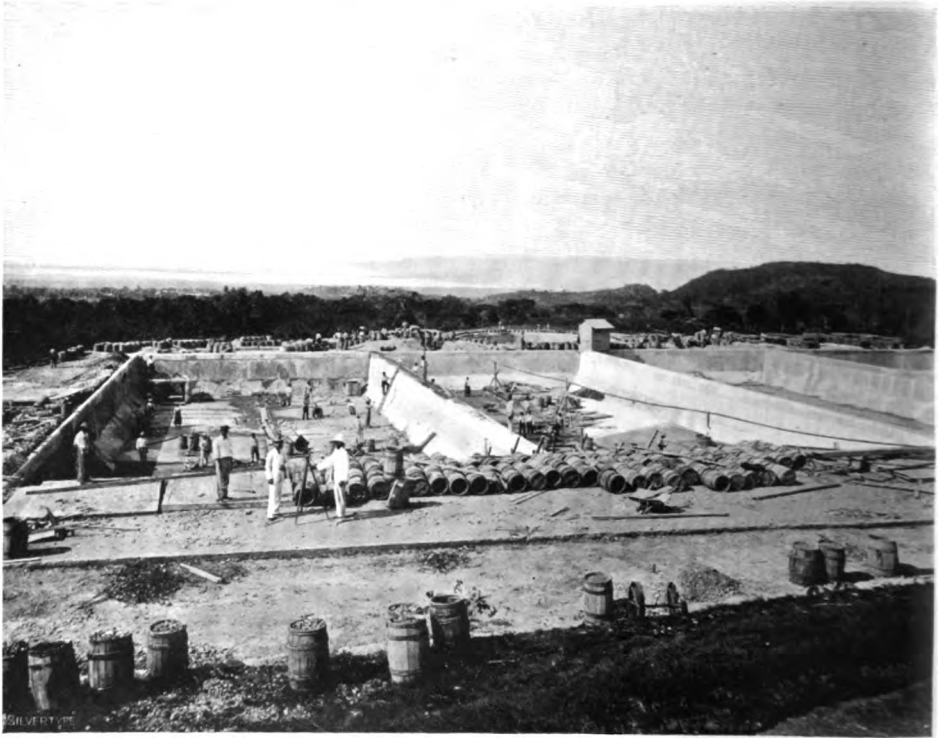


Port Royal.

From a photograph by A. Duperley & Sons, Kingston.]

to and fro among the coral beneath its blue waters. From Port Royal many of England's greatest admirals sailed to vanquish the French or Spanish foe, and build up Britain's ocean empire. Glorious old Benbow sleeps in Kingston's venerable Parish Church, beneath a memorial tablet.

"Here lyeth interred the body of John Benbow, Esquire, Admiral of the White, a true pattern of English courage, who lost his life in defence of hys Queene and country, November ye 4th, 1702, by a wound in hys leg received in an engagement with Monsieur du Casse, being much lamented."



Building Water Reservoirs at Kingston.

From a photograph by J. W. C. Brennan, Kingston.]

At the time of England's greatest peril, when the American colonies had snatched their independence, and France and Spain were banded together against her, the gallant Rodney won his ever-memorable victory over De Grasse, at the Battle of the Saints, and brought a fleet of fine prizes in triumph to Port Royal. The people of Jamaica had dreaded a threatened French and Spanish invasion, and had made desperate efforts to repel it. Naturally, they received the news of the victory with wild enthusiasm. A fine marble statue of Rodney in Spanish Town permanently attests their joy at "England's Salamis."

Port Royal, during these stirring times, was a terribly vile place. On June 7th, 1693, it was swept away by an earthquake—in punishment for its wickedness, according to the few righteous people of the day. It was one of the richest sea-ports of the world, the principal channel for the exchange of commodities between the Old and New Worlds. But now it has fallen sadly from its high estate,—

"Lo! all its pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre."



Band of the West India Regiment.

From a photograph by A. Duperley & Sons, Kingston.]

Except for the military and naval station—well equipped, oppressively neat, and strongly fortified—only a few wretched hovels, built upon the end of a sand spit, remain. Of three thousand houses, the earthquake left only two hundred. Innumerable lives and incalculable treasure were engulfed in the blue waters of the harbour. Whole streets were swallowed up, the churchyards yawned and cast forth their dead, and all the horrors of Walpurgis Night were enacted. A man named Louis Galdy was swallowed by the earthquake, but thrown up to the surface of the sea by a second shock, and saved by a boat. He lived for many years afterwards. One would like to have asked him what he felt and thought. Misfortune failed to regenerate Port Royal, and to-day the remnant shares with Port Said the sinister distinction of being the wickedest place on earth.

Kingston is the outcome of the catastrophe. The survivors removed over to the Plain of Liguanea, six miles up the spacious harbour, and built the present city in the form of a parallelogram, on the design of Sir William Beeston. It speedily became a wealthy emporium of commerce. Those were the palmy days of sugar planting. The cargo of a Bristol ship homeward bound from Jamaica was worth a king's ransom, and the colonists piled up



Mountain Barracks at Newcastle, Kingston.

From a photograph by A. Duperley & Sons, Kingston.]

fortunes which made Creole heiresses as much sought after by the English aristocracy as the fair demoiselles of Chicago are supposed to be nowadays. Kingston's merchant princes were no less patriotic than they were wealthy. They subscribed a vast sum—according to Sir Henry Blake, as much as a million sterling—to the British Government's war chest during the long struggle with the great Napoleon. Thus, Jamaica was probably the first colony to come forward freely and pay her share towards the defence of the Empire.

It is pleasant to let the fancy revel among these ancient glories, but the *raison d'être* of this article is a description of Kingston to-day. Strategically, it is a position of the greatest importance. All the navies of the world could comfortably ride at anchor in the land-locked harbour, twelve miles long by three miles wide. The approaches to the harbour are beset by dangerous shallows and coral reefs. There are only two safe passages for steamships. Both are mined, and commanded by half a dozen strong masked batteries, armed with nine-inch disappearing guns of the latest pattern. These are manned by Royal Artillerymen and the Kingston Artillery Militia, a highly-efficient corps of coloured men, commanded by English officers. The Kingston Infantry Militia, another coloured corps, for whose support the colony pays £7000 a year, is also a reliable body, vastly improved in recent years. Kingston is the head-quarters of the famous West India Regiment, whose gallant services on the West Coast of Africa are surpassed by none of the soldiers of the Queen. Representatives of Jamaica's troops were popular figures in the Diamond Jubilee procession. A white regiment is always kept in mountain barracks at Newcastle, north of the capital. Altogether, Jamaica is strongly garrisoned; and Kingston could easily be made impregnable. When the Isthmian



King Street, Kingston (showing harbour and palisades sand-spit).

From a photograph by A. Duperley & Sons, Kingston.]

Canal is cut, whether it be at Panama or at Nicaragua, the strategical value of Kingston will be immensely increased. In anticipation of that event, the British Government are spending large sums in strengthening the fortifications. I observe that Mr. Dillon has objected to this in the House of Commons, on the ground that it simply amounts to aiming our guns at the heads of the Americans, for whom we profess brotherly



Loading Bananas on a Schooner.

From a photograph by A. Duperley & Sons, Kingston.]

love. The force of the argument is far to seek. While we remain allied to the Americans—as, let us hope, we always may—Kingston will be an outpost defending their shores and their canal. The stronger its fortifications, the better for them. In any case, Kingston has become the Gibraltar of the Caribbean, and such it will remain. The gentlemen at the Hague seem unlikely to confer upon mankind the blessings of perpetual peace. Perhaps, some day the allied fleets of England and America will sail from Port Royal under another Rodney to assert once again Anglo-Saxon supremacy of the seas.

In its spacious days, Kingston Harbour used to be crowded with all the shipping of the Spanish main—Bristol sugar ships, the famous Falmouth packets, rich galleons from Porto Bello laden with the golden treasures of Peru, and slavers with their living cargoes from the Guinea Coast sweltering 'tween decks. Although shorn of this guilty splendour, Kingston is still a busy seaport. The bulk of her trade, both as regards imports and exports, is done with the United States, chiefly owing to their geographical advantage over the mother country for the exchange of commodities. The sugar industry, struck below the belt by the Continental bounty system, is but a sorry survival of a splendid past. Most of the plantations of Jamaica have been abandoned one by one in favour of the cultivation of bananas and oranges, which find a ready market in the great cities of America. Jamaican rum, coffee, and ginger are the best in the world; while our cigars, patronised by the Prince of Wales, hardly yield the palm to Havana's finest. Communication with England is principally maintained by the fortnightly service of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. Mail day is eagerly looked for, and warmly welcomed when it comes. The steamer seems to expatriated sons of England the only link binding them to home. The British Government has just subsidised a new fast direct line, with the object of introducing Jamaica's excellent bananas to the British public. This will be a great boon to the colony, for there is a growing recognition of the danger of entire dependence upon the fickle mercies of American tariffs. At the moment of writing, the commercial

future of Jamaica is the subject of anxious deliberation. A reciprocity treaty is being negotiated with the United States, and we are seeking to persuade the Dominion Government to follow India's example and impose a countervailing duty on all bounty-fed sugar entering Canada. Jamaicans had almost given up expecting the mother country to shield them from the economic persecution of France, when the House of Commons' endorsement of the India Sugar Bill raised a feeble flicker of hope in their breasts.

Kingston is the centre of the Colonial Government. As a natural consequence, local society is largely composed of officials and their wives, with a fair sprinkling of clever professional men, and naval and military officers. Social life is extremely pleasant, although its interests may appear provincial to people accustomed to the great centres of civilisation. West Indian hospitality has become famous through the medium of "Tom Cringle's Log." It was in Jamaica Tom played most



Luncheon in the Cane Fields.

From a photograph by A. Duperley & Sons, Kingston.]

of his lively pranks, losing his heart to the pretty Creoles, and learning the mysteries of "planter's punch." Poor Tom has plenty of successors nowadays!

Jamaicans are very fond of dinners and dances, and manage both admirably. Readers of the delightful "Log" will recollect how eloquent Paul Gelid used to grow on the subject of West Indian delicacies—land-crab, "pepper-pot," sangaree, and the rest. If the epicures of England were aware of them, we should have no reason to complain of the slow development of the tourist traffic. The old sugar princes could have taught even the late Mr. Sala something about the art of dining; and their descendants, although straitened in means, still live luxuriously, adding to the luxuries of the tropics the choicest delicacies from other climes. Jamaican fruit, which always forms an important part of every meal, is the finest in the world. The late Mr. Froude said it must have been one of our shaddocks which tempted Adam to his fall.

All the large houses of Kingston and the suburbs are built upon blocks



Banana Carriers, Jamaica's Staple Industry.

From a photograph by A. Duperley & Sons, Kingston.

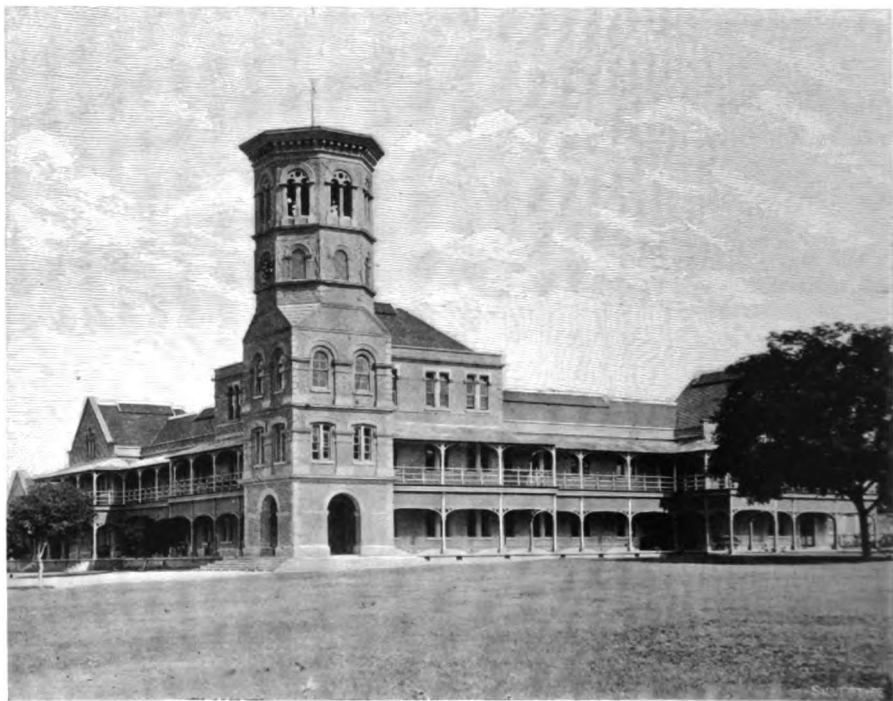
hollow underneath for circulation of air, and approached by two broad flights of steps. Deep verandas are thrown out on the three sides where the sun touches, and shaded by green jalousies, which may be closed completely or partially when



Negro Women sorting Cocoas, Jamaica.

From a photograph by A. Duperley & Sons, Kingston.]

the sun is shining. Long airy galleries run behind the verandas, and into these the sitting-rooms, darkened with a green light, open. In the tropics one shuts out the sunlight from the house as much as possible. The floors are of black mahogany, uncarpeted, but polished till they shine like a dining-room table, while the rooms are all large and lofty for the sake of coolness. Not a house is without a piano. Impromptu dances are very popular. It is the work of a moment to clear away the light furniture used in the tropics, and immediately there is an ideal ball-room, cooled by soft night breezes from the mountains and embowered in tropical vegetation. And when dancing in an atmosphere of eighty degrees becomes too exhausting, it is delightful to take your partner out upon the spacious



Mico Training College (for Negro Students), Kingston.

From a photograph by J. W. C. Brennan, Kingston.]

veranda and watch the fireflies flitting through royal palms in a garden flooded with the rich glories of tropical moonlight.

"King's House," where the Governor of Jamaica lives and dispenses a refined hospitality, is the largest residence on the outskirts of Kingston. It is practically the only place where white and mulatto are supposed to meet upon an equal footing; for the representative of the Queen can, of course, make no distinctions of colour. A ball at King's House, gay with the white, scarlet and gold of naval and military uniforms, is a brilliant festival. Visitors from home, used to seeing nothing but bored men in sombre "swallow-tails," are delighted to find that, after all, a ball need not be purgatorial.

Kingston is remarkably destitute of fine buildings. An American critic once called it "a city of verandas with small houses attached." That is hardly correct. In the city itself, most of the houses are squalid and ramshackle, although here and there one comes across the substantial mansion of a Hebrew merchant who

prefers contiguity to his business to the charms of suburban life on the mountain slopes. A few houses on the old Spanish plan, distinguished by solid masonry and spacious marble courtyards, remain. Scarred by the rude hand of time, and crumbling to ruins, they are but dismal ghosts of a forgotten grandeur.

There are only about six thousand white people in Kingston to sixty thousand who are black or "coloured." The great proportion of this vast majority live in dirty, tumbledown hovels, whole families herding in one small room that reeks of odours not Arabian. Negro domestic life reminds one of that Hoxton tenement where five families lived in a garret, four of them taking each a corner, and the fifth the middle. They lived amicably together until the fifth family took in a lodger! In Smith's Village, one of the largest negro quarters of Kingston, practically every hut is built of packing-case boards, and roofed with kerosene-oil tins. One's emotions during a first walk through the streets of Kingston are curiously mixed.

There is a good deal which is unpleasant. The eyes are blinded with the whirling dust, the ears deafened by the shrill clamour of importunate negroes, and the nose offended by the novel odours of mangoes, decayed banana-skins, and salt-fish. The glare refracted from the white surface of the roadway is so dazzling that most visitors are obliged to wear smoked glass spectacles, while the heat is terribly hard to



Kingston Parish Church.

From a photograph by J. W. C. Brennan, Kingston.]

bear at first. But a walk along the steaming, garish streets abounds with interest. Negroes and "coloured persons" throng every part of the city, trudging to the market with country produce on their heads, or chattering in the piazzas with childish good-humour. A black woman carries everything on her head, from your weekly washing to a "gourdie" of water. This habit produces splendidly-developed figures: by no means beautiful in face, many a negress has a form that might be a dream of Praxiteles. The men are strapping fellows, strong as horses; but without much energy or stamina. The women are far and away the better workers. They do a good half of the agricultural labour of the country, and in Kingston they are the stevedores, loading the steamers with bananas, and coaling them, by carrying great basketsful of Welsh on their heads. Age brings no abatement of their activity. Along the streets, gnarled old negresses, veritable Gagools, sit on the piazzas, smoking cutty-pipes and inviting the wayfarer to buy indigestible toffee, filthy pastry, and unripe cocoanuts. Dressed in dirty Manchester prints and gaudy bandannas, they are by no means picturesque; but it is a fascinating pastime to



Roaring River Falls, Jamaica.

From a photograph by J. W. C. Brennan, Kingston.

watch human nature with the paint off, and nowhere can you do that better than in Kingston, though some people do complain that the negro is becoming too Europeanised.

The English visitor will soon come to regard his "poor black brother" as a very decent fellow after his own peculiar fashion—and a very lucky fellow to boot. He is just like a child, extravagantly pleased or angry over trifles,

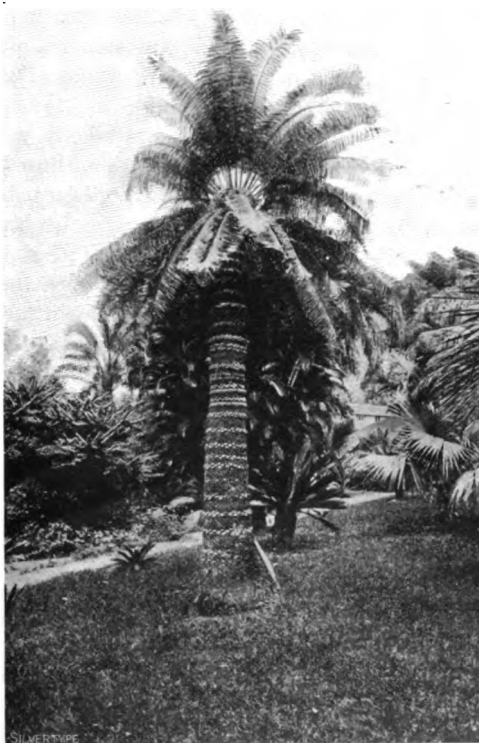
petulant, an inveterate beggar, often disinclined to work, unless the reward is dangled before him like the carrot in front of the donkey's nose; but extremely good-humoured, intensely loyal to "Missis Queen" who brought him out of slavery sixty years ago, and full of devotion to the English "bockra massa" who treats him well. Whenever a white man speaks politely to him, he betrays a delight proportioned to the rarity of the occasion, and an expansive grin discloses five inches of pearly teeth a duchess might envy. The negroes form the vast majority of Kingston's population, as they do everywhere in the West Indies. There are also large colonies of East Indian coolies, Chinamen, and Syrians; to say nothing of that unlovely sediment of good-for-nothings from every country under the sun which always collects in a tropical city.

Churches and chapels all over Kingston attest the emotional religionism of the negro. Unfortunately, his piety is too often purely academic. It does not restrain him from practising the degrading rites of Obeah, which his Coromantyn forefathers brought with them from the Guinea Coast. The West Indian negro is certainly low in the human scale, but English government and English missionaries are steadily improving him. The progress of the people of Jamaica during the last few decades has been considerable, and signs are not wanting of a future development even more rapid. Hard though British rule is upon the sugar planters, its effect upon the mass of the blacks is wholly good. Quashie enjoys a life devoid of care; a shilling is gilded luxury to him in a land where mangoes and bananas are to be had for the picking; hunger or cold he cannot know; he is not civilised enough, lucky fellow, to worry about the morrow: if he wants to make money, he can always get work and wages; if he dislikes work, as he often does, he can comfortably live without it; and, last but not most important, the beneficent British justice recognises no difference of colour, and permits no oppression. The primal curse has passed over these "happy Isles of Eden." Their "dark purple spheres of sea" are not more placid than the lives of their inhabitants. Quashie may well be, as the late Mr. Froude declared he was, the most perfectly contented specimen of the human race to be found upon the planet.

Jamaica is a place to visit. Its charms are many-sided, appealing to every type of mind. The student of men and manners will find virgin ground for his observation ; the capitalist cannot fail to extract profit from the inexhaustible riches of the soil ; the sportsman may hunt wild pig, shoot alligators, enjoy fine fishing in the mountain streams, and catch the wily shark on the sea coast ; the artist will comprehend, for the first time in his fog-laden life, what colour really means ; and the victim of tuberculosis will speedily regain health and strength in our life-giving mountain air. The tropical luxuriance of West Indian scenery, and the charms of West Indian life, can never be forgotten. Ask any old Jamaican, living retired in London, whether he would not gladly give up his cosy club and pensioned ease to return once more—

“To the cool of our deep verandas,
To the blaze of our jewelled main,
To the night, to the palms in the moonlight,
And the firefly in the cane.”

WILLIAM THORP.



Sago Palm, a Tropical Monarch.

From a photograph by A. Duperley & Sons, Kingston.



THE DIS-HONOURABLE.

HE could play cards—but too well: any game, any way, except fairly; sparing only his chum, Honey. Since his pay as a simple trooper of Cuirassiers was perennally mortgaged, this was his chief source of income. Sober, he was decently submissive to authority; yet he would on occasion wax insolent, remembering a period when it was his natural prerogative to be so. When quite drunk there was wasted genius in his method of negotiating tight places which would have been another man's ruin. Further, he could lie, and preferred to do so.

A vested right to the title of Honourable is not wholly unprecedented in the ranks of the Cuirassiers. Most of that Lost Legion, however, maintain some tradition of the past; whereas his enviable—and well-earned—title, besides the “Dis” prefix, was “the most foul-mouthed blackguard in barracks.” No man, still less a woman, could rely on his word, bond, oath; his temper was a happy combination of sulks and fire; all sense of shame had departed from him. And yet . . . This, however, is my tale, prefaced by an incident, slight, but curious.

He had just emerged from the cells, gay, if somewhat hollow-eyed, and carrying his penally-shorn head as high as ever. It may here be observed that the Dishonourable retained such a haggard remnant of good looks as was compatible with leaden lips, a face dull and bloodless as that of a corpse, and eyes half alive but for a fitful spark of wildfire.

Owning, as a result of bread and skilly, a wolfish appetite, he announced his purpose of attending a tea-fight given by the daughters of a local parson at an adjacent schoolroom. He assigned, as cause for this inconsistency, that he required a good blow-out, and material for one of those poignantly comic sketches with which, when in a good humour, he would entertain the troop-room; adding, with a grin, that he went to mock, and would remain to *prey*. Moreover, two or three minor sinners had declared that such a—fallen angel—as he ought not to go; that it was a—celestial—shame; and it had been from infancy the Dishonourable's simple creed to do what he ought not to do and leave undone all the rest.

He lured with him to the feast Clinton, a fellow-scoundrel of fainter dye. As a rule he did not take the trouble to corrupt innocence, unless it happened to be provided with a tempting stock of pocket money, when he would put himself out a little.

The two came sniggering in, well brushed up, with clanking spurs and countenances of lamb-like artlessness and modesty. Each pulled a long face, believing this to be proper to the occasion. But the Dishonourable was too

ground and stamped with the image and superscription of vice ever to look virtuous. The very pin-points of the wiry dun moustache under his transparent beaky nose, and the deep-scored lines about his eyes, were an epistle writ large for the simplest to read.

The guests were chiefly recruits, growing lads not over-fed, who loved cake—with a couple of older soldiers, religious, but ignorant, who had distributed the invitations. The gas flared high over the abundantly spread tables; all the visitors were comfortably seated, and saw nothing impolite in the circumstance: it was part of the occasion to be waited on, as by the squire's or vicar's daughters at a Sunday-school feast.

But the teapots were heavy, the ladies timid and new to their work. One, a slight girl, was nervously flushed and half tearful.

The Dishonourable and his companion stood looking on, somewhat dazed. They received shy smiles of welcome, and chairs were pointed out to them. Then this odd trifle occurred:—

The Dishonourable seized his comrade's arm, and, between two oaths, muttered: "I'm hanged if I sit down and gorge with those pigs! Come on, let's do something."

Trooper Clinton demurred: "But—I thought——"

"Oh, —— what you thought! Let's *play* at being gentlemen for once!"

He stretched out a long arm for the heavy teapot, with a bland society smile; and lo! the amazing spectacle of the two greatest rascals in the regiment assiduously offering plates of cake and waiting on their juniors with a sincere interest in their needs. The boys stared, open-mouthed, scarcely able to credit their senses, at the grave politeness of the Dishonourable's mien.

Trooper Jones, braceleted with good-conduct badges, who could read imperfectly, but—or rather, perhaps, therefore—was a Pharisee of the Pharisees, almost felt it his duty to rise and denounce the unholy farce. But Trooper O'Hara, whose heart, as well as his soul, was in the right place, and who had himself once known a little of the Dolorous Way, held him down.

"Taking in them ladies!" said Jones. "A wonder if the roof don't fall on us all!"

"Bless their purty faces, ut won't hurt 'um; an' to spind half an hour clane an' dacent may count for somethin' to thim two mad divvels."

"It's enough to make the Lord——" Jones began—

"Ah, now! Lave the Lord to know His own business, me boy," said O'Hara, intending no profanity.

Jones wagged his head and cast up his eyes, but made no further protest. The hopes of these good fellows rose high, as the Dishonourable and his satellite assisted to pack the plates and cups in neat piles. Alas! when all was done, and the company had ranged themselves on benches to listen to a sermon and sing hymns, the two slippery rogues approached the hostesses, and the Dishonourable, with perfect propriety of manner, regretted that it was quite impossible that he and his friend should remain.

"But you have had no tea!"

The Dishonourable cast a hungry eye on stacks of cake—wavered—then with firm courtesy reiterated his pious regrets, bowed, and took his leave.

As they emerged into the still snowy night, Clinton demanded peevishly why the deuce he was such a rotten idiot all of a sudden. At this, the Dishonourable gave way to one of his own sweet tempers, which were whirlwinds and tornadoes, and poured forth a more than usually tainted stream. Even his late entertainers

were not wholly spared, though here his tongue faltered slightly. He wound up by announcing his deliberate purpose to "do a drunk and absent" straightway, and did it accordingly. Clinton, grumbling, left him: the Dishonourable's companionship was known at such times to be pernicious.

The small world of the Dishonourable had often wondered idly at his choice of a chum—Clinton being merely an acquaintance. The individual in question was named Honey. He was a big, good-looking fool, with a pudding face, a child's blue eyes, and a country tongue; a large agricultural person of scant intellect, but an excellent machine, respectful and docile. His salient points were a certain dull loyalty and a love for fine clothes. The tarnished grandeur of the few ill-used and oft-pawned articles the Dishonourable retained from the wreck of his fortunes awed him; perhaps, also, the tarnished greatness of their owner. Honey happened to come from the county where the Dishonourable's house were hereditary lords, and had a sentiment on the point.

Of late, friendship had waned, from two causes. First, in spite of their intimacy, Honey was a reformed and rising man. This was due chiefly to his engagement to a certain little housemaid in an adjacent terrace; a cherry-cheeked, snubby-featured maiden, who "kept to her church," and despised soldiers. She was instinctively averse to the Dishonourable, and undermined him on every occasion, regarding him with open-eyed disgust, and putting up her shoulder or her lip, as at a rat or spider. He viewed her with as much indifference as he would have done in days when her progenitors dusted his room; yet—which was curious—seemed inclined to second her efforts to detach Honey from himself.

One day, marriage and promotion being imminent, as the two men were out for a virtuous "dry walk," the Dishonourable, gazing into vacancy, after a parenthetic leer at a nurserymaid and a scowl at a passing civilian with whom he had a public-house feud, quietly announced—

"I say, old pal: you'd better chuck me now, I think."

Honey gasped. "What's that for?" he demanded.

"I've got sundry reasons I couldn't knock into your thick skull," said the Dishonourable, airily. "However, henceforth, let me be unto thee as a heathen man and a——"

Honey interrupted him with a growl: "Gammon! Whatever's got you, to say such a rotten thing?" He was really hurt, especially as the Dishonourable remained gay. "I believe you're ashamed of my girl in service. Always casting up nasty sneers of some sort, you are!"

The Dishonourable, with a lifted upper lip, surveyed himself disparagingly, and snuffed in disdain, as at some evil odour. "Ah!" he said: "think so?"

"And I shan't stand it."

The Dishonourable bit his nails, gazing into vacancy, and sang low—in every sense.

Honey growing personal and injurious on the subject of broken-down toffs, the other launched a bitter oath calmly into space. But the rude pathos of the man's divided loyalty struck him; though a past-master of abuse, he checked himself, and remarked in a gentle voice—"I tell you, you fool, you don't understand. It's for your benefit."

"'Benefick!' You're sick o' me. Aint good enough, — you!"

"All right," said the Dishonourable, rising, and again glancing down his own legs: "we'll say I am."

They did not come to an open rupture, but a coolness remained; and Honey, with a dull idea of "paying back," offered his friendship to a new recruit—a lanky, cock-nosed youth, who shared his own taste for gewgaws.

The Dishonourable looked on serenely. He had never been known to whine over anything : from eighty-four days' prison, diversified by much bread and water—the result of sharpening his wit on his guardians—to the public denunciations of an indignant cook to whom he had promised marriage, and who was deeply disappointed to find that it was no part of a commanding officer's duty to see such vows performed.

The Dishonourable possessed an old but handsome chronometer ; the very last of his former belongings. Battered by a share in many disreputable adventures, it still bore, half defaced, the family crest which he had bowed in the dust, and the proud motto he had sedulously falsified. For this jewel, Honey entertained a superstitious reverence. He loved to take it in his thick fingers, murmuring admiringly : "You do belong to an old ancient family, don't ye, Dishonourable !"

Once or twice he had offered coin of the realm for it, when its owner had sworn, and snatched it back. But things had come to an evil pass with the Dishonourable. Eye, hand, nerve, were failing him. He ceased to be a successful gambler, to the coarse triumph of his former victims. The watch was in pawn, and he was powerless to redeem it ; so he destroyed the ticket, and left it to its fate, evading Honey's inquiries by an ingenious lie.

It was a cloudy afternoon. Hobbs, the recruit, marched in, boasting loudly to Honey of a bargain he had made. The Dishonourable regarded them scornfully from afar. But, as Hobbs unwrapped the parcel, the spectator saw Honey start, and cast a scowl his way. Puzzled, he glanced across, to behold, dangling from the recruit's lanky red fingers, his own chronometer. Honey met his eye with a strange resentment. The Dishonourable, though himself disgusted, was too far gone to feel an acute sting.

The two eyed each other for a second ; then the Dishonourable said philosophically, between his teeth : "Oh, h—ll !" and applied himself with emphasis to concealing the ravages of time on an old jack-boot.

Anon, Honey strolled across, to growl in an undertone of deep injury : "Why didn't you gie *me* the chance, 'stead of that youngster ? I should a' taken a interest in it, I should. But it's all your dirty pride !"

"My good man ! how the deuce could I foresee——" He stopped hopelessly.

Honey glowered expectant, but the Dishonourable offered no further explanation, save the devoting of Hobbs, Honey and the watch impartially to the infernal powers. Silence fell between them, and both rubbed busily at accoutrements.

Hobbs, having gloated over his new purchase, put it away, and went to the library to write home. The other troopers gradually went out, Clinton pausing to shout a highly-flavoured invitation to the Dishonourable, which he declined in like terms.

The two friends were now alone, and each seemed resolved to outstay the other.

The Dishonourable's eye strayed with interest towards Hobbs's box, and he inquired suavely of Honey—"Not going out to-night ?"

Honey replied by a statement that if he, the Dishonourable, were his, Honey's master, he would like to be informed of the fact. The Dishonourable sneered and shrugged ; his comrade retorted by a glare and a growl. Neither would stir. The Dishonourable, well aware whose was the stronger mind, laughed a little laugh with an odd note of indulgence in it.

By-and-by, Hobbs, returning, went to his box. He blinked owlishly into its depths, stood open-mouthed, then uttered a dismal cry. The watch was gone.

The room was now full. A corporal bustled up, and search was made, in vain. Inquiry elicited that the two last men in the room were the Dishonourable and Honey. They were regarded with moody curiosity, and bets were freely made, in which the Dishonourable took a dispassionate interest, while Honey sulked apart. During the night he groaned aloud; but the Dishonourable slept sweetly.

When morning came, the adjutant relegated an affair so serious to the commanding officer, and it was duly brought before him.

The regimental corporal-major, who had formerly been misled by a spurious innocence of manner into an attempt to dry-nurse the Dishonourable, and had burnt his fingers with so pernicious an infant, stated in bitterness his own opinion; on which the Dishonourable adverted reprovingly to the first principle of English law.

Honey, who had more at stake than a regimental character, remained plunged in gloom. The commanding officer stormed, threatened awful penalties, condescended to some sort of tacit appeal, but failed to bring to light any new fact. Things were at a deadlock, and the scandal of a public court-martial appeared inevitable.

The sun was shining on the snow outside, though there were black clouds on the horizon; and Honey thought of a certain little sunny face, the centre of a simple homely dream now in sore jeopardy; perhaps, in his rude way, he prayed. The Dishonourable certainly did not pray; but, while repressing a careless yawn, happened to catch sight of the other, whose face he could well read. An odd convulsion crossed his own. One eye turned in queerly, as if he were going to have a stroke, the corporal thought. He did not look attractive as he bit his pale moustache with a sudden shiver and the very softest whisper of a whistle.

The commanding officer looked from one to the other, whispered to the adjutant, then, clearing his throat, spoke. He said that they were at a standstill, mumbled about the honour of the regiment, the shame of a court-martial for such a cause; alluded to that prerogative of a colonel of Cuirassiers under certain circumstances—power to send a man out of the barrack gate without trial or scandal. They were shut up, he remarked, to the certainty that one of two men present had committed the theft. If the guilty had a vestige of manliness left, he would speak out and clear the innocent. In that case, he might—er—leave, and nothing further would be said.

At this, the Dishonourable straightened himself, with a glitter in his eye gladly familiar to the orderly-room clerks—though it was long indeed since the former had displayed so much joyful interest in anything. While Honey looked pitifully white and hollow-eyed, as if after a long illness, he, in accents of polite assurance, inquired, "Please, sir, may I speak?"

The colonel nodded moodily. He had spent many long and fruitless hours in introducing the Dishonourable to the whole gamut of martial penalties, and there was a weary sound in his voice as he said, "Well?"

The Dishonourable seemed to have a slight impediment—a hiccough—what not?—in his speech. An odd dab of red, like an accusing finger, made a flame under his white protruding cheek-bones; he looked very, very old. There was a pause. The sun was quite splendid on the scarlet-and-gold men, and seemed to make a special selection of the Dishonourable, who blinked back at it stonily, with something between a shudder and a shrug. The sweat, which all through had lain thick on Honey's forehead, appeared to be transferred in small beads to his comrade's chin, and, dripping, stained the gay cloth of his jacket.

"If you please, sir," he said smoothly, "I wish to point out that there have been bad characters about the barracks, sir. I've seen them myself, sir; so I know."

The orderly-room clerk hid his face rapturously in his desk. A faint titter proceeded from behind the adjutant's handkerchief.

The colonel growled, "Be silent, sir, if that is all you have to say!"

But the Dishonourable did not intend to be silent. He had burned his bridges for this reason. Slightly relaxing his stiff attitude of respect, in favour of an airy swagger, he said, in the conversational tone of a man addressing an equal: "Pardon me, sir; I was about to add"—his tongue moved for a second across his white, dry lips," that *I* committed the—crime. The watch was mine, once. Tempting opportunity, and . . . If you'll overlook it this time, sir,"—he all but laughed as he uttered the vain formula.

Honey broke into a single great sob. There was, indeed, a breath of relief throughout the room. Looks of congratulation were covertly cast towards Honey, and a kind word was said to him by the colonel. Nevertheless, as he was set free, he went and hid himself in the recesses of the library, whence he declined to be lured.

Before the court broke up, the Dishonourable was requested to produce the *corpus delicti*. He expressed courteous regret that this was impossible, explaining, with an apologetic smile and wave of the hand, that he had taken it out the night before, and—"well, *blued* it."

The commanding officer spoke to the corporal-major impatiently: "See this man's things are returned into stores—guard-room meanwhile—then out with him. And," turning to the Dishonourable, of whose audacity he was aware—"don't show your face here again on any pretence. Hear?—or——"

The Dishonourable blasphemously disowned any such intention.

"Right turn!" said the corporal-major; but the culprit paused. What he waited for, perhaps he did not himself know; yet, as his eyes met for the last time those of his long-suffering C.O., there was a sort of startled recognition of equality between the two.

"Good riddance, sir!" the adjutant observed with relief.

The colonel did not reply, but threw himself back in his chair and fingered his moustache, as he beheld the dregs of a gentleman and a soldier thus cast out. Perhaps—he possessed an unusually just mind—it struck him for a single instant how, given a different shuffle of the cards, he might have been in the Dishonourable's place, and what it must feel like to be there.

The latter was hurried by the corporal-major through the ensuing ceremonies, at once barren and humiliating. He possessed—as is the proud privilege of a trooper of the Cuirassiers—plain clothes of his own, which bore the same marks of misuse as the wearer. The corporal-major, though glad to be rid of him, admired his pluck, and allowed him to pause a minute before the gate, to inquire of a passing soldier:—"Seen Honey anywhere?"

"No. Want him?"

"Don't matter, thanks. Ta-ta."

"I'll tell him," the man shouted after him. "You hang round a bit outside."

The barrack gate closed behind the Dishonourable. In all respects save absolute physical contact, it was a kick out. A forlorn figure enough, he stood looking up and down the street. He had no great-coat and little underclothing, and he shivered and thrust his hands deep into his empty pockets as the wind coldly saluted his bones, feeling as if the frame that supported life had suddenly collapsed. He hung about a minute or two, with an unacknowledged hope that Honey would come out. But the big man had too small a soul to confront the crises of life; so the Dishonourable, muttering curses between his chattering teeth, dawdled aimlessly away.

He wandered from the streets to the park, where, with a grey mist gathering on its breast, lay the sluggish gleam of the canal. A low yellow shaft of dull sunlight broke through the leafless boughs and made visible its sordid jetsam of paper and dead leaves, set in an evil iridescence of decay. He went to look more closely, but shrank back, with a muttered—"Too beastly!"

Viewed with prejudice by a constable, whom he informed that he was looking for a place to hide the body in, and catching a gloomy inspiration from the sunset, he strode away with sudden purpose, and directed his course to a certain house in a fashionable square, where in past cycles he had been a welcome visitor. It had long been occupied by new tenants; but he went and stared at one particular window, propping his back against the square rails, for nearly an hour.

Evening fell; he had no negotiable assets save a waistcoat and a couple of ragged shirts; on which a man cannot live long. He began to hear voices and laughter, non-existent; and when one suggested slyly: "Why live at all?" it struck him as a bright idea. He waved his hand to the window, so familiar and so strange; saw a momentary vision of a tall young man in evening dress sitting in a conservatory with a dark-eyed girl—who was now a handsome matron with grown-up daughters—and, turning on his heel, walked fast away. He pushed through the crowded streets, almost running, where space permitted, as a mad dog runs; only to, not from, water: to the broad, quiet, secret river.

He reached fields, hedges, white snow, at length; stopped to listen, heard the gentle surge, and saw, in the gleam of a high, cold star above ragged black clouds, the watery highway. He knew it, for he had often rowed a painted skiff on those now dark ripples. He drew a long breath, looking upwards,—a purely mechanical action. Then he remarked huskily to himself: "Confoundedly strange, that the only good thing a man should have to remember in all his life, was the telling of a most thundering lie! But"—here his voice, rising, seemed to hurl a wild challenge against the sky—"I'm d——d glad I told it!"

He stumbled to the water's edge to make an end; but so deadly a qualm seized him, that, instead, he fell backwards on the bank. In vain he sought to rise and crawl down: his heart scarcely beat. . . .

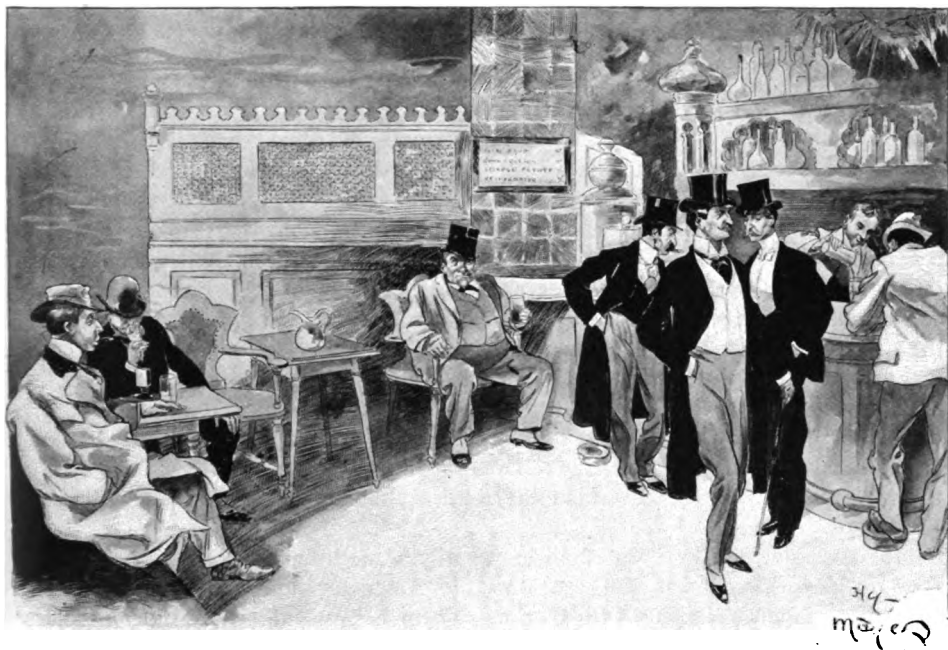
His voice waning to a child's whisper, he began to remonstrate peevishly with the Power which would not let him escape unpleasant complications. Presently it ceased altogether; the star trembled on unseeing eyes.

The sun rose, a pale pageant of glory; across long purple clouds spaced with clear amber lights a shaft of purest blinding gold shot upwards, and made a cruciform shape of splendour. The Dishonourable, awaking, lay in the frosted grass and watched the sight with stupid wonder. He had forgotten that there was such a thing as sunrise. A chill breeze like a tender finger softly flicked his cheek and seemed to touch his spirit with a pang, bitter, yet fresh, as if there were hope somewhere.

A thought occurred to him—how inspired, who shall say? It was at any rate peculiarly adapted to his turn of mind. He got up with immense difficulty, dragging one limb after another, and stood gazing round as at a newly discovered world.

"Why not"—he proposed to himself haltingly, yet with courage—"Why not—cheat—the devil—too?"

He looked up for a second, then, hugging his chilled body with his trembling arms, he turned from the river of death, and drifted feebly away towards the sunrise.



An American Bar.

WHY AMERICANS LIVE ABROAD.

BEFORE a successful application at the White House had made me a temporary resident of Europe, I used to spend a good deal of time wondering why Americans lived so much abroad, and what they did there—meaning, of course, not those who were simply spinning around the tourist track, but those who had gone formally with all their domestic encumbrances, often including the family cooking stove and other humble accessories of the American *ménage*, to become, for some years at least, *bonâ fide* residents of the Old World. I think, indeed, that nearly everybody at home wonders why these people live abroad, and what they do with themselves. Certainly nobody is more astounded at their perversity than the average tourist, who catches an occasional glimpse of them as he beats his red-hot trail about the lakes and over the mountains and through the cities, and who, being himself generally lonely and disappointed and unhappy because of the furious haste of his travels and his ignorance of the language, wonders how in the name of human patience a real born and bred citizen of the United States can cold-bloodedly abandon “God’s Country” and continue to live among these “Dagos,” as the American tourist nearly always designates the people of a country whose language he does not understand. It is perhaps pertinent to remark, in this connection, that every duly patriotic American tourist no sooner puts his foot on foreign soil, than he feels it his bounden duty to think of and speak of his native land as “God’s Country,” and he often does this in loud tones in public places. He has no other name for it, in fact—unless it be “Gawd’s Country,” instead of God’s, as it is frequently designated by tourists of a certain exaggerated type. But it is not the purpose of this sketch to exploit the weaknesses and shortcomings of the tourist brotherhood. During my six years of service as Consul of the United States at the great tourist centre

of Geneva, I have learned to love and respect the tourist even if he be only one of Cook's—or a "Cookie" as the Continental wits call him—and particularly the male tourist, who, as he trots the globe, is much more pathetic in his complete loneliness than the female, because not even the shops and the churches and the ogling gentlemen with turn-up moustaches interest and divert him as they may the ladies, and because, after all, he is the typical North American, and exemplifies, in the real chivalry and delicacy of his soul, the best type of manhood that civilisation has developed. Nor is this an attempt on my part to be smart or patronising, but merely the expression of a sincere conclusion after a considerable association with the people of other nations. Those of us who live here, however, and must bear the brunt of criticism after our tourists are gone, sometimes wish they would not talk so aggressively about God's Country (or Gawd's as the case may be), and that they would be less prompt and emphatic in making unjust and invidious comparisons—often based on ignorance—in public places, and that they would not consider it necessary to stalk about the streets with little American flags pinned all over them. But we have no other suggestions to offer. Besides, this was to be a sketch, not about the tourists, but about the resident Americans of Europe.

In discussing the great question as to why Americans live abroad, and what they do abroad, we must first see who the Americans are who have thus taken up their residence in the Old World. There are two distinctly different classes of Americans living in Europe—native-born citizens and naturalised citizens. It is evident in many instances why the naturalised citizen lives abroad. Having gone to the United States for the twofold purpose of making money and avoiding his irksome military service in Europe, and having accomplished both ends, he has returned to Europe to live, for the simple reason that he likes it better, and because he can thus largely avoid all duties and responsibilities of citizenship at home or abroad, and because, in short, being of the country, he can perhaps live more cheaply and under conditions that are to him more congenial. This observation, of course, does not apply to all naturalised citizens living abroad, but it does apply in many instances, and it is a fact that has evolved situations which have frequently been a source of great trouble and embarrassment to the diplomatic and consular representatives of the United States on the continent of Europe—primarily for the reason that the presence of the American naturalised citizen as a resident of the country of his nativity is often resented, and again because the statutes of the principal Continental countries in regard to citizenship and the duties it entails, such in particular as military service, cannot always easily be reconciled to American rights of citizenship. But this is too big and too delicate a question to be introduced here. I have only referred to it in passing to show why a naturalised citizen living abroad may sometimes get into difficulties that do not beset the native-born American. This does not, however, deter a great many of them from returning to Europe to live; and the number appears to be increasing, particularly in Switzerland, where many born Europeans, naturalised as Americans—particularly Germans—come to live, the American passport securing them the necessary *permis de séjour* and other privileges. The wits of the Continental press are very fond of saying that the majority of the American millionaires went over to the United States a generation or two ago in the steerage, and that many of them return to Europe to live respectably among educated people. It is often the presence of the returned naturalised citizen that gives them these false impressions; and when disagreeable episodes occur in Germany, such as a recent affair of *lèse-majesté*, when the agents of the Emperor incarcerated the person of

an American naturalised citizen at Berlin, there was a great deal of talk in the Continental press about ill-mannered and blustering Americans, whereas, as a matter of fact, the offender in question was born in Germany; nor has there been any instance in my knowledge of a native-born American being arrested in Europe for bluster or bad manners or for any similar misconduct.

But it is the native-born citizen that interests us in this discussion—not the naturalised citizen, who is of the soil and who has ties of blood or other sentimental considerations to attract him to the Fatherland.

In contemplating the preparation of this sketch, I asked a witty American lady, who has long lived on the Continent, why so many of our country people choose to live in Europe, and she replied, quite promptly, "Because they can't get along at home. There is no other reason." But I do not share this cynical opinion. My observations convince me that there are three chief reasons why Americans live abroad—meaning particularly those who live on the Continent. The first and most important reason of all is for effecting the primary education of their children in the Continental schools, where they may learn one and perhaps two of the Continental languages. The second is for the purpose of practising economy. The third is the inherent desire of many Americans to enlarge their scope of knowledge and observation, which they may do under very attractive conditions in Europe. But there are various reasons that bring many others abroad, and some of these are very striking and surprising.

I know an American gentleman, who lives in a fine home in a leading European capital, but who none the less pays a heavy tax schedule, both on realty and personalty, in one of our important cities. He is a patriot, loves American institutions, and is not particularly fond of European life, nor does he speak any of the Continental languages. I asked him, then, why he lived abroad. His reply was prompt and full of feeling.

"Simply," he said, "because the extremes to which personal journalism is now being carried in the principal cities of the United States make individual freedom there out of the question. In spite of the fact that I held no public position, I



"The tourist who walks about the street with little American flags pinned all over him."

could not turn around without finding some reference to myself or to some member of my family in one of the daily newspapers. I sat one night three years ago in a box at the opera, and the next day there was not only a flippant and mortifying reference to our little opera-party in one of the newspapers, but portraits of my wife and daughters, and further suggestions that my daughters, owing to the fortune of their father, were worth the attention of a European nobleman who was then in the United States, and whose very name they were bold enough to mention. The publication was humiliating in the extreme, and I promptly expostulated with the editor, who was himself a gentleman and a member of good society. Yet he gave me to understand that he could not undertake to keep the names of people who showed themselves in public places out of the personal columns of his paper. There was no real scandal or libel in what was published on this occasion, or in various other references to my family that had been published before: they were simply an unwarrantable and abominable invasion of my privacy as a private citizen; and since there appeared to be no remedy for the imposition, my wife and I concluded that we would be freer and happier in Europe. Hence we closed up our home and came abroad. But for the shame of our personal journalism, which, as I say, makes individual freedom of life or movement out of the question, I would return home to-morrow."

That is one American gentleman's reason for living abroad, and there are others who are leaving home for the same reason, as is evidenced by the following letter which was received by an American gentleman living in Geneva some weeks ago, and which he permits me to publish word for word, omitting only the names.

"Nov. 3, 1898.

"MY DEAR —

"It will probably surprise you to know that I have decided to go abroad again, and will spend the next ten years on the Continent. I shall take an apartment in Paris, to be there during the Exposition, and shall afterwards go to Switzerland for at least two years. To be frank with you, I would rather stay at home, and am leaving only on account of our damnable 'Yellow press.' You know what it has done for me and mine because of poor —'s indiscretion, which was purely his own private affair. I am so shamed and disgusted by the continuous references to members of my family, as well as myself, that I find no pleasure in going to the theatres, or other places of amusement, for fear that it will call up some nasty reference to —'s misfortune in the next day's papers. I even find myself slinking out of the club like a whipped dog, and my wife is afraid to visit her friends or attend a reception lest her name appears as being the relative of poor —. We have protested, and have even had our lawyer protest formally, but it all amounts to nothing. We have concluded, therefore, that our only hope of peace lies on the other side of the Atlantic. Hence we are 'emigrating,' literally being driven from home by our devilish newspapers, the same ones that brought on our war with Spain. A man's name is no longer his own in the United States; his door is no barrier to the intrusion of the newspapers. It is a damnable black shame, and I am coward enough to run away from it simply because there is nothing else to do."

Perhaps both of these gentlemen take the improprieties of personal journalism a little too seriously, but it is at least interesting to know why they live abroad; and they are by no means the only ones.

"My income," said a New York gentleman, who lives in a recently purchased home on the Continent, "is about \$10,000 a year. With that sum, in spite of the good position of my family, I was nobody in New York. Here I live on it very comfortably, and am at least not looked down upon."

It is unnecessary to suggest that he does not live in Paris, where one is not much more of a bright light in society on \$10,000 a year than he would be in New York.

Along the Riviera of Southern France, at Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone and other places, various wealthy Americans have purchased or rented homes, where they live six months in the year for the mere charm and pleasure of the life. In the port at Mentone as I write this sketch, I look out of my window and see three fine white yachts asleep at their moorings in the blue bay. All of them belong to Americans who live abroad simply because it suits their pleasure and convenience to do so. I saw yesterday another great yacht in the port at Nice. Its millionaire owner spends a great deal of his time on this side of the water, and it is said he will soon build a palace in Paris. If he does, and should go there to live, it will be merely because he likes Europe better than the United States—a very simple reason indeed.

Several of the finest homes on the shores of Lake Geneva are owned and occupied by native-born Americans, who have lived abroad for many years, and who will probably end their days here. They live abroad merely because it

pleases them to do so, and although their patriotism may be suspected at home, it is not doubted by the people among whom they live. I know that one of them, a fine young New Yorker, hurried home at the first serious sign of war with Spain, and offered his services to his country in any capacity. Another, in spite of his marriage with a lady of the European nobility, was very frank in speaking his approval of his country's action, and was very particular about flying the stars and stripes from his flag-staff at his fine home on the lake—something that it had not previously been his custom to do very regularly, for he does not believe in "aggressive patriotism"; but in this instance, inasmuch as the press and the people were so earnest in expressing their sympathy for Spain, the American gentleman, who lived among them and who is essentially of them, quietly ran up the flag of his country and kept it flying. Thus it may seem that Americans who live abroad do not necessarily lose their affection for their country even if they

do not consider it necessary to give effusive and sometimes offensive exhibitions of it on all occasions.

A lady living



"The American railways will not permit her to take her pet dog in the train."





"Elderly unmarried ladies."

in a Continental city states, as her sole reason for not going home, that the American railways will not permit her to take her pet dog in the train with her when she travels; and, inasmuch as she is unwilling to be separated even for one moment from this beloved beast, she maintains her exile in Europe, where doggie may travel with her as a passenger upon paying half of the third-class fare. When the beast dies she says she means to go home and stay there.

I know a gentleman who tells me he would cheerfully give \$20,000 to wake up and find himself in New York. He came so nearly dying of heart weakness—brought about by sea-sickness—on the way over, that he fears to undertake the home journey, and remains an unhappy but patriotic exile in Europe.

Into one of the Continental cemeteries there goes every day, rain or shine, to visit a grave which is always blooming with the brightest and freshest flowers, a sturdy and rugged gentleman whose type is so plainly American that nobody could mistake him. It is the grave of his wife, who died while they were making a tour of Europe ten years ago. Her husband told her on her death-bed that he would never go home without her, and he keeps his promise.

These are merely some exceptional reasons that keep people abroad. It may surprise some of the readers of this sketch to know that of the adult Americans living in Europe, fully four-fifths are of the gentler sex. American ladies of a certain age quickly

become fond of the ease and simplicity and tranquillity of Continental life, and in spite of the loneliness of it, and of their complete insignificance in any real social movement, accept the obsequious civilities of *pension*-keepers as a very satisfactory sort of incense, and in the humble politeness of the domestics, who beam promptly and cheerfully on a *bonne-main* of a franc a week, they find such a contrast to the patronising impertinence of the pampered menials at home, that life here, even with its *entourage* of loneliness, becomes more satisfactory to them than domestic worry with pretentious and insolent servants in the United States. As a matter of fact, many American ladies who live in Continental Europe say that they do so more as a solution of the domestic servant problem at home than for any other reason.

I say that four-fifths of the adult Americans living in Europe are of the gentler sex. These ladies may be considered in three classes, the first and most numerous of which is made up of mothers who have come over to put their children to school, and to stay with them during this period of their primary education, the husband and father remaining at home to attend to his affairs.

In the second class may be considered the large number of elderly unmarried ladies, generally of small means, who seem to find in the independence and variety of Continental life a compensation for the absence of conjugal ties, and who having once established themselves in Europe, and found the run of the universities and studios and art galleries, generally remain here. They feel that they can be far more independent in their movements, and that there is much more to amuse them, perhaps. In any event they are the brightest and happiest Americans one meets abroad, and their years seem to sit upon them much more lightly than upon their prototypes at home. They are also among the most patriotic of our citizens at home or abroad.

The third class is the most interesting and varied of all. It is composed of widows and married women and "others." The widows themselves might be divided into three categories: young widows and middle-aged widows, old widows, and grass widows. The younger widows live abroad at a sacrifice to educate their children; the elder ones for their personal comfort and convenience, and because in many instances it better suits their means. In this connection it occurs to me to say, that while it is not so cheap to keep house generously in Europe as in the United States, where all the necessities of the table cost infinitely less, one may, none-the-less, do it frugally with ease and satisfaction, and without the slightest sacrifice of self-respect, as would be necessary in the United States; and certainly the Continental *pension*, even if it be less comfortable and luxurious than even a second-class American boarding house, is generally as cheap, and there is more dignity about it. In other words, while one may not get as much warmth and food for one's money here as in the United States, one *is* more for the money in the dignity and ease of his position than he would be at home—a fact which American ladies, without serious home ties, keenly appreciate, and which accounts for the presence of so many widows and—fie upon me, ladies, if I must say it—"old maids" in the European boarding houses. Of the widows many are wives of deceased army officers, and there are also many wives of naval officers living in Europe during the absence of their husbands at foreign stations or on long cruises.

The "married women and others," referred to in the third category above, are a more numerous



"Of the genus hen-pecked."

class on the continent of Europe than is generally supposed. The married ladies here referred to have husbands and other home ties, but choose to live apart from them; the "others" are the divorced women and so-called grass-widows, who in Europe find freedom from notoriety, and who perhaps thank Providence every day that they live so far away from the American newspapers. There are always a few American adventuresses on the Continent, but they are generally so well known to the police and to the concierges of the hotels, that persons whom they might victimise are as a rule warned in time. None-the-less, some of our unsuspecting compatriots have had some very strange experiences in Europe. In this connection I wish to bear testimony to the absolute propriety with which American ladies of all classes live in Europe. There may be scandals and scandals, but the American women are so rarely involved that the occasional exceptions only make the rule more emphatic. People at home doubtless wonder how these various ladies manage to amuse themselves in Europe. So do we, who, with closer home ties, live near them. They are seldom seen in public places, only a few of them are identified with any sort of social movement, and many of them do not even attend church. We must conclude, then, that in the small talk of their *pensions*, in desultory attempts to learn French or German, which the adults almost invariably abandon after acquiring a few ordinary phrases; in the intermittent circular tours of travel in Switzerland, Italy and Germany, with an occasional winter trip to Egypt or the Riviera; with a course of university lectures now and then, which they only imagine they understand; in visiting the galleries, museums and "other places of interest," of which Europe is so full, and with similar commonplace things, done in a very lonely way, they pass the time, and it would seem at best that their lives are very aimless and sometimes quite sad. Yet many of them who doubtless might go home do not do so, and many of the widows and "unmarried" ones who do occasionally go almost invariably return. "We find the life at home too rough and noisy," they say by way of explaining their return to Europe. "We cannot get used to it again."

But it is the male adult living on the Continent who as a class most touches and amuses and appeals to my sense of the humorous and pathetic. These may also be divided into two classes: those who live abroad because they want to, and those who live abroad because they have to.

Going more closely into detail, it may be said that, independent of the American dentists, who are *en évidence* everywhere in Europe, some two hundred of them thriving at the various centres, and of the American Consuls, who are stationed at all of the principal cities, and of a few students and scholars who live here to pursue their studies and observations, and of a few cads who detest their native land and all its institutions and live abroad in order to exploit and emphasise their ill-feeling, and of a few disagreeable gentlemen who probably live abroad "because they can't get along at home," as suggested by my cynical lady at the outset of this sketch, and of a few gentlemen who speak the languages and really enjoy life and travel in the Old World—I say, with the exception of the foregoing, the adult American male resident of Europe as a rule lives here not because he finds it profitable or agreeable to do so, but merely because of the desire of the wife of his bosom, who either persuades, cajoles or bullies him into it. When I say "bullies," I speak advisedly, for certainly the most thoroughly subjugated and low-spirited specimens of the genus *hen-pecked* on earth are tagging around after their ladies on the Continent of Europe, or else are settled down in homes here and there, trying to become figures in a society that has no open door for strangers,

and particularly not for toadies, unless they be millionaires with marriageable sons and daughters. These poor gentlemen are not even permitted to visit the "American bar," where they might occasionally find a friend to talk to, or to attend the Fourth of July dinners or Thanksgiving-day dances, or Washington Birthday celebrations, or other patriotic occasions; they must shriek at the sight of a mince pie, and run wildly from a turkey, and turn pale at the mention of cranberry sauce or strawberry short-cake, and shudder at the mere suggestion of fried oysters.

The American gentleman who lives abroad to please his wife is generally a good sturdy American citizen who would much rather live at home, but who, in that spirit of solicitude and chivalry that causes the American husband to be held up to the world as a model of conjugal altruism, sacrifices the more congenial associations of his own land to his wife's desires and exiles himself solely to please her—even if it be that she wants to live abroad, as is true in some instances, merely because she can buy her clothes to better advantage. These gentlemen are to be found at every turn, at places frequented by Americans in Europe; and while they do not always complain very bitterly of having to live abroad, they are prompt enough in explaining that they do so only to please their wives. The Honourable Ferdinand Peck, our brilliant and amiable Commissioner-General to the Paris Exposition of 1900, was very much amused by the candour of one of these matrimonial martyrs on the occasion of a dinner given in his honour when he visited Geneva last September.

"I presume you find life in Europe very delightful," observed the Commissioner to the gentleman in question, just as the champagne was being served.

"I would rather live in hell," replied the exile promptly, with a defiant look at his wife across the table; at which that lady spoke in cheerfully, saying, "That is about what we do when we are at home. We are from Pittsburg, you know."

Thus it may be seen that the American husband loses neither his patriotism nor his candour, nor his wife her quick wit, by their residence in Europe.

Paris, London, Dresden, Berlin, Florence, Rome, Munich, and the shores of Lake Geneva are the principal seats of American colonies in Europe. The greatest number live in Paris, and it is thought that there will be fully twenty thousand resident Americans there during the Exposition of 1900. Of the Americans living regularly abroad there are perhaps more from Pennsylvania than from any other one state, with New York and Massachusetts second and third in the order named. There are fewer from the South than from any other section.

I think there is a mistaken idea in the United States as to American colonies in Europe. These so-called colonies are by no means the composite and sympathetic social bodies they are supposed to be. On the other hand, it seems to me that many Americans in Europe spend their time largely in trying to avoid other Americans. This is not because they despise each other, but often because they do not want to associate with English-speaking persons while learning the Continental languages, and more often still for the same inevitable reasons that divide society into cliques at home. In Paris there are fully four or five different "Sets," and the magnificence with which they all scorn each other illumines the whole social horizon. The same thing goes on in a smaller way in all the other cities, but it is only in London, I think, that any real bitter feeling has been developed. This is because of the more marked difference in the social grades there. But when we have the Fourth of July dinners and the Washington Birthday celebrations, there are no longer any cliques. We see the gentlemen who live abroad to please their wives on hand, with those amiable ladies themselves, all in



"Keep off the grass."

elaborate arrangements for a great pyrotechnical display. Verily it is an impressive scene in a far-away land, and when the orator of the occasion burns his peroration in this wise:

"The world has discovered, fellow-citizens, that behind our banners of welcome and our spirit of tolerance there is a National sign-board, which says respectfully, but firmly, KEEP OFF THE GRASS,"—

I say, when the orator has thus delivered himself, there goes up such a shout as could only come from home-loving hearts, beating in a unison of patriotic emotion on distant shores.

We have a sort of taking of Santiago in Geneva every blessed Fourth of July. In the interim, obtrusive and noisy patriotism is not at all *à la mode*.

BENJAMIN H. RIDGELY.

the fullest spirit of patriotism. We see the Ambassador, the Consul, the clergyman, the banker and the dentist; the little old maids are invariably there, with their brightest and kindest and most patriotic smiles; the self-exiled mothers, the young widows, the old widows, and the grass widows, the students from the Universities, the young women who are learning the languages in the *pensions* of the bourgeoisie, the larger boys from the boarding schools, the scholars and the students, and even the disagreeable people who can't get along at home, have come to the National celebration. There are missing only the unhappy hen-pecked husbands, who would come if they dared, and those few abominable cads to whom I have referred, who detest the country out of pure perverseness. The great dining-hall in the big hotel is brilliantly decked with our country's flag; there is a gorgeous centre-piece on the great table in the design of an American Eagle; outside in the hotel gardens there are



THE ANCIENT BRITON.

MY meeting with Professor Greyling was the result of my devotion to the study of prehistoric Dartmoor.

On the moor are three things that severally interest the three classes into which mankind may be roughly divided. There is wild scenery for the æsthetic. There is the great Convict Prison for the sensational. There are the remains of the Ancient Briton for the seeker after knowledge. And the third of these classes has a lonely time.

My connection with our Antiquarian Society was official, but (I need hardly say) quite honorary. The results of my explorations of the prehistoric villages and hut circles had been published in our "Transactions" (at my own expense), and had even been noticed by some of the London papers. I woke, after my excavations on Bail Down, to find myself famous. I liked the sensation, and did not begrudge the postage stamps it cost me in the matter of answering inquiring correspondents. Thus, it was no surprise, that October evening, to have a card brought to my study bearing the legend "Professor Greyling" and an address in London.

He was shown in, and presently I was looking through my spectacles at a tall man of middle age, clean shaven, well set, and handsome in appearance. Hair of an iron-grey colour, neatly trimmed, and clearly marked eyebrows, gave him a clean-cut look which was (in my poor experience) unprofessorial. But his manner, his enthusiasm, and his ease of conversation on the subject that absorbed me, soon placed us on friendly terms.

"You will pardon my unannounced visit, I know. I've read about you in the *Times*, Mr. Carter. I've been conducting inquiries of the same kind in Brittany, and I am mightily interested in your work."

I expressed my pleasure, and told him there was nothing unusual in his visit.

"I suppose not. Your results are so remarkable that they have attracted notice everywhere."

I became deprecatory. "They are only remarkable because the subject has not been thoroughly dealt with before, Professor. People who go to Dartmoor as a rule seek it only for reasons of pleasure—except when they are involuntarily conveyed there."

The Professor laughed, and then we launched into the middle of things. Sitting in an easy chair, with his head well back and his voice sounding as clear as his opinions were determined, he told me of his researches in Brittany, of his theory of Mont Dol (for instance), and of similarities he found between the

prehistoric remains of North-west France and South-west England. I got out for him the printed records of my explorations of the Bail Down hut circles near Princetown, which excavation had proved to be human dwellings. They contained granite benches, which had been strewn with heather for the Ancient Briton's couch two thousand years ago and more, cooking stones, and the charred remnants of fires twenty centuries old.

As he got to close quarters with the subject, Professor Greyling glowed with the warmth of it, and the time passed rapidly. Suddenly looking at his watch, he discovered that it was nine o'clock.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I had no idea it was so late. I must not annex any more of your time now, Mr. Carter."

"Not at all," said I. "You are welcome to anything I can do for you in the interest of research. Are you making a stay here?"

"I propose to remain a fortnight. I have engaged my rooms at the Royal on that understanding. Then I am off to Brittany again. Would it be too much to hope that you will give me a day or two on the Moor? I should like to make my comparisons at first hand. I propose a small treatise on the matter, and shall have to acknowledge my deep indebtedness to you."

I was attracted by his manner as much as by his proposal, and readily consented. There was some slight talk of a tentative arrangement before he left.

"I can't say how much I am gratified by your kindness, Mr. Carter. May I put myself under a further obligation? I am one who detests much publicity. Will you, for the time, keep my visit as a private matter between us?"

"My friends would be much interested in it," I ventured.

"Possibly. But my wish would be, if possible, to allow it to be between us only, for this time, at any rate."

Of course I said his wish should be respected.

"And may I hope for your company at the Royal to dinner to-morrow, Mr. Carter? A portion of my collection which I have with me may be of some interest to you."

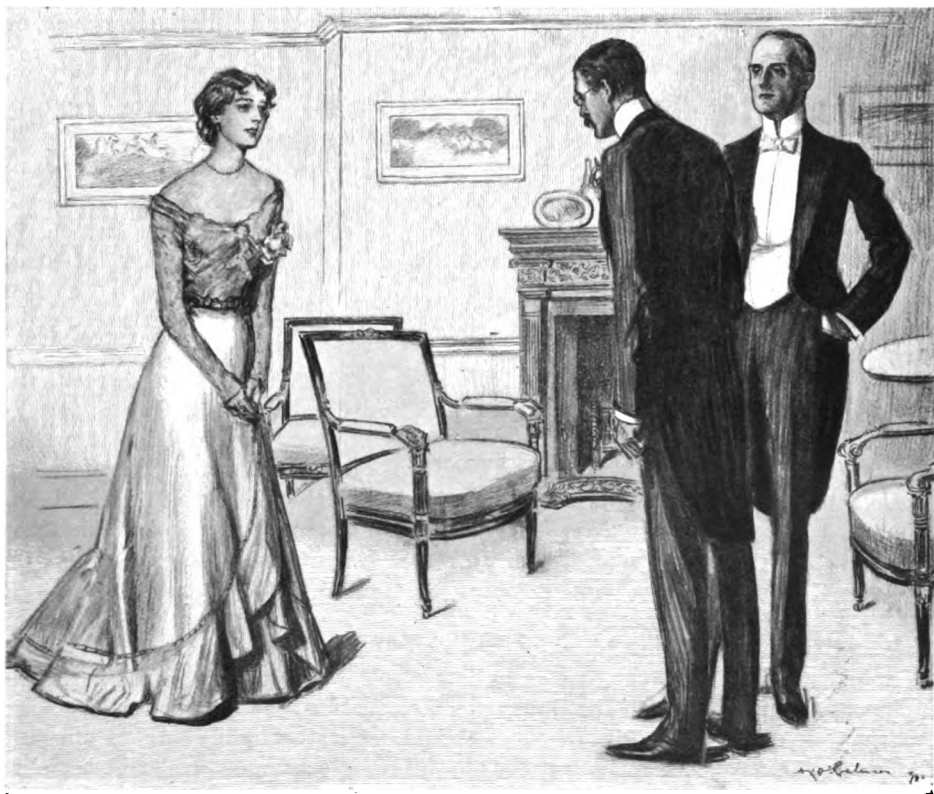
I consulted my diary, and made the engagement. With a quiet handshake, and a cordial smile, the Professor left me. Maintaining my promise to him, I said nothing about his visit, but found my way to his hotel on the following evening. It was evident that he was a man of means, for he had the best suite of rooms in the place. His name was strange to me in antiquarian matters. But I reflected that there are many quiet workers in this field who save up their skill and knowledge for private enjoyment, and others who do not make a public appearance till years of study have given them the power to say a word which must be heard. The title of Professor was a little inconsonant with this theory, but it might be that Mr. Greyling's qualification to use it had been obtained in another sphere of labour.

He greeted me in a drawing-room, where was a table well laden with specimens of flint implements, and books and papers relating to our subject. We remained discussing these for some little time. Occasionally the Professor took out his watch and looked toward the door, as though waiting for another arrival. The motion aroused my curiosity, and it was further excited by the words "She is late," spoken generally. But before I had time to ask a question the door opened, and I started to my feet and bowed. I saw little of the Professor for a few moments, little of the specimens, little of anything but a beautiful face with a crown of light brown hair, and a dainty, shadowy dress of blue. There was a smile upon me, and a hand extended. I heard the Professor say,—

"Mr. Carter, my dear. Mr. Carter,—my daughter Madge. She has shared all my travels, and caught some of my passion for our investigations."

Indeed? I may have said that, or committed any other *gaucherie*. I fancy that between the smiles there came some words about the *Times*, and the honour of discovery, and the fascination of the subject. There was one paramount fascination for me. I had the happiness to gather the blue dress at my side as the wide doors swung to the announcement of dinner.

How futile the Ancient Briton was I discovered, when the Professor began to babble of sherry. But I did not fully recover my self-possession until I found myself eating pheasant. I lowered my eyes from the blue dress opposite,



"I started to my feet and bowed."

and saw pheasant on my fork, wondered how it got there, and decided to taste it to test the reality of my situation. Even when I had determined that the dinner was a tangible thing, and that the Professor and his daughter were no phantoms of my brain, I could pay little attention to what passed. I noticed that the wearer of the blue dress smiled on me, that she seemed interested in the incoherent things I said, that she flattered me by laughing and approving all the clever *mots* of which she told me afterwards (when I could not recall anything in connection with the feast but a sense of stupefaction and foolishness).

This was an adorable angel, who talked about the Ancient Briton and his revolting houses on the moor when she should have been discoursing of "sugar and spice and all things nice," as the rhyme goes. Indeed, the next day, when I

found myself at the hotel, I did get her to discuss the opera and pictures, and to gossip in a charming way; but every now and then she chaffed me back to my specimens and inquiries, telling me I was not true to my *métier*, and that she was a better antiquarian than I.

"Really, Mr. Carter, you are doing your best to shake my allegiance. I thought antiquarians were much more serious people. Will you tell me the name of the hill where you found that circle we read about in the *Times*?"

"That was Bail Down," I replied. "It is a most desolate and romantic spot. I'm to have the honour of taking the Professor there. May I hope that you will dare the journey with us?"

"I want it of all things. But is it so formidable?"

"Well, not very. But it means a tramp. The place is some distance in on the moor from Princetown, and we can drive within a mile or so of it, but the rest is rough walking."

"You will be our guide, Mr. Carter; you know the ground so well. Did you say Princetown? Is that a town of any size?"

"Don't you really know it by repute? It's the place where the great Convict Prison is built. That is what most people come to Dartmoor to see. They have no eyes for the Ancient Briton, Miss Greyling. In fact, you are the first of the fair sex I have known to take an interest in anything male more ancient than your own generation."

She laughed divinely, but rather uproariously, at this, and begged me not to be like all the other men.

The upshot was that I neglected everything else for more than a week, and devoted myself to the desires of the Professor and his daughter. On his part he was not selfish enough to project his enthusiasms between us, and I had done my best to forget the particular object of our unexpected acquaintance, when it was recalled to me, at the end of a week, by a rather unlooked-for incident. I was at the hotel, and had found Miss Greyling alone. There was a delightful *tête-à-tête*, there was tea in her sitting-room, there was talk on every subject under the sun but the Ancient Briton, until it began to get late, and it occurred to me to ask where the Professor was.

"Oh!" said she, "I think I forgot to give you his message. How stupid! He would not trouble you to-day, as he knew you would not be available till the afternoon, and he has taken the liberty to travel as far as the moor on his own account. If I were you, Mr. Carter, I should feel rather indignant. I am sure if I had done half as much as you to make it celebrated, I should begin to regard it as my own especial preserve. But there, he has only gone to get a general idea of its appearance, and to compare it with the wild heath-lands of Brittany. He will be back to a late dinner. Won't you stay?"

There was little that would have pleased me better, but I had the opening winter meeting of our Society to look after, and my absence would have been remarked. This I explained with apologies.

"You know, Miss Greyling, that your father did not want his visit here to be talked about among our people, and it would occasion quite a new sort of investigation if I remained with him to dinner instead of sacrificing myself to the prosaic duties of my office."

"I am afraid you are a sad backslider," she said, taking the hand I was holding out. I retained it a moment longer than was necessary in politeness, while I laid stress on the sacrificial character of my departure; and she turned her head very prettily, I thought, and did not banter a reply as usual. The morrow

was the day fixed for our joint expedition to Bail Down, and she said as we parted,—

“You will be here in good time in the morning, Mr. Carter? The trap is ordered for eight o’clock. That awful hour will be yet another sacrificial offering on the altar of duty.” This with an arch smile.

I leave any unmarried antiquarian of my years to imagine the state of mind in which I faced the company at our meeting. I never remember taking part in a more tiresome *causerie* about things of no importance. I never remember going to bed with less inclination to sleep.

Madge Greyling was the most enchanting girl I had ever met, and there was no reasonable doubt that she liked me passably well.

At nine o’clock next morning we were on the road up to the moor, with a fine drive of nearly twenty miles before us. I had been a little surprised to find the extent of the preparations the Professor had made for the expedition. He explained the presence in the trap of sundry spades and other tools, and two big bags, by his intention to explore some of the hut circles on his own account.

“I am going a long journey presently. We are mortal though we are archæologists, and I may have no more chances like this. I believe in taking Fortune at her word when she is in the right humour.”

The arrangement suited me perfectly. It promised a long day, with myself at my best on the subject I knew so well, and with Madge Greyling for a pupil. Even the allocation of the seats in the dogcart was exactly to my liking. When the Professor had gone the previous day to Princetown, he had travelled by train, and he therefore set me to drive, and put Madge up by my side. It was Madge who taught me how really beautiful was the road up into the hills, giving little shrieks of delight as I pointed out the lions of the route to her, and talking



“There was no reasonable doubt that she liked me.”

bewitchingly of the colour of the tors, and the shadows thrown by flying clouds on vast stretches of golden fern and purple heath.

Presently the grey tower of the little church at Princetown peeped over the rise, and I named it. She was more interested than ever, and asked whether we should see something of the great prison of which I had spoken yesterday.

"Ah!" said I: "I fear you are as bad as all the rest. The sensation of the moor is not to be resisted even by a fair antiquarian."

"It has rather a human interest, don't you think? You raised my curiosity by what you said. I feel a little quiver already."

I had noticed that she did. Her nerves seemed to be affected by the solemn appearance and associations of the grey tower.

Half an hour later we came upon a full view of the immense prison buildings. We were above them, and leaving them on our left. Madge stood up in her seat when I told her what they were, and did not speak till we had left them behind us. She sat down with a sigh.

"I suppose they all deserve it," she said. "But it seems a cruel place."

"Look there!" I pointed with the whip. On the wild moorland a ring of figures in black stretched out in a circle, more than a mile in circumference, in the centre of which there were other figures of a dull yellow colour in groups and strings.

"What are they?" she asked.

"That is the ring of warders and civil guards, each armed with a rifle, and in the middle are the convicts at work on the fields and trenches. If one of them should have so little consideration for his physical soundness as to run away, he would be a fair mark for the best shot in the ring."

"What a horrible thought!" she exclaimed.

"A horrible necessity," I answered. "As you said just now, there is not much doubt that the majority of the men within that ring of fire thoroughly deserve all they have got."

"Ah, yes! Society must be protected, I have heard." There was just a little ring of irony in her voice, I thought. "But is not the thought of liberty too much for them sometimes? Don't they make the grand sacrifice, and risk everything for an hour of glorious freedom? I think I should, Mr. Carter. Fancy, if any one near to you were there! What a horrible thought!" She shuddered again.

I told her that attempts at escape from the prison were numerous, but never successful. For the ring of warders was almost invincible, and if by any chance it could be evaded, the moor was so inhospitable for many miles around, and the telegraph was so soon at work, that the man was always captured before he could get far from the place. And then there was only more imprisonment and more rigorous punishment for him.

But by this time we were out of sight of the precincts, and approaching the Tartar's Head, the cosy little hostelry in the middle of the moor where we were to put up our trap and take to foot.

"How will you manage about your encumbrances?" I turned to the Professor. "We had better engage a man from the inn to carry them. You will hardly be able to do it without assistance."

"I had thought about that, Carter. I don't know how you feel, but I hate to have a yokel looking on when I am doing work of this sort. If you do not mind, I think we can manage. I'll take the big bag—it isn't very heavy. And if I can prevail on you to shoulder the spade, why, Madge will take care of the small things."

Naturally, I would not hear of Miss Greyling carrying anything, but I fell in with the rest of the Professor's idea. There was a short cut across to Bail Down without going on so far as the Tartar's Head, and I suggested that, as we were to carry the luggage, it would be well for them to get down there so as to lessen the labour, while I drove on to the inn, and left the trap. The Professor approved the notion, and we put it into practice. The bags and spades were handed out to him, and Madge got down.

"You will not be long?" she said, with a look that was a volume; "for we are strangers in a strange land, you know."

If ever there was a young antiquarian in a hurry, it was I, as I drove that horse down the precipice towards the inn. My haste astonished the friends there, who knew me well. I was usually deliberate, but they knew nothing of the circumstances that altered the case, and doubtless put it down to the general madness of my tribe. The gentle toleration of the rustic mind in the rustic person that makes money out of it towards this particular form of lunacy is very remarkable.

They had hardly gone a hundred yards across the moor before I was with them. The Professor was labouring along with his bags, and Madge was staggering under the weight of one of the shovels. The British navy was then and there endeared to me, and I never see a man with a spade on his shoulder without being reminded of that day.

I noticed a suppressed excitement in the Professor's manner as we came nearer to our goal. Many times he turned and looked about him, as though to ascertain the lie of the land. He wanted to compare the contour of the district thoroughly with the scenes in Brittany where the main part of his work had been done. That comparison would be one of the most interesting parts of his book when it appeared. Madge talked to me, and told me how much she was indebted to me for showing her a landscape so wonderful. Those who have done any work on the moor will not want to be told that the neighbourhood of Bail Down is one of the most rugged and remarkable on all the plateau.

On Dartmoor, one hut circle is very much like another; but this one was distinguished because there was close to it an avenue of granite posts, the origin of which has been the source of so many fanciful theories of Druidism and what not, about which, however, we have no really significant knowledge.

"Marvellous!" exclaimed the Professor, pausing to gaze down over the solitary silent slope, where life had revelled two thousand years before. I did not pay much attention to his raptures, for I saw how deeply Madge was affected by the spirit of the place, and how she turned to me for words. The view behind us included the haze over Princetown, two miles to the south, with low rolling downs between. The Professor made a little sketch map for his book while I talked, and then we moved down to the circles. Two I had already explored, and these were open, but nothing would content the Professor but to begin forthwith to dig out one on his own initiative.

We set to work with the spades, and soon made an impression on the soft peat that intervened between us and the floor of the hut we were to rifle. But to remove *débris* five feet deep from a space of several square yards is a work of time. At first Madge stood on the brink of the pit and looked at us, but soon she wandered away, and sat on one of the boulders, gazing towards the south, where the blue smoke curled from the grim, grey chimneys of the prison, softening the clear outlines of the horizon with a gentle haze.

It was back-aching work. The Professor, though a much older man than myself, seemed to be tireless; and I would not give in while he was active. But

occasionally I took a spell and a look at the weather, and I remarked to him that it would not do for us to stop there late. The clearness of all the landscape was suspicious: I should not wonder, I said, if the evening brought on a thick fog from the south.

The Professor leaned on his spade and looked at me. "I believe you are weatherwise," said he. "We will not stay if you think it dangerous."

"It is a little risky to be caught in a fog away from the beaten track."

"Very well, Carter. We can return to it to-morrow, if you like. Indeed, I think we ought to. Our labour will be rewarded, for, look here, I've found one pretty good specimen already."

He held it up—a neatly-fashioned flint scraper, used by the prehistoric inhabitants of the villa we were raiding for the purpose of dressing skins.

"By Jove!" I cried: "it is one of the best I have ever seen taken from the moor. Why, it's own brother to one you have in your collection."

That was a fact which had not escaped the Professor, and he said it proved his theory of the close connection between the Ancient Briton and the Ancient Breton. My enthusiasm was fairly aroused, even to forgetfulness of the warning of fog, and I was only disturbed in contemplation of the scraper by the voice of Madge, sailing down the wind to me, and calling my own name. I left the Professor, relic and all, on the instant. At her side I found another addition to the fascinations of that blissful day. She took my hand and drew me down. I thrilled at her touch, and thanked Heaven for my opportunity. Our hands remained joined.

It was only some small question about the growths of the lichen on the granite, but I discussed it in this posture as long as her interest held out. I met her sparkling eyes; I lived. There was no doubt that Madge was more than favourably inclined towards me. Botany displaced archæology until I heard the Professor's voice, and beheld him struggling up behind us, with a bag in one hand and two spades clattering over his shoulder.

"Hullo, Carter!" he exclaimed. "You're right about the weather. It's clouding up terribly."

The sky had grown grey, as it knows how to do suddenly only on the moor.

"You had better hurry on to the inn, and bring up the trap. We will meet you near the road, and have the hamper ready. The luncheon must be brief, eh? No time to lose if we don't want a soaking."

"Oh yes, do, Mr. Carter. It will be better to lunch out here than to leave the glorious open for a stuffy inn."

No more than a word from Madge was needed. I hastened off. When I reached the top of the hill with the trap, the sandwiches and the claret were waiting. We were merry over the meal, indulging in a toast to the health of the Ancient Briton, for that he had made us acquainted.

"He never did so pleasant a thing in his bloodthirsty career, Carter. I'm more than obliged to him."

"And I," said Madge, with a smile: "I never thought I could like him so well."

What could an antiquarian want more to his happiness? The drive back was even more delightful than the journey to the moor. We proceeded in the same order.

As we passed the prison, Madge was again a little troubled in manner. She caught my arm as she stood in her place to catch the last glimpse of the black specks on the moor and the yellow groups in the trenches.

"Poor fellows!" she sighed.

I began to feel that the punitive system of the country left much to be desired. As we drove down towards the cultivated land, opening out a series of wonderful pictures, Madge sat close to me, and we talked of the pleasures of the day. I was regretting their departure from England, planning how we might meet again, and again explore the city of the Ancient Briton . . .

"Why, Professor!" I suddenly exclaimed, "haven't you left one of your bags behind? You were only carrying one when you sent me on for the trap."

He looked under the seat.

"Bless my heart! So I have," he said. "What a nuisance! But still, Carter—if you can spare to-morrow to come out again, I dare say we shall find it untouched. I left it in the pit, and that's hardly likely to attract visitors in the meantime, is it?"

"Well, no," I replied; "I dare say it will be all right."

The fog marched silently up to meet us; it left pearls on Madge's aureole. But the light shone clearly through it for me. The Professor coughed and complained—and I wondered why. I held her hand at parting, and the grasp was more eloquent, I thought, than any words. Madge! Madge! I scarcely slept for the constant echoing of her name.

The lackey at the hotel surprised me by his answer to my inquiry for Professor Greyling next morning, early. We were to have gone out to the moor to recover the missing bag.

"Suddenly called away last night, sir,—but here's the young lady."

Madge, dressed for walking, her face all alive and flushed with excitement, met me on the stairs.

"Oh, Mr. Carter, what apologies we shall have to heap on you! I am so sorry we have to say good-bye so soon."

"What!" I exclaimed, my hand extended. "I don't quite——"

"You see, our plans are all altered. We leave for London by the——"

"Ten express," the man put in. I stared at him, and gaped at Madge. I wanted time to understand.



"She caught my arm as she stood in her place."

"Yes, ten express," said Madge. How lovely she looked, in her animated speech! "My father had a telegram waiting for him from my brother when we returned. It was to meet him at Exeter, for there was important news—*affaire de famille*, Mr. Carter. He went off by the mail train last night. Now I have a wire to be at the station, ready for the journey at ten. They will come down to fetch me by one train, and go back by the next. My brother has just returned from abroad. I have not seen him for years, Mr. Carter, and I am all impatience to meet him."

"At least," I faltered (hand still extended: she had not taken it), "you will let me see you off, M . . . Miss Greyling?"

"How good of you!" was her answer. But she was not the Madge of yesterday.

We drove to the station, her maid following with impedimenta. As one in a dream, fearing to awake, I stood on the platform with her till the train from Exeter should unfortunately come in.

"But you will come back?" I said, helplessly. I hardly saw the reason for her laugh.

"Of course, of course!" she answered. She took nervous steps along the boards. The train rolled in. Her head turned quickly, looking at the compartments. I caught sight of the Professor, a little pale from his short night's rest. She rushed to him.

Behind him descended a tall, handsome man, of a military appearance, hair very close, face very cleanly shaved,—and apparently hurriedly shaved, for his cheek was decorated on one side with a large piece of plaster.

"Madge!" he cried.

She was in his arms, and he kissed her again and again. The Professor tapped him urgently on the shoulder, and shook hands with me at the same time. The young man released his sister and turned.

"Albert, do you think Madge much altered? Allow me,—Mr. Carter, who has been so kind to me in my explorations."

He stared down on me, and gave me the tips of some fingers.

"Mr. Carter, I say, Albert," said the Professor, seeming annoyed at his coolness. "You remember what I was telling you. I should not have seen the Bail Down huts, nor should I have obtained that splendid scraper, but for him."

The young man laughed.

"By Jove! Of course not!" And he grasped my hand again, and wrung it till the fingers ached. "Mr. Carter,—you're a trump!" he added.

"Well, well"—the Professor hurried us to another platform,—"*there's no time for explanations*. Carter, I'll write to you fully, and I hope to see you later, and go over the ground again. I can't tell you, really I can't, how much I owe you—probably a good deal more than you imagine."

I made monosyllables in reply. I was looking at Madge, who could only look at her tall and handsome brother. I was hardly out of my dream before they were in the train and the platform was being cleared.

"Good-bye—good-bye!"

"*Au revoir*, shall we say?" It was Madge at her sweetest.

"You will hear about us soon," said the Professor.

Almost before I could reply the train was moving. They were gone. A sudden thought,—I ran along the platform.

"Professor!" I shouted. "What about your bag?"

I could not catch what he said in answer, but I heard a loud laugh from Madge's brother.

Then I felt the platform beneath my feet, and saw other people in the station. As I slowly walked back to the town, I thought again how weary and detestable the Ancient Briton was—all ashes and dry bones. There was a mist on my spectacles.

A sound in the street attracted my attention. It was the word "Dartmoor." A newsboy was running and shouting, "Daring escape from Dartmoor Prison! Special Edition!"

Having been close to the place so recently, I was interested; I bought a paper and took it home with me. There were large headlines over a small paragraph, stating that a prisoner had got away in the fog on the previous afternoon, and had not been discovered. The hue and cry was abroad—the moor was being scoured.

But Madge was gone—I had not even had the presence of mind to ask where I should write to them. I confounded her brother (in the strongest language I permitted myself) a thousand times. In the afternoon I locked myself in my study, and began the composition of a poem. The best rhymes I could find for Madge were "badge" and "cadge." I resigned myself to a brooding melancholy.

When my evening paper was brought, I turned to it to see the later news of the escape. Probably the poor devil who had got away had been captured by this time. I opened the sheet, stared, and read rapidly, breathlessly. Towards the middle of the column I saw, "Romantic Story."

"The prisoner" (said the paper) "seems to have disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him up. He is now ascertained, in spite of the reticence of the authorities, to be no other than the notorious Captain Webber, who was serving a sentence of ten years for forgery. Captain Webber was sentenced in 189-, and it will be remembered that his conviction, and the severity of his sentence, created a great controversy, and gave rise to no little criticism of the jury and the judge. There seems to have been a reasonable doubt about the facts; and a large part of the public was convinced that the Captain was the victim of a conspiracy. Sympathy was aroused more strongly because the prisoner was just about to have been married to Lady Madge Greydon, daughter of Lord Greydon of Binley. Both his Lordship and the Captain's *fiancée* were fully convinced of his innocence, fought hard for him, and believed that he would be acquitted. The newspapers of that year fully reported the painful scene in court when the verdict was given."

My hand shook. I could scarcely hold the sheet.

"Our representative at Princetown" (it went on) "telegraphs that up to four o'clock there was no news of the fugitive's arrest.

"It now transpires that he had a struggle with the warder who was nearest to him at the time of his bolt for liberty, and wrested his rifle from him. The warder struck at the prisoner, and inflicted a severe cut on his cheek. This may assist in his identification if, by any possibility, he has procured a disguise."

I threw the paper to the floor. I held my forehead tightly; I used language which I am horrified to recall.

"'My brother, whom I have not seen for years!'"

"'Madge!'" He kissed her. He laughed. He called me a trump. The Professor—bah!—told me he owed me more than I imagined. The Professor sent me on with the trap. He had made sure that he would not be seen in the neighbourhood.

I struck my senseless head. "Fool!" I cried. "As completely as if the earth had swallowed him up." Sapient scribe—you got nearer the truth than you thought. Madge!—for this I made my back ache over a spade. For this you called me to

look at the heather. For this you pressed my hand. Insensate idiot ! Did you not see how she looked over your shoulder while you inflicted on her your philosophy of the prison system ?

Ancient Britons ! snigger in your very kistvaens. Oh how the gods laugh ! Let the very boulders on Bail Down crack their sides with laughter ! A flint scraper ! Was ever a flint scraper found on Bail Down before ? It had a truly wonderful likeness to the specimen in the Professor's collection. We both noticed it.

I prayed to the Arch-Druid that my share in this jape might never be made public, but I had several frights within the next few days. A leather bag, empty, was found at some distance from the prison, and brought in by a peat-cutter. It was a small comfort to think that her precious brother had not left it in the pit where it was hidden for him by the still more precious Professor. My honour was safe for the time. A full suit of Princetown uniform was also picked up, and restored to the Government.

A clean-shaven gentleman had got out of the train at Tavistock on the evening of the escape, and asked which was the Princetown road. The same gentleman had booked with another clean-shaven gentleman, with a piece of plaister on his face, from Tavistock to our own town on the next ensuing morning.

It was gently whispered, but not published, that a clean-shaven gentleman had been to the prison on the day before the escape, and had been shown over the premises on the faith of the usual order, made out in the name of Jones. There information ceased. The marvellous escape was a nine days' wonder, and then people ceased to talk of it.

I was asked to read a paper on the Bail Down circles in the course of the winter session. I think our venerable president never had such a shock in his life as when I exploded my "No !" in his face.

R. A. J. WALLING.

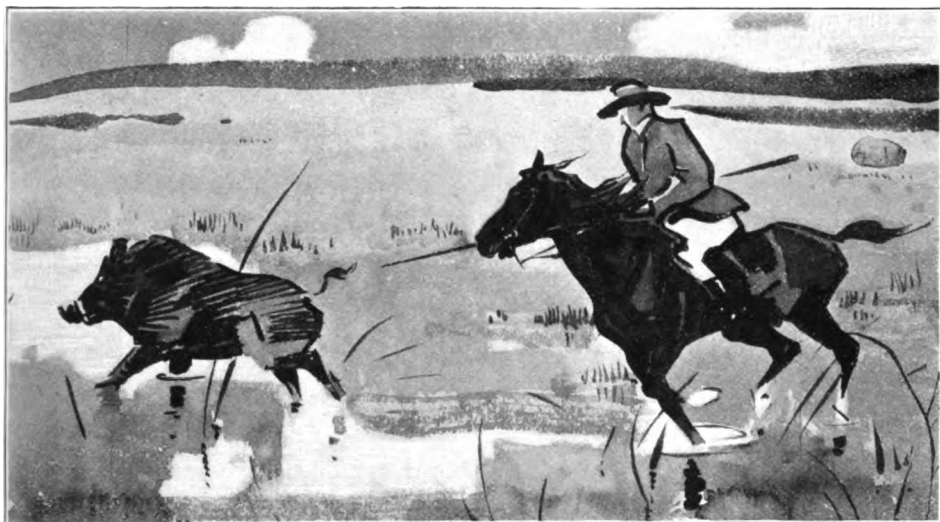
TO HIS UNKNOWN MISTRESS.

PINES and the sea, and mingled scent with scent,—
 Thy sweets are pour'd thro' all,
 And I would leave my mundane merriment
 To join thy festival.

There, where the green is sunder'd from the grey,
 And where the long sea-line,
 Repulsed for ever from the flinty bay,
 Sobs to a lonely pine,—

Thou art in every colour, every sound :
 Oh, quit thy cosmic part !
 I seek thee where thou art not to be found,
 Dear, in my empty heart.

LAURIE MAGNUS.



AFTER TANGIER PIG.

NOT fifteen miles from Europe as the crow flies, the sportsman can spear his pig in country as difficult and presenting as many opportunities of back-breaking as any in India; and for this facility he is indebted to the enterprise of the late Sir John Drummond Hay, sometime Minister Plenipotentiary for Great Britain, who secured by special firman from the late Sultan the preservation of the pig in the country between the estuaries of the rivers Bogaddie and Tajardat, with a hinterland of about three miles. In this country, which runs down the west coast, and offers a variety of cover, plain, and marsh, the Tent Club of the Corps Diplomatique holds its winter meetings; and any one who can secure the readily-given sanction of the Director is at liberty to take a spear. Without going far into the technicalities of the sport, it may here be mentioned that only the long under-arm spear is used, the short jobbing pattern being more suitable to the thick, long grass that characterises the Indian *mise-en-scène*, but is absent from the Moorish landscape. The meets are attended by Europeans of both sexes, and there have been occasions on which ladies have taken a spear—aye, and killed their pig. Now and again, too, the late Governor of Tangier also rode with us, using for the occasion a European saddle.

By way of showing the average sport, it seems most convenient to offer some short account of the last meet, which took place in the month of April. I had been asked on this occasion by the President of the Tent Club, the Minister of a great Power, to take the place of "Bibi" C., then absent, and direct the hunt; and it was with some hesitation that I accepted the invitation, as some years had elapsed since I had taken charge, and I felt doubtful of having the necessary authority over the beaters. However, some one had to do it, so I soon made the proper arrangements with Hadj Abdallah, chief of the beaters and sole remaining hunter of the glorious days of Sir John. Some villagers having refused on this occasion to take part, others were pressed into the service; and all other matters being satisfactorily settled, including the engagement of a young Spaniard to cut up such pig as we might kill (a process distasteful to Muhammedans), I rode out the fourteen miles that separate Awara and Tangier, musing on the many times I



had before ridden out on the same errand; and "Maruja," who cantered as steadily as ever, seemed also to be realising what was coming, and to be picturing the joys of giving a dusting to the sly old pig that cheated us both on the last occasion. Arrived in camp, I found that our muster consisted of Colonel and Mrs. X, a well-known sporting editor from England, a foreign Minister and one of his *attachés*, and three Englishmen. In all, then, since the editorial one carried the camera in lieu of the spear, and two of the Englishmen carried nothing at all, only five spears as against the three-and-twenty who had mustered for the meet

some months before. Twenty-three spears are too many for comfort; five were too few to make sure of the pig; but we had to do our best and trust to luck. That evening we discussed the plan of campaign round the camp fire, and looked down the hillside at the marsh of Sharf-el-Akari, glistening in the moonlight like a dream of Doré's illustrations for "*Croquemitaine*." And I got hold of Hadj Abdallah and sounded him as to the chances of sport; whereon he gravely assured me that there were so many pig in the district, and that they had done such terrific damage, that the natives had abandoned their ploughing. A Moor is never so impressive as when he is lying, and this proved in the sequel the usual perversion of facts.

The camp at Awara is not far from the beautiful beach which runs for sixty miles from the international lighthouse on Spartel to the port of Larache, and stands on the only high ground of the whole preserve, which is mostly open except in the mimosa-covered tract of Hafa, where also grow thick patches of cork trees. From the camp you get a view of the ocean and of the marsh and of the silver river of Tahadaz, which is lost to sight in the mists that ever hang about the Red Mountain.

The opening day of this particular camp was a Monday, and a very tiring and disappointing Monday it proved. We both heard and saw pig from an early hour; but, in spite of the tremendous noise made by the beaters and their dogs, we got nothing until late in the evening, when the Colonel got away with a pig that had broken cover close to his mare, and got his spear in. It turned out, to his disgust, to be a fat old sow; but he was in no way to blame for the mistake, as there was no time, so near him did the old lady rush forth, to distinguish her sex. That was the sole poor trophy of the day, though it must in fairness be said that never before were Hadj Abdallah and his numerous assistants in better form, actually keeping line—a very rare accomplishment with Moorish beaters.

Tuesday was for most of those in camp a day of rest, but not for the Colonel and myself, who had overnight conceived the idea of sending into the town for some cans of petroleum and setting fire to some of the most troublesome covers, that had long helped the pig too much for our taste. We worked hard in the execution of our plan, but the result was most disappointing. On returning to camp, we found that the foreign Representative and his *attaché* had left, their places in camp being taken by a couple of distinguished visitors, who undoubtedly brought us luck.

Soon after dawn on the Wednesday, I had a long consultation with the Hadj, who declared by all he held sacred that if I would mount him, he would



unquestionably put up the big boar at the Hafa, which had twice beaten us in the present year. I fell in with his quaint proposal, and then placed Colonel X, with him and two other spears, on the hill-top with the beaters, riding off myself to the mud lake with the other spears and spectators. I was not in luck, for not a pig broke at the Hafa; but, just as we were giving up all hope, the spears from the hill came in view riding hard after a big boar. The ground hereabouts is very broken—many a good toss I have had over it—and I met the advancing party only in time to see both the Colonel and old Hadj Abdallah minus their spearheads, with the pig carrying the two spears in him and chasing one of our friends, whose hired Barb had not the courage to face a 39-inch tusker, as it afterwards proved. The old fellow was winded, however, having been ridden sharp over stiff country for quite a mile and a half, and he took to the bush just as I

came up. At once, however, he charged me, and broke my spear too. Beaters now came up in considerable number, and urged us to finish him off; and one of our party then walked into the bush on foot, but came out quicker than he entered, having likewise left the business end of his spear in the boar, which was by this time a perfect porcupine of spearheads. Our second horsemen, however, now rode up, and we managed without much more ado to despatch the veteran, after about as exciting a fifteen minutes as any one could desire. The beaters now clustered round the victim, chattering, but not touching the accursed corpse; and A. (the editor aforementioned) contrived to secure a picture of them by ostensibly focussing his camera on the pig and, at the moment of exposure, turning it quietly on the natives, who do not relish being photographed, as it is against their religion.

After lunch on the same day, I had a most inspiriting run after a big boar, but was brought up short by a rabbit-hole, and lost him.

On the third day of this particular meet, I reversed the order of things, and remained at the thick part of the Hafa, at the top, with two other spears, sending the Colonel and the rest to the mud lake. Hadj Abdallah, ordered to remain below, got impatient and joined me, saying he had seen a pig moving at a spot known as Beria. Scarcely had he joined us, when a big boar broke back towards camp, and we were after him in a moment, the Hadj, for all his sixteen stone and certainly not less than sixty years, giving me the lead. The pig had a good start, but the old hunter got on terms with him—and missed. Next moment I had rolled him over, and he was, after a brief fight, speared in the open. He



took a line of country that recalled exactly that memorable run in 1893, when that best of horses, "Toreador," broke his back, and three of the spears, including myself, came to rather violent grief, being much hurt. Only the pig got off scot free.

Hadj Abdallah and I re-

turned after this to our places, and were met by a pig pursued by several who had chased him from the mud lake. He managed, however, to get into very thick bush, and we there lost him. Thinking that there might be another at the end of the beat, I called all the spears back to their places—a bad move, as it turned out. Old Abdallah then viewed a pig crossing the wide plain between the camp and the marsh, and was off without giving a holloa, neatly giving himself a start of a quarter of a mile at the least. We galloped over the hard plain for all we were worth,



but the Hadj had got his spear in twice by the time we rode up, and it was a strange sight to see the veteran sticker and the old boar fighting for its life a mile and a half from cover of any sort. That ended the sport for the day, for, though plenty of boar broke cover in the Msiebes beat by the sea, they all got back. It should be mentioned that Mrs. X had ridden as straight as a die the whole day, and, had she carried a spear, she would assuredly have got a "first."

Next day it transpired that the Hadj was so overcome by the joy of having got a pig (and by whatever form his celebration of the success may have taken) that he was unable to take any part in the proceedings. Just before lunch, Mrs. X, who was scouting for us at the edge of a wood, gave a holloa, on which the Colonel and Count M. rode out, and I, having a good start, got first to the object of the call, a sounder of seven. Selecting the biggest, I had just, as I thought, got on terms, when he swung round and charged, my spear entering his neck and breaking clean off. Then he charged the Colonel, who was on his thoroughbred mare, and broke his spear in turn. Unfortunately, we both went back for fresh spears, making sure the pig would never be able, with two spearheads in its hide, to get far from the scene of its mishap; but by the time we got back new-armed there was not a sign of the brute. Some little distance, indeed, we tracked him, but the beaters were so excited that they spoilt the spoor and put us off. After lunch, by way of concluding the proceedings of

the week, we thoroughly beat the cork-woods, but, in spite of two good runs, we did nothing, our horses being either too slow or the pig in too good galloping condition for us to ride them down.

Such, then, is the pig-sticking at Tangier, and very greatly is it appreciated by officers quartered at Gibraltar and by a number and variety of other visitors. All the marshes teem in winter with snipe, and I have also seen, but never there succeeded in bagging, wild geese at the same season. Foxes there are, too, and jackals; and I may in conclusion place on record, as opposed to the prevalent notion, the slowness of the latter animal. Whether or not its lethargy in this particular region may be due to excess of food and the little persecution it has to face, I may mention that I have killed half a dozen with the hounds, and we generally managed to kill inside of a quarter of an hour.

I am indebted to the kindness of my old friend and fellow-hunter in Morocco, Mr. J. E. Crawhall, for the illustrations of a scene in which for many years he was one of the best over a rough country.

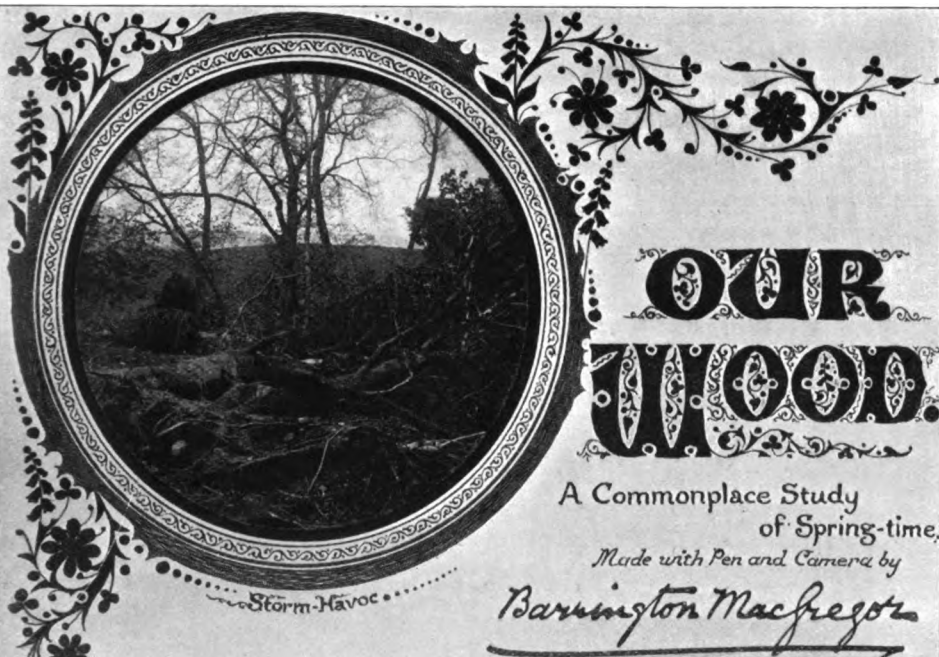
FRIAS.

APRIL.

HER name is Waywardness; she yields
 To easy laughter, mirth, and song.
 Her faithful loves, the wood, the fields,
 Rejoice before her, while the strong
 Young Sun-God's kiss her glory crowns.
 But suddenly My Lady frowns.

She frowns. Ah, then the fields, the wood
 Are shadowed in her deep disdain,
 Lie abject to her wilful mood
 And languish while her teardrops' rain,
 When lo! the Wanton reconciles
 Her swains with swiftly sudden smiles.

FRANK SAVILE.



OUR WOOD.

A Commonplace Study
of Spring-time.

Made with Pen and Camera by

Barrington Macgregor

It is not our wood at all, in the sense of actual ownership; but we call it so, as it is our children's favourite play-ground, and nothing shuts it away from our garden but a low, broken, stone-faced bank, hardly to be called a wall, and so low that in many places a child can surmount it without climbing. And except in the shooting season, when the gunners and beaters crash, stalk, and bang their way through it, or for occasional visits of keepers or woodmen, it is seldom trodden by any other feet than ours. In England it would, I believe, be called a hanger,



Our Children's favourite Play-Ground.

Our Wood.

as it lies along the top and down the side of a steep bank, at the foot of which a little mountain burn runs past, here smoothly and quietly, there with a noisy fuss.

Our wood embraces about three acres of ground, and used to be one of the finest pheasant-coverts in the county: but a few winters ago there came a hurricane that



A Beech Bole in Our Wood.

swept away nearly half its trees, smashing and beheading many of the rest. Almost a third of its site is now bare of standing timber, and of this space much has been overgrown with short, thick, turfy grass, which the rabbits keep well nibbled. Here and there, chiefly under the trees, there is a sprinkling of wood-sorrel, celandine, and anemone. Last

OUR WOOD.

year there were primroses; but not in such abundance as in many other wind-scarred, treeless spaces in the neighbouring woods, where they made their appearance after the great storm, as if by magic, and still flower in countless numbers. This year our wood has not any. Plenty of broad patines of foxglove leaves have pushed their way through the grass, ready to send up their carillon-towers later on, and many of them have set their stars in the very barest spots, far from all other greenery, where a grey-brown carpet of pine-needles still covers the ground. In one corner the treeless space is becoming a thicket of wild raspberries:

and these "berries" are by no means to be despised, as they are nearly as large as the "common, or garden" sort; and last autumn they furnished a handsome contribution to our preserve shelf. I remember, long ago, when I was a very small boy, on

The Sisters.

the prow in my father's library, being attracted by a combination of the words "Natural History" and volume of Bacon: and a sentence therein has stuck in my memory to this day—"Take sorrel, and set it among rasps, and see whether the rasps will not taste the sweeter." Here the experiment has been tried by Dame Nature herself, the trefoils of *Oxalis Acetosella* being plentiful amongst the canes, and the delicious flavour of the fruit, more characteristic than that of the rather insipid garden plant, might lead one to think that, in this case, the post hoc was a propter hoc.

THE foxes may have their

"Experiments" in an old



Raspberry-Picking.

Our Wood.

"gloves" in our wood, but the red rogues themselves never come near it. If they were to do so, they would probably be shot. Shot! — nay, start not so in horror, my noble sportsmen. We are far beyond hunting boundaries, and Scots and English Law are not more different from each other than are our customs, with regard to such matters, from those of the "Shires." The dictum that "morality is a question of latitudes," shabby though it be, is true as to vulpecide. If it were not so, there would not be a gamekeeper in the whole county who would not deserve to be put

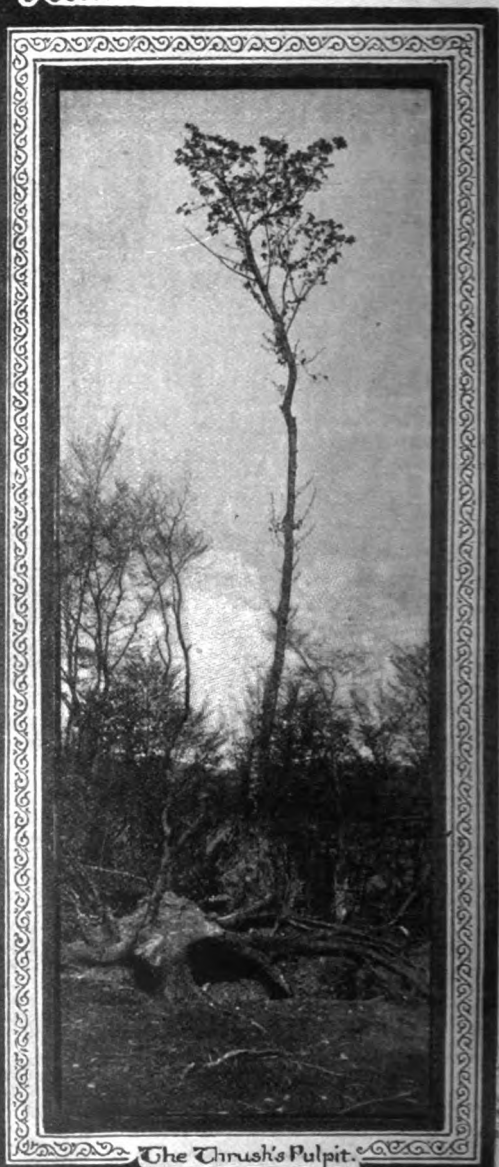
"in the stocks,

Wrote up as 'the man who murdered a fox!'"

A few winters ago, the keepers on this estate, after three nights' vigil, killed a pair of red-coats, in whose earth they found the remains of about eighty pheasants.

CAPERCAILZIE and roe deer are occasional visitors to our wood. Once, it not actually in the wood, yet close to it, I saw a wild red doe. As for rabbits, the place swarms with them, and none but the toughest and most unsavoury plants (to a rodent, at least) can be grown in our garden, unless specially protected by wire netting.

AS I write, the regular evening concert is going on outside my study window, with blackbirds and thrushes as chief solo singers. The thrushes prolong their singing till a much later hour than their darker-feathered congeners; thereby contradicting the old saw that connects "early to bed" with the development of wisdom, for (not to speak of the disgracefully nocturnal habits of the sapient owl) is not the bird of the mottled



The Thrush's Pulpit.



In a Corner of Our Wood.

Breast

*"the wise thrush, that sings each song twice o'er
Lest you should think he never could re-capture
The first fine, careless rapture"?*

*Now the blackbirds have stopped, and one thrush seems to have all this end
of our wood to himself; and how he is filling it! You have little idea of the po-
wer of a thrush's voice, till you find yourself close to one in full song: not the sub-
dued, half-hearted song of a caged bird, but the jubilant carolling of a free one.*

OUR WOOD.

Yesterday, when I was in the wood with my camera, I happened to stand quite still for a few minutes, with my head and hands concealed by the focussing cloth: and just then a thrush lit upon a branch about a yard off, and began to sing, and the noise of his shrill notes was absolutely ear-splitting.

THE one that is singing now is an old acquaintance of mine. His favourite perch is at the top of a tall, thin sycamore, that managed to shoot up among the pines before the hurricane came, and when they were swept away, whipped about toughly, and so survived. It stands



now almost in the middle of the barest space—a long pole, with a few spreading branches at the top; and we call it "the Thrush's Pul-

A little Mountain Burn.

pit," from whence he declaims his utterances of wisdom. It does not require any great effort of the imagination to set words to a thrush's song; though our words may not, perhaps, be exactly those that would express his meaning. Sometimes our preacher seems to be to be taking his text out of some sylvan Book of Canticles, as thus:—"Sweet! Sweet! Sweet!

Come here! Come here! You pretty bird! You pretty bird! Be quick! Be quick!"—and so on. It really sounds at times like articulate speech; but I have never heard of any one teaching a thrush to speak, as one teaches a starling.

STARLINGS have some very sweet notes of their own, though one does not often hear them. A pair have built close to my bedroom window; and about four or five o'clock every morning they may be heard making love to each other in little, low,

Our Wood.



Crossing the Burn.

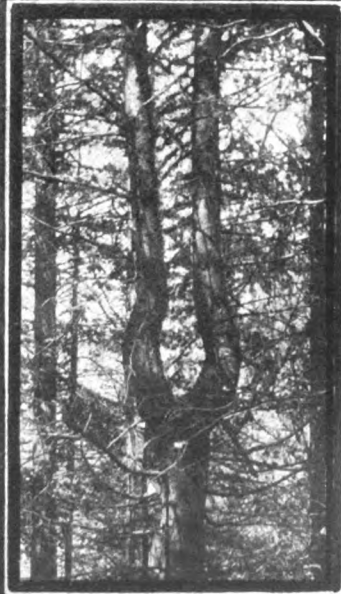
cooing notes, that are very delicious. In the day-time they frequent a couple of storm-beaten larches, which we call "the Two Sisters," that stand close to our house, at the edge of the raspberry thicket, and like the "Pulpit" have been left in desolate loneliness. The neighbours of these trees must have grown very closely about them, as now the only branches they could find room to put forth reach out in two narrow, perpendicular rows,

on the side next the low boundary-wall, with a strange suggestion of arms stretched out

in grief and appeal, towards the nearest human habitation.

The only other trees worthy of notice for individual beauty or peculiarity, in our wood, are one magnificent beech, whose bole in the spring sunshine, is a revelation of loveliness, and a freak of nature in the growth of a fir-tree, that we call "the Ogre's Kitchen Tongs." The "leader" of this tree having been broken off in its youth, a pair of branches, one on each side of the wound, began to curve over, as if to meet one another; but afterwards changing their intention, they made a simultaneous turn, and shot sky-ward in parallel lines. Ogres are not to be found in our wood, perhaps; but I know that fairies are, for have I not seen and photographed one?

BUT, to return to its more commonplace denizens, we must not forget the squirrels. A pair of them have their favourite playground in and about a row of larches in front of our breakfast-room window.



The Ogre's Tongs.



A Woodland Fairy.

One of them is a grand old fellow, much larger than his mate, and of a much lighter red—almost fawn-colour or buff. I fear, however, they may not be left long unmolested; for the lord of the manor is earnestly bent upon the preservation and recuperation of his woods, so cruelly battered of late, and his keepers class these lovely little fellows among the vermin destructive thereto. They assure me that they have often seen the squirrels tearing off the young shoots of the firs, especially the larches, and throwing them to the ground in sheer wantonness of mis-

OUR WOOD.

chief. This is a serious indictment; and the only defence I can set forward on behalf of the culprits is the Irish one — that many more people, every whit as trustworthy, never saw them do it.

FAR the commonest bird here is the chaffinch. Later on in the year you may see him fly, literally in his thousands, from our wood, which is the lowest of a long range of mountain woodlands, to feed in the fields that lie on



the other side of our avenue. Then the air is just thick with him. It looks like a shower of

The Lesser Woodpecker.

leaves in a sudden autumn storm after a long calm. Now, in the mornings, the chaffinches' chorus begins later than the more delicate music of the larger birds, gradually waxing in volume until it quite puts them to silence. If thrushes go to bed late, they certainly do not require much sleep, for they are in full song as early as two o'clock, as also are the blackbirds; and they begin again at about four, when their noisy little neighbours (I suppose) are gone in search of breakfast. Among the rarer visitors to our wood, as well as the capercaillie, I have seen the carrion crow, the heron, and the kestrel. Brown owls we often hear, and sometimes a screech-owl. Last summer, two lovely little redpolls remained with

OUR WOOD.

us, instead of joining in the northward migration of their fellows. Creepers are common here, but we have no woodpeckers — unless indeed this, of "my own invention," may pass for one. About four years ago, a pair of golden pheasants escaped from a neighbouring aviary, and though their first winter at large was an exceptionally severe one, they have quite recently been seen in our wood. I believe they once hatched a small brood of young ones, but none came to maturity.

FOR rabbits (I have said already) — they swarm. The wood-piles and rubbish heaps give them grand labyrinths to play hide-and-seek in. Now and then the keepers come along with their cruel, lithe ferrets; — one feels quite differently towards these bloodthirsty mutes and towards the jolly little terriers that accompany them; — and then a sad slaughter takes place; but the numbers are soon made up again, and the bunnies' gaiety is not one frisk the less for what has happened. They have other enemies, however, that are always about; and often in the evenings, especially in winter, when they come nearer the house, I hear the sudden, sharp cry outside my study window, that tells of the seizure of one of them by a weasel or a polecat.

THERE are many other things in our wood, no doubt, that the eye of a practised naturalist would see, and his pen find worthy of description: and, for my own part, I should like to write more about the burn, that runs along the foot of the hanger, not always in fussy tumbles, but with long stretches of shallow rippling, & here and there silent pools; and in these pools lie trout, that — But this warns me to stop; since, so far, I have been telling nothing but the truth, and, were I to go on and introduce my angling experiences, you might suspect me of doing as the trout do.



THE END.



THE WOMAN WHO REMAINED.

SHE appeared so very urgent in the matter, that her prayer was granted. It was unusual—almost unprecedented, in fact; but her lover had just sailed for the Crimea, and there were so many things for the gods to look after, that they decided, in order to save bother and argument, that she should, as she desired, retain her youth for ever. Miss Rawley, feeling gratified by this, longed greatly to tell her girl companions in Gordon Square of the privilege that had been accorded to her, but this was distinctly prohibited; besides, there appeared to be some fear that they might not believe her. She refrained from informing even her younger sisters; they were all so anxious—the month being November, and the year '54—for news from the south of Russia that they could have taken little interest in any other subject. When Sir James Rawley (who was Miss Rawley's father) came home from the City one evening purple with news of the glorious but costly defence of the heights above Inkermann, Miss Rawley alone took the news coolly.

Said the eldest Miss Rawley, thrumming on her harp in the corner of the room a cheerful air: "My dears, we must do all we can to retain our appearance and our good looks."

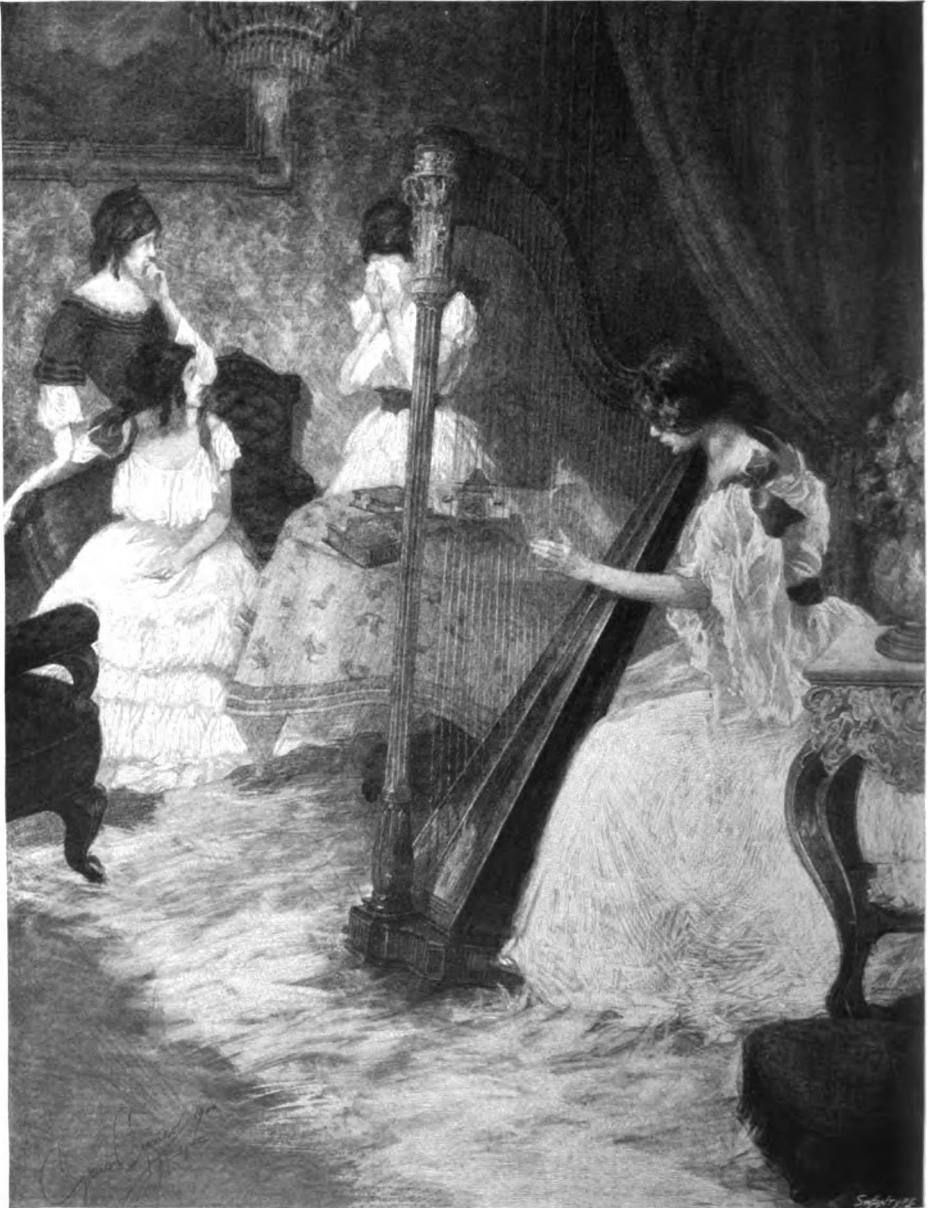
"But we shan't," cried the other sisters in chorus, tearfully.

"Crying," said the eldest Miss Rawley, as she twanged a few chords of *I Puritani*, "crying certainly does nothing to improve them. Jane, get on with your crochet work. Miriam, that embroidery is but half finished. Louisa, dry your eyes, and if you are very good you shall write a page in my confessional album."

Through all that grey and trying winter the lightheartedness of the eldest Miss Rawley was of the greatest use in Gordon Square. A City Sheriff's daughter in Woburn Place did indeed hint that a certain melancholy were more seemly, expressing a fear that the eldest Miss Rawley might never become engaged again after the disappearance of Captain Finlayson; but this was a fear born of hope. The City Sheriff's daughter was herself something of a sham, for she pined in society and went out to dinners in order to decline food in a public and official manner—sitting up late into the night on her return home, and devastating the larder to assuage her appetite. So that one need have no sympathy with *her*.

The younger sisters a year or two later accepted the counsel of Miss Rawley and did recover heart, and thereupon became engaged respectively to an indigo

merchant, a middle-aged sergeant-at-law, and an army contractor, and, what was more to the purpose, married them and had started nurseries, before Miss Rawley (naturally in no great haste) began to consider the advisability of saying "No" with less of decision to her occasional suitors. She read the *Times* to her father



"The eldest Miss Rawley thrummed on the harp."

every evening in the drawing-room at Gordon Square, when he wanted to sleep, went to the Opera twice in the season, and stood as godmother to the open-eyed babies of her younger married sisters. She was now near to thirty, but everybody assured her that she looked but twenty-four; the ex-City-Sheriff's daughter in

Woburn Place, who had now at least two chins and a rather high colour, bought Wilson (who had been Miss Rawley's maid)—bought her at a ruinous price in order to ascertain names of bottles in the secret drawer of Miss Rawley's dressing-table.

"My late mistress, miss," said Wilson primly, as she held up her new mistress's chignon, "never used no powder, never used no wash."

"Wilson," cried the ex-City-Sheriff's daughter appealingly—"Wilson, be a woman and tell me the truth."

"I am a woman, miss," replied the maid with some pride, "and to truth I am a perfect slave. Will you take your port negus now, miss, or when you are in bed?"

"Both," replied the aggrieved lady. "And, Wilson!"

"Yes, miss!"

"You can have my blue satin gown if you will only tell me——"

"Miss," said the maid, "if you were to give me forty thousand blue satin gowns I couldn't tell you a lie. I'm a Bible Christian, and——"

"Wilson," screamed the lady, "if you don't tell me this instant, I will box your ears."

"So much as look at 'em," replied the maid calmly, "and I give you my month's notice. I am not a worm," added Wilson, shivering with pride, "that I should have my ears boxed by people who take seven-and-three-quarters in gloves."

Thus did Miss Rawley's retention of youth commence to make tumult in the hearts of her acquaintances. To herself, as she looked each day in the mirrors of the house (and of these there were plenty), it was a source of inexhaustible delight to find that never a wrinkle came to her young cheeks, never a change arrived to her admirable complexion. Youths of twenty or less, their ambition fired by her youthfulness and gay spirits, brought flowers to Gordon Square and listened infatuatedly to her father's anecdotes for her sake; she was forced to accept so many brooches and earrings that as the years went on she had to give them away to her nieces in order to make room for more. Her ambition rising, she secretly admired a prominent member of Lord Palmerston's Cabinet: she had never met him, but she adored his reputation; and, time being of absolutely no account to her, it really seemed within the limits of possibility that he might, in his turn, present himself.

In an access of enthusiasm over the visit of Garibaldi, Miss Rawley's father died, leaving her the greater part of his fortune and the house in Gordon Square. Miss Rawley was now thirty-four, and her married sisters, aggrieved at the favour shown to her in her father's will, reported that she was thirty-seven, and that she enamelled. This caused some friction, but Miss Rawley's only regret was that she was thus prevented from visiting the houses of her married sisters, and taking toys to her young nieces and nephews; she had a fondness for children that increased with time. As compensation, she did much useful work at the Foundling Hospital in Guilford Street, until two young officials there fell in love with her, and meeting one night at Cremorne Gardens, each being under the influence of wine called champagne, they fought, returning home by hackney coach in such a deplorable state that they were both instantly dismissed from their appointments. It was thereupon intimated to Miss Rawley that her youthful appearance made it undesirable that she should continue her visits to the Institution: similar objections were made when she endeavoured to undertake active Church work in St. Pancras. Society of an agreeable kind was denied to her, for an attractive young woman in those days could not entertain at Gordon Square without exciting remark, and alone she could not with propriety visit even the Lyceum theatre to see Fechter. The habit of proposing for her hand was discontinued by the

moneyed youth of Bloomsbury, then much occupied by affairs in the City, and when the Cabinet minister ran away with an old lady, great fear came upon Miss Rawley that with all her special gifts she might remain unmarried.

"If only Finlayson were here!" she cried.

Miss Rawley was certainly a most fortunate woman. By the post at the beginning of May '66, she received a letter in handwriting the sight of which made her young figure tremble. Within was a letter from Captain Finlayson. He had been taken prisoner at Inkermann; by a clerical error on the part of a careless Russian clerk he had not been released at the end of the war, but had been deported to Siberia, where he had remained for near upon twelve years. He wrote from Marseilles:—

"A Russian Grand Duke came to inspect the village where I had worked all these years, always, thank God, retaining my excellent health, and fortunately remembered having met me in London. The Russian Government has apologised in the most handsome manner, and my place has been taken by the clerk who made the deplorable blunder. I am now on my way back to England, a middle-aged man, but my mature heart still full of affection for my dear one. Heaven grant that she is still free—free to accept the respectful love of her Ronald."

Miss Rawley waltzed around the drawing-room with ecstatic delight, and sent out gold to some street singer in the Square. At last everything was coming right; at last all was sunshine. She drove instantly to the new station recently opened at Charing Cross, and dispatched a telegram to Ronald Finlayson at the hotel in the Rue St. Honoré mentioned in his note.

"I am free, and so very happy to welcome my dearest."

That day was May 11th. It was Friday—in itself an unfortunate circumstance—and the City found itself buffeted and boxed and strained and distracted. Overend & Gurney's Bank smashed, a number of minor firms were broken: Miss Rawley was only one of the many who awakened on the day prosperous, and retired to rest almost penniless. She sent a note the next morning to meet Finlayson on his arrival at Charing Cross, informing him of this disastrous change in her fortunes, and the same messenger brought back a hastily scribbled reply:—

"I think I am almost glad of this. We meet now on equal terms. I only want my sweetheart as she was in the days of long, long ago. I shall wait upon her in two hours."

This gratified Miss Rawley extremely. She dressed herself in her most youthful attire: a white muslin frock, sandals, a flower in her hair, which hung down over her young shoulders. She pirouetted before the glass, laughing girlishly as she thought of the delighted astonishment which her Finlayson would express. When the knocker at the front door announced his arrival, she dared not look out of the window: her heart beat wildly, and she was blushing with confusion.

"Go' bless my soul!" cried Captain Finlayson, as he hobbled across the room, "what a most remarkable likeness, to be sure! My dear, I want to see your aunt."

"I am my aunt," she said confusedly.

He tried to find his spectacles, but failed. "My eyesight is not what it was," he said; "but surely——"

"Ronald," she said, "I have, as you hoped, not changed in the least. I am still the young girl whom you left in '53, and——"

"Are you certain?"

"Surely," she said, rather testily, "surely I ought to know!"

"Yes," he said pointedly, "you ought to know. May I sit down?"

"See," she went on, as she placed a hassock for his lame foot, "here is the coral necklace that you once gave me, Ronald."

"I think," he said doubtfully, "that a coral necklace is not evidence."

"Here is the ring; here is the half of the split fourpenny-bit——"

"My dear, my dear!" he interrupted. "I've had a good deal to put up with during the last thirteen years, and perhaps I'm not quite so alert as I used to be. But I expected to find some one here of what I may term a comfortable age; some one who would make an appropriate partner for a man of my time of life. Instead of which——"

"I think," she said, her young lips quivering, "that it—it is most unkind of you to complain of my youthfulness. I thought you would have been pleased."

"So I should, so I should, my dear, if I had kept young also. But"—here he glanced in the mirror—"I've not."

"You can scarcely blame me for that."

"I blame no one. I only want to avoid making myself look damnably ridiculous."

"Captain Finlayson! Such language——"

"My dear, pray excuse me. I have undergone so much that it is a wonder I remember any language at all."

She took another hassock and sat near to him, stroking his hand affectionately. He patted her head in a paternal manner, and presently found his spectacles. With the aid of these he peered curiously into her attractive face.

"The very image!" he cried amusedly. "Begad! a devilish amusing comedy. My dear, how dare you impose upon a middle-aged gentleman in this manner, you little witch, you? You're twelve or thirteen years too young. Now, if you had made up with a line or two here and a little excess of plumpness——"



"She pirouetted before the glass."

"Ronald! Ronald!" she cried distractedly, "how short-sighted you are!"

"I can manage pretty well with my glasses."

"I am, on my honour I am, the same girl to whom you said good-bye before that dreadful Crimea. I am always going to be the same. I shall never change."

"Is that so?"

"Believe me!"

"Well," said Finlayson thoughtfully, "if this be a trick that you are playing, it is a trick—if you will allow me to say so—in rather doubtful taste. But; if be not a trick, then it is a most unfortunate piece of business and one that will require the greatest consideration. If I were to marry you, and I every day increased in age and in appearance of age whilst you remained obstinately youthful, it is clear to me that sooner or later I should become the laughing-stock of London."

"Let them laugh!"

"But not at me," he said firmly: "I would rather have remained in Siberia. There were many drawbacks there, but I was not——"

"I can see how it is," she cried, with girlish impetuosity. "This is only an excuse for not renewing our engagement. It is really because of my change of fortune; because I am without a friend; because I have now but just enough to live upon——"

"Miss Rawley," he said, standing up stiffly, "I have the honour to request your hand in marriage."

"Captain Finlayson," she answered, "I regret that I am unable to accept your offer."

Miss Rawley lost no time in facing the situation caused by the loss of her fortune. She invested her small remaining capital in a boarding-house in Gower Street, near to Torrington Place, and endeavoured to distract her mind from thoughts of her middle-aged lover by setting about with great show of businesslike manners to organise an establishment where boarders could be accepted at thirty shillings per week.

Domestic work was the only occupation for which she was fitted (by this time the harp had gone out of fashion), and with the optimism of youth she decided that her future in spite of all was to have success about it. Unfortunately the gods, who had once done so much for her, appeared now to be taking no trouble in her regard. Some boarders came, attracted by her appearance, and made such fierce love to her that she was obliged to go about from one floor to another armed with a fork; others of the more desirable and reputable sort no sooner met her in the hall than they decided hastily that a young woman of her age could not possibly know even the first page of the cookery book, retiring instantly to find a plainer landlady whose appearance inspired confidence. Thus it was presently that, what with boarders whom she was obliged to eject and those who backed out into Gower Street at the sight of her, her apartments were nearly always empty and the card in the fanlight over the front door took quite a brown complexion from continued exposure. Her old maid Wilson, now near to fifty years, had come back (the ex-Sheriff's daughter having grown so stout that Wilson could no longer stay with her), and Wilson was a woman of resource. It was Wilson who, on one desolate July evening, when all the other boarding-houses in Bloomsbury were clattering and steaming and crackling with the dinner-hour offered a suggestion to which poor young Miss Rawley lent her pretty ears.

"Miss," said Wilson, in the front room of the first floor, "I've been thinking."

"There is little else to do," declared Miss Rawley dolefully.

"We shall have to make a change," went on Wilson. "Me and you have

known each other for near upon twenty year, and plain speaking is best. We must change places."

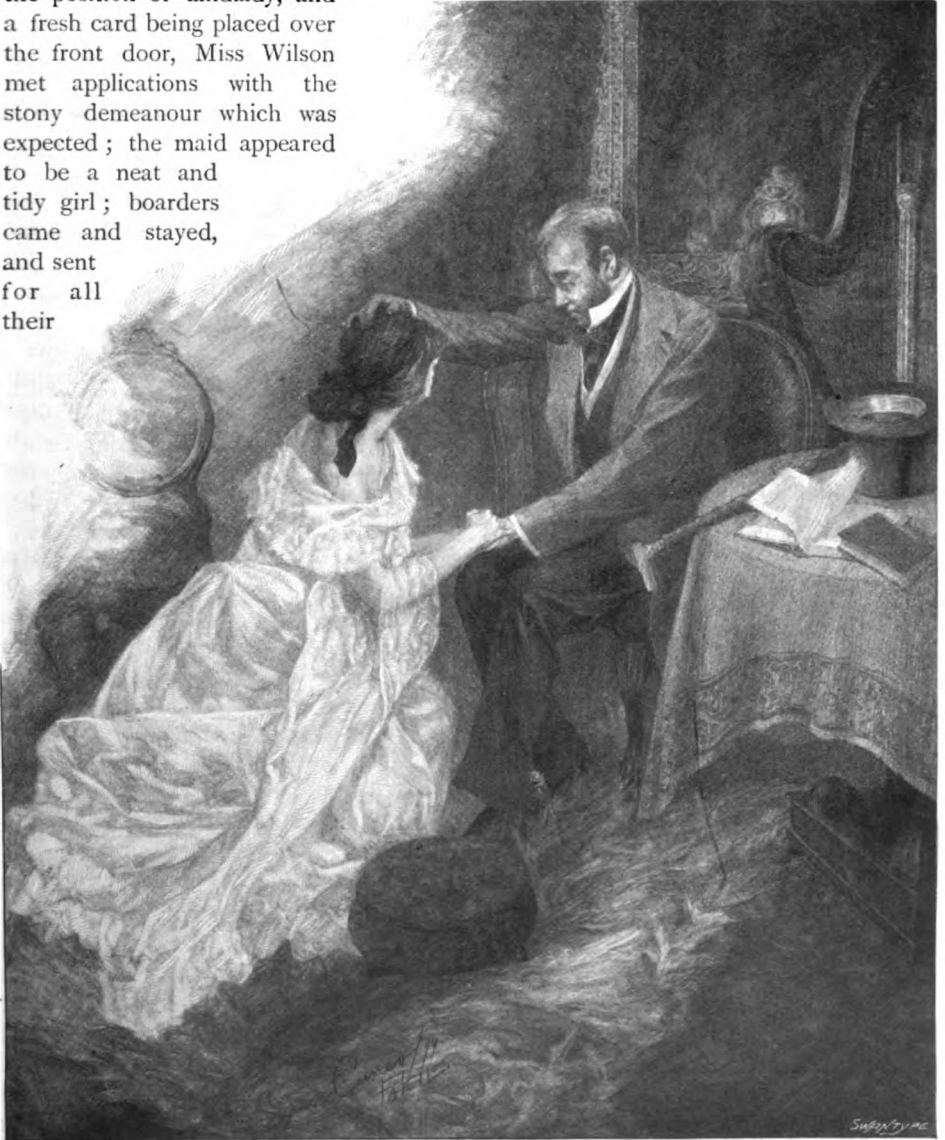
"Wilson!"

"Far be it from me," said the maid steadily, "to wish to 'old up my 'ead 'aughty, but there's a time to speak and a time to be quiet, and this is a time to speak. If I was mistress and you was the servant we should 'ave the 'ouse full before you could say 'knife.'"

"Wilson! There's something in what you say."

"Miss," said Wilson, "there's more'n something: there's everything. Let's argue it out."

The result of argument appeared the next day, when Miss Wilson assumed the position of landlady, and a fresh card being placed over the front door, Miss Wilson met applications with the stony demeanour which was expected; the maid appeared to be a neat and tidy girl; boarders came and stayed, and sent for all their



"He patted her head in a paternal manner."

friends. A dignity of manner on the part of the young maid checked the ardour of emotional gentlemen-boarders, but gave keen annoyance to the tradesmen's lads of the neighbourhood.

"If she was a lady born and bred," said a youth from the grocer's in Francis Street aggrievedly to the lady of the area next door, "she couldn't be 'ortier in her manners."

"It's silly of you gentlemen," said the servant, "to worry yourselves about her. 'Tisn't as though she was the only one in Gower Street. Jest because she sounds her atches she thinks she's everybody."

"She takes no more notice of any one than as though she was talking to a bit of wood," complained the grocer's boy. "A joking remark or a bit of lively chaff's wasted on her."

"Me and cook talk about her pretty loud when she's doin' her steps in the morning. She can't very well be off from 'earin' what we say."

"Does she ever answer you back?"

"That's the worst of it," said the servant wistfully. "She never takes no notice."

"I'm told she used to be the lady of the 'ouse."

"That was before my time, then," remarked the servant. "Must 'ave been over three months ago, because I've been here all that. Longest time I've ever been at one place, it is."

"You don't believe in staying too long with one missis?"

"It spoils 'em," said the servant darkly.

The indignation of the other domestics did nothing to increase happiness in Miss Rawley's life. Money affairs, by the ingenuity of Wilson, were righting themselves; but there was little of company for Miss Rawley until late at night, when Wilson would creep quietly to the servant's bedroom, and discarding the manner of a dogmatic overseer, become again a respectful attendant. In vain Wilson urged with all deference that her young mistress should secure a good husband and start a comfortable married life.

"I never cared for but one man, Wilson," was the answer, "and him I shall never see again."

"What I thought, miss, was," remarked Wilson hesitatingly, "if it isn't taking too much on meself to say so, that 'ere's you specially endowed—to use a common expression—with the gift of perpetual youth, and yet you're takin' no advantage of it. You'll excuse me if I say that it's flying in the face of——"

"In a burst of temper I refused Captain Finlayson. I cannot forgive myself for that, and I can never think of anybody else."

"Well, miss," said Wilson, perturbed, "if it was anybody but you, miss, I should say that was silly talk."

It really seemed that the permanence of youth was to be of no advantage to Miss Rawley. She looked earnestly at herself now in the glass morning and night, in the hope that she might detect some faint sign of increasing age, but turned away always with a sigh of regret. She was still twenty-two: she would, it appeared, be always twenty-two. As she watched furtively her old contemporaries growing middle-aged and matronly, and driving down Gower Street with their children, she envied them with all her heart. Sometimes she dreamt that she too had been married, and that she had a daughter who was growing ludicrously older than herself: this was bad, but it was only a dream, and the realities of her life could not be dismissed in this way. No news had come of Finlayson since the day after Black Friday: he had taken his dismissal as irrevocable. She desired

intensely to see him again, but she had no address, and it was not until she saw in the *Daily News* that he was acting as correspondent in the Franco-German war that she knew vaguely of his whereabouts; upon which she wrote a letter full of affection and respect, begging him to renew his offer, to forget her youthfulness and believe in her sincere love, and she was his "affectionate sweetheart, M. A. Rawley." The Commune opened in Paris at about the time that the letter was due there, and a less fortunate communication would have disappeared; but this reached Finlayson, and cheered him as nothing just then but a good meal would have done.

Miss Rawley was on her knees whitening the steps on a spring morning of '73, an occupation shared at about every other house by similarly white-capped, blue-aproned young women; so that the street looked, at the hour of nine, rather like the resort of some new feminine sect which worshipped front doors. Miss Rawley seemed that morning the most youthful of all the kneeling girls. Glancing round as she rose to move the strip of linoleum, her quick eyes saw coming up from Bedford Square way Captain Finlayson, still slightly lame, now greyish of hair, with a general look of appropriate, reasonable middle-age. The delight of seeing him again was checked by the knowledge that his objection to her extreme juvenility would in all probability still exist. Being in a kneeling position, she suddenly bent her head. The gods had been good to her before,—would they be good to her once again? Fearfully and with little hope she looked a moment later into the pail of clear water beside her. Then with a cry of delight she rose to her feet carefully, and went in with the dignity of forty years.

"Mistress's compliments, sir," said Wilson, with nervous gratification, "and she's just changing, and she'll be down in a minute."

"Good!" said Captain Finlayson. "You're looking well, Wilson, but older."

"Like most of the world, sir."

"With the single exception of your mistress, Wilson, I know of no one who is exempt——"

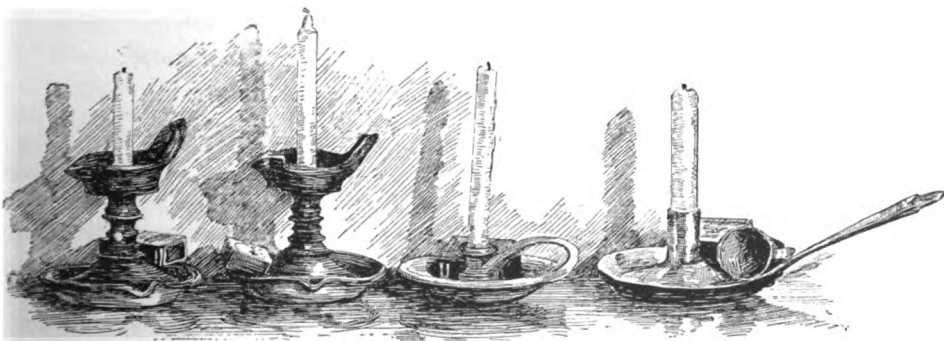
"Excuse me, sir! I think you'll find that mistress looks her age now."

"Damme," cried Finlayson excitedly, "if she does I'll marry her to-morrow!"

And, being a man of his word, he did this. Wilson sold the goodwill of the boarding-house and managed house for them; the married sisters renewed their friendship, and their children welcomed presently a new playmate.

As the children's French story-books say, "*Voilà tout le monde content.*"

W. PETT RIDGE.



FINIS

THE ANGLO-SAXON.

WE are told that in olden days, while the blood of a thousand
 thanes

Was reddening Senlac leas at the touch of the Norman steel,
At one and the selfsame time the shout of the Berserk Danes
Rang out on our Eastern shore, with the grate of the Viking's keel.

Norman, Saxon, and Dane—sword against sword the while
They sowed with their blended blood the germ of an endless seed,
That hatched in the winds, and rains, and fogs of a Northern isle
Burst forth in the new-born bud of the Anglo-Saxon breed.

Centuries long have passed, and the seedling plant has grown,
And the shoots of the parent stem, o'erspreading their island space,
Are grafted in distant soils, but the grafted shoots have shown
That their sap is the same old sap of the Anglo-Saxon race.

And whether it's Uncle Sam or whether it's "Kangaroo,"
"Wallaby," "Maple," or "Oak," in field or forest or flood,
The men that tackle a job are the men that'll see it through,
And the lever that works the crank is the Anglo-Saxon blood.

We may bungle at times, and blunder, we may fail at the first essay,
We may lack the finesse and cunning that subtler nations need,
But, God be thanked, we've GRIT, and it's grit that'll win the day
When the wolves of war are loosed at the Anglo-Saxon breed.

And if ever in evil case, with wounded back at the wall,
Old England faces her foes; in the hour that pipes her need,
From the shoots of the parent stem will echo the answering call
Of the bugle that sounds the "charge" of the Anglo-Saxon breed!

Canada, Australasia, we stock of a Northern land
Are stiff, and reserved, and proud, and the words that we speak are
 few;
But we look you straight in the face, and we grip your out-stretched
 hand,
And God deal so with us, as we deal, in your need, with you!

ERNEST HAMILTON.



Fig. 1. The interior of a Florentine Studio about the year 1560.

From an engraving designed by Joan Stradanus in the "Nova Reperta" series.

ARTS AND CRAFTS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

IF there is something fascinating as well as instructive in investigating the progress made during the last three hundred and fifty years by the manufacturing trades of Europe, it becomes still more interesting if the facile pencil of an artist brings before our eyes in lifelike scenes the primitive condition of industrial art, and the crude contrivances that sufficed men's wants in the days when Bloody Mary occupied the throne of England, and when London town had but 150,000 inhabitants. Our search for such an artist obliges us to cross the Channel, for no English hand wielded pencil, brush, or graver in depicting the scenes with which the reader is to become acquainted.

There is no artist of the sixteenth, or of the following century, who for our purpose has provided a greater variety of material than did the exceedingly industrious Joanes Stradanus—to give him the name with which this versatile artist was in the habit of signing his work. Born, according to the inscription on his grave, in the Florentine Church of S. Annunziata, in 1523, at Bruges, then an exceedingly important city of the premier commercial country of Europe, Jan van der Straet—for that was his real name—wandered in his young days far afield in pursuit of art. Florence became his home, and there, after a residence of more than half a century, he died A.D. 1605. His italianised name, Giovanni della Strada, is perhaps the one by which he is most widely known.

A considerable number of his drawings treat the sports and pastimes then in vogue, and with some of these, as the reader will perhaps recollect, the writer has dealt in these pages.

For our present purpose a rare set of engravings known by the name which Stradanus gave them—viz., the *Nova Reperta* or “New Inventions,”—which is among my collection of early prints, gives us as good an insight into the inner life of contemporary crafts as any the student has at his command.

Our first illustration deals with an “invention” respecting which the italianised Fleming was well able to give his personal experience,—viz., the art of painting. An interesting picture this, for it shows us the interior of a Florentine studio when *cinque-cento* art was at its height. It gives us a capital idea of the workmanlike contrivances to many of which even the modern art student is no stranger. Artists were human then as they are now; hence it is probable that in the busy master giving the last touches to his “St. George and the Dragon” Stradanus has immortalised himself. If this surmise is correct and the artist honoured truth, the original of our engraving must have been produced between the years 1550 and 1560, or a few years earlier than the date usually assigned to the *Nova Reperta* series.

The Latin legend underneath, which possibly may have been added by the engraver, who also acted as publisher of the series, shows that the name of the man to whom in those days the invention of painting in oils was usually ascribed,—viz., the immortal Van Eyck, the most famous of Bruges’ citizens in the fifteenth-century,—was still green in men’s memory.

Our workshop depicts very faithfully the whole process of picture-making: from the rubbing and mixing of paints, the youthful attempts at drawing from models, to the maturer essay of drawing from lay figures, from the apprentice’s probation work to the full-fledged master’s eight-foot canvas, we see the whole process unrolled before our eyes.

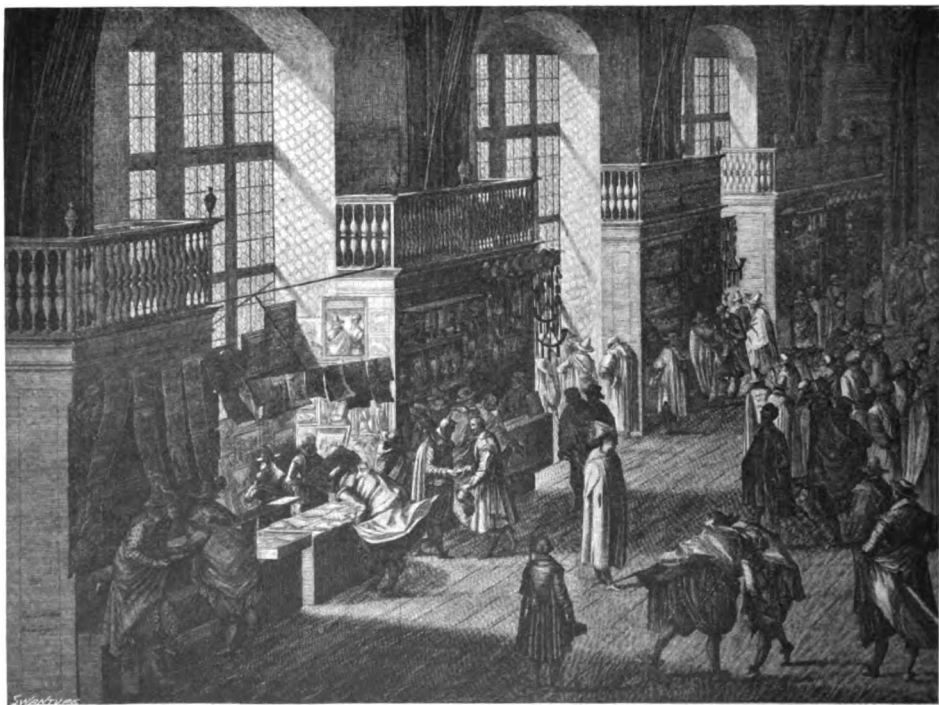


Fig. 2. A Flemish Fair in the Guildhall, showing the Print-seller's stall.



Fig. 3. A Cannon Foundry about the year 1560

From Stradanus' "Nova Reperita" series.

Stradanus, we must mention here, after studying art in the studios of Bruges Antwerp and Lyons, came to Italy in response to a call from that patron of the *belles lettres* and *beaux arts*, the Grand Duke Cosimo de Medici. The latter had established a manufactory of arras under the directorship of two Flemings, the brothers Van Roost, who, it is said, recommended their countryman Stradanus as a capable designer of cartoons for tapestry-work. This was a speciality in which many of the greatest artists of that century loved to exhibit their exuberant talent. With the finest specimens every visitor to the South Kensington Museum is familiar, for Charles I.'s fortunate purchase—at Rubens' advice—of the seven famous cartoons by Raphael which he executed at Brussels for the Sistine Chapel, has preserved to us those inimitable masterpieces from which the tapestry weavers copied their beautiful wall decorations.

Later on, when his fame had spread, Stradanus travelled over Europe in the train of Don Juan of Austria, and finally settled down at Florence, where he produced several hundred works, showing a diligence and versatility which were the surprise of his contemporaries. Nearly all his drawings—most of them are sepia or tinted pen-and-ink designs—were sent to Antwerp, for the Netherlands were then the chief home of the art of engraving. There three families, the Galle, the Collaert, and the Wierix, had established regular schools, where an astonishing number of engravings were turned out in response to the newly awakened desire for pictorial art. Stradanus tackled every conceivable subject, from elephant and lion hunting in Africa, stag and boar hunting in German and French forests, the various breeds of horses, whole regiments of saints, galleries of holy scenes, great pageants, such as the crowning of kings and popes, to allegorical, philosophical

and pseudo-historical subjects, his versatile pencil roamed with equal zest, though not always with the same regard to artistic truth. Most of his original drawings have been lost, so that the number that are extant is nothing like as great as that of the engravings made from his designs. Thus there are only four or five in the British Museum, twelve each in the Amsterdam and Rotterdam Museums, and nineteen in the Albertina at Vienna; my own little collection being rather more complete, for it embraces fifty-six of his original drawings.*

Stradanus, it is interesting to note, was in the habit of drawing his designs ready for the engraver—that is, he drew *reversed*, the process of printing, of course, causing them to come right. For instance, the man firing his gun from the left shoulder, or the cavalier carrying his sword on his right side, appears in the impression as duly complying with the ordinary custom.†



Fig. 4. An Armourer's workshop about 1560, showing how Breastplates were polished.

From Stradanus' "Nova Reperta" series.

For a proof of the importance of the trade which was called forth by the activity of the Antwerp engravers, the reader is invited to glance for a moment at the work of another contemporaneous or slightly later master. In Fig. 2 we see represented a Flemish fair held in one of the stately guildhalls for which that

* To assist persons looking up the engravings after Stradanus in the British Museum, I may remark that, for some not very obvious reason, the loose ones are kept in the Print Room, while the bound ones are only obtainable in the Reading Room.

† It is a curious circumstance that some people are unaware of this fact. Not long ago I was showing my Stradanus drawings to one of the first art connoisseurs in London. He was struck with the very circumstances I have cited, and to my surprise expressed astonishment that Stradanus should have made such obvious mistakes. When told the reason he remained unconvinced until, by the simplest of all proofs,—viz., holding up the drawing to the light, with the back towards one,—he was satisfied that "right" becomes "left" and *vice versâ*.

country was so famous. The stall devoted to the sale of pictures and engravings occupies, we see, a very prominent position, and we can infer from it the beneficial influence which the broadcast production of art work was beginning to exercise upon the education of the masses, to whom hitherto these channels for communicating knowledge of the outside world had been closed.

Three of the *Nova Reperta* series deal with the crafts of war; the first we select (Fig. 3) being the interior of a gun factory, and referring to the invention of gunpowder, then more than a century old. Lest our imagination be too matter-of-fact, good old Stradanus comes to our assistance by picturing, in the view he displays from the broad window of the workshop, the practical demonstration of



Fig. 5. A Stirrup-maker's workshop, circa 1580.

From Stradanus' "*Nova Reperta*" series.

the uses to which will be put the culverins and serpentines and unwieldy mortars, the making of which we are watching. There are no *Mons Megs*, *Deliverers of Christendom*, or other mediæval "Woolwich Infants," among the pieces that are being bored and tooled off; for by the middle of the sixteenth century the serious drawback inherent to huge pieces of ordnance had become generally recognised, and consequently weight was sacrificed to transportability.

Amusing to a Whitworth or Armstrong would be the contemplation of the crude power employed to drive the drill of the core-boring machinery in the centre of our picture, for the wheel is moved by a treadmill-like application of a single man's strength! The old workman with the quaintly-shaped "topper" on his head is engaged in the exterior embellishment of a culverin; for armorial bearings, or some quaint rhyme lauding the irresistible power of the piece, were rarely absent from sixteenth-century artillery.



Fig. 6. How Medicines were prepared and administered, circa 1580.

From Stradanus' "Nova Recepta" series.

Next in importance to weapons of offence were the means of defence—viz. armour; and Fig. 4 shows us the interior of an armourer's workshop. The polishing of breastplates is, as we see, the occupation of the two men at the emery wheels.

Our next print, Fig. 5, shows us not only how stirrups were made, but how they were sold. Large of arch and broad in the plate, in order to take the rider's foot when armed with the *solleret*, which belonged to the knight's full armour, the stirrup's shape had, as we see, not yet adapted itself to the new condition of warfare that was demonstrating the inutility of encasing the warrior's body in plate mail, which, after all, afforded no protection against missiles propelled by gunpowder. The scene of this picture, to judge by the architecture of the houses, must have been an Italian town, though the cart-horse proportions of the two steeds remind us of the Flemish breed; but this is a failing of most of Stradanus' equine specimens. The short-legged youth mounted on the ostrich-feathered horse in the background, is apparently testing the strength of his purchase by standing up in his stirrups. The spear he holds in his hand is, however, not one he would use in warfare, but in the chase. Suggestive of the broad-backed steeds Stradanus is so fond of drawing, are the unwieldy saddles in the left-hand corner. "Slow and sure" was apparently the motto that guided horseback exercise at that period.

Our sixth and seventh illustrations relate to another interesting craft—i.e. pharmacy. Had there been room enough in the picture, Stradanus would probably have shown us how medicinal plants grew; as it is, he teaches us how the prophylactic bark of a tree we unfortunately cannot recognise, is roughly removed from the trunk. In

the background an old woman is weighing out ingredients composing the nauseous concoctions in which implicit faith was then still placed. To the left we see a Dr. Diafoirus superintending the administration of the vile nostrum to the patient. His right hand, holding his glove, is extended in truly professional manner on his back, and the pen and ink displayed on the table indicate that the medicos of the sixteenth century were as ready to write prescriptions as they are to-day. With what terrible remedies the Pharmacopœia of the age loved to dose human beings, as well as animals, is too well known to require more than a brief description: "the filthier the component parts, the speedier the result," seems to have been the working principle of sixteenth-century therapeutics. Take, for instance, the following remedy, copied from a contemporaneous work printed in London. It professes to be a sure cure for the "Rewmatique or Slaving madnesse coming like the Jaundyse": "Take the weight of sixe crownes of the juice or decoction of the rootes of Fennell, the weight of five french crownes of the juice or decoction of an herbe called by the Frenchmen Guy, which groweth in the white thornes—which I take to be that which we call 'Misselaine' or 'Misseltoe'—the weight of foure crownes of the juice or decoction of ground Guy, the weight of 4 crownes of the poudre or dregs of the roote of Polypody which groweth on the Oke or Chestnut tree: put them all together in white wine." Another recipe that will bear reprinting—many of these old remedies consist of ingredients quite unfit for the pages of a non-medical publication—is the following "sure cure" for a certain complaint to which children and dogs are specially subject: "Take an Oxegall, Rosin in poudre, Aloes in poudre, unsleakt lyme in poudre and Brimstone in poudre, mingle them altogether with the oxegall."



Fig. 7. The art of Distilling, circa 1560.

From Stradanus' "Nova Reperta" series.

One is inclined to say with the old-time German apothecary, "*Wohl bekoms*" (may it do you good); and one cannot help smiling at the superior knowledge which is betrayed by the concluding words of the above recipe: "Some have used in times past to put a dogges haire odde (in number?) into an ash of *Ceruisse* tree, but that is but a mockery."

Of the two remaining reprints from the "New Inventions," Fig. 8 shows us how trade was carried on in a street in Florence, the stall of the spectacle-maker being apparently a greater attraction than that of the public scribe or that of the boot-maker. And, to judge by the number of be-spectacled persons in that quiet thoroughfare, the optician's trade must have been a prosperous one. The period here portrayed was, as every one knows, the heyday of the guild system, and we can therefore well understand the prominence which Stradanus, who well knew where his best custom lay, gave to those trades for which the land of his birth was most famous. Amongst these, that of the watchmakers (Fig. 9) was one of the most important, for the *penchant* for watches and clocks was then very fashionable. The mightiest sovereign of his age, Charles Quint, was a slave to it; and we know that the two watchmakers who accompanied that monarch to his monastic retirement in the Jeronymite convent of Yuste were both Flemings of high repute in the craft. As we can see from the six watches hanging up on the wall of the



Fig. 8. A Florentine Street scene, showing the Spectacle-maker, Bootmaker, and Public Scribe, circa 1560.

From Stradanus' "Nova Reperta" series.

workshop, they were still of the famous "Nürnberg egg" shape, and their oviform works were covered by the double cases with chased bulbous lids we know so well from collections. In this picture there is one detail which betrays carelessness on the artist's part; for the cavalier, probably meant to represent a customer of rank, carries his sword on the right side and his dagger on his left side!

In Flanders the guilds flourished, we know, to a degree unknown elsewhere, for not only was civic life there strongest, but its industries had reached a prosperity not found elsewhere, least of all in England, where after the Norman Conquest there came into force a comparatively central government, under which the trade brotherhoods found less scope for independent activity, such as rendered them an



Fig. 9. A Watch- and Clockmaker's workshop, circa 1580.

From Stradanus' "Nova Reperta" series.

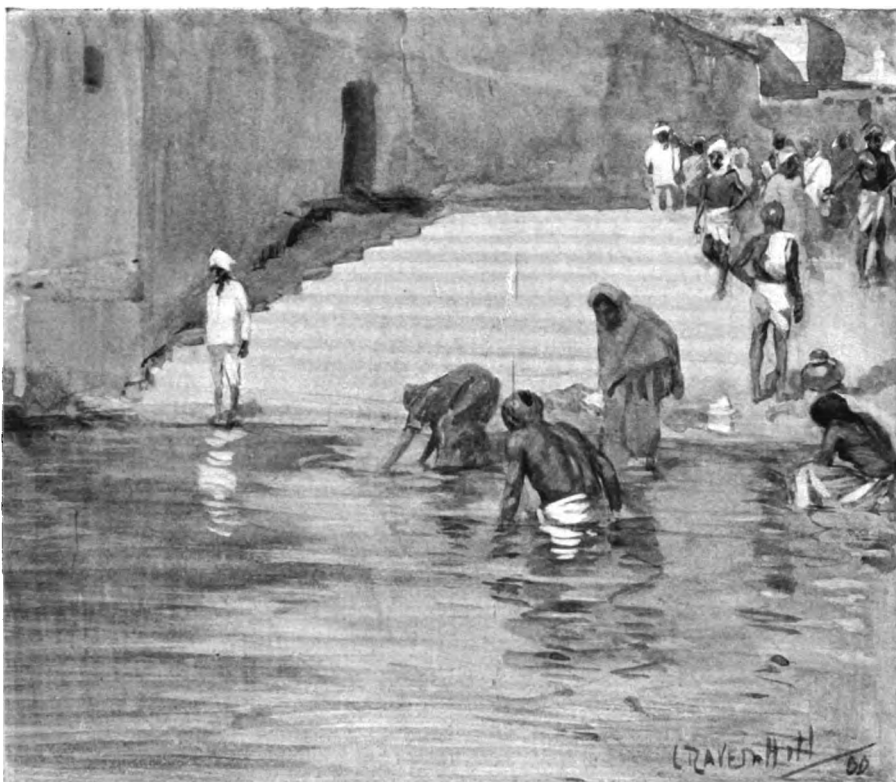
important and enduring factor in the development of countries on the continent of Europe. What the crushing blow inflicted by the wars of the second half of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth centuries were to the Flemish guilds, Henry VIII.'s measures of suppression were to the system in England. When that monarch confiscated their property on the plea that it was used for purposes of superstition, only the London corporations redeemed their rights by paying a fine of £18,700.

W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

(To be continued.)



PRO PATRIÀ.
(Drawn at Southampton Docks.)



THE HOSTS OF THE LORD.



CHAPTER XIV.

MIRACLE-MONGERS.

ROSHAN KHÂN flung his cigarette away, and walked up and down his quarters in the fort like an Englishman; he felt rather like one, also, in his vague distaste for something which refused to fit in with his previous experiences.

"So she will see my grandmother," he said at last: "that is a step certainly—but," he turned quickly to Akhbar Khan, "it seems impossible!"

The quondam chief eunuch giggled like a girl. "Nothing is impossible with women, O Protector of the Poor!" he said; then with a jaunty air of self-satisfaction went on: "And this dust-like one has experience. She will see the female relation to-night after approved custom, and, since this is after the habits of the *sahib-logue*—she would perhaps see the—the Nawab-*sahib* to-morrow."

Roshan wheeled again in his walk, both at the title and the suggestion, half-indignantly, yet with a reluctant eagerness. "See—see me! Did she say aught of it?"

"A woman's wishes for a lover go not near her tongue, *Huzoor*; they keep to her heart," replied Akhbar, still with his jaunty craft. "But if this visit of the female relation be auspicious, as God send it be, then there would be no hindrance to the asking; and even if she said nay——"

Something in his hearer's face warned the old sinner he had to do with some novel code of conduct, and he paused, while Roshan continued his pacing.

The latter was disturbed beyond bounds. The foolish dream of a foolish old woman had come to be so far a reality that the jealousy which had blazed up instinctively at the sight of Laila in that dress—so like a woman of his race—alone with a strange man, had come to be deliberate. More than once he had felt inclined to tell Pidar Narāyan what he had seen, even to write an anonymous letter of warning. He would have done so had he seen any subsequent hint of intimacy between these two. But he saw none; on the contrary, they seemed to avoid each other in public; and though this might be a blind, on the other hand Roshan had seen too much of some English women's ways not to know how trivial an offence against the proprieties it was to sit out dances in a balcony! Undoubtedly, however, this girl, who had taken his presents on the sly, who would receive his ambassadress on the sly, was not one whom it was necessary to treat with great ceremony. She was what the English language called a flirt, his own a stronger term. Not that it mattered, since no wife of his would have a chance of amusing herself.

So, after a while, he paused to say, with a scowl for the toothless, grinning survival of a past society, "I would I knew if it were wise to trust thee? Why shouldst thou take the trouble thou dost? What is the affair to thee?"

Akhbar's face was a study in sheer dignity. "Tis but my duty, Cherisher of the Poor," he said, almost pathetically: "for what other service were such as I am created?"

The hateful tragedy of this confession of degradation passed Roshan by; he saw nothing in it but an appeal to facts, which gave him confidence.

"Yea!" he said, "I was forgetting. Such arrangings are meat and drink to thy sort. So take thy price. It shall be trebled if she bids me see her to-morrow. But"—here he laughed, half to himself—"thou must needs work miracles for such favour to come so soon!"

Akhbar, as he capered off, the rupees jingling in his pocket, to more legitimate and less lucrative pursuits, winked and leered to himself over his own surpassing wickedness and wisdom. Miracles? Aye; but it was nature worked them, not he. Given youth, proximity, a touch of surprise, a flavour of the forbidden, and the result, in his evil experience, was sure. In the meantime his part was to keep the ball from falling until the players took to playing the game for themselves; then the fun was over for the true go-between; then he had to take a back seat and watch—he!-he!-he!-the miracle! A pretty miracle indeed! The idea tickled him so that he could not keep it to himself, and as he passed through the bazaar doing his daily marketing, he used his new avocation of miracle-monger as a reason for good bargains. The shopkeepers, however, shook their heads. Miracles paid the priests, and might suit such as he, but for their part they considered that there were too many miracles in Eshwara. What was the good of the pilgrims coming at all if all their money went to the temples, and they had not a pice left for a relic, or even a toy to take home to the toddlers whose
not yet strong enough for pilgrimage? Whereupon they would look

discontentedly round the baskets of Brummagem brass gods, the Belgian-made rosaries, the patent Swedish self-lighting joss sticks, the machine-cut oblation cups, with which almost every other shop sought to attract custom. Baskets where a pious pilgrim could purchase a whole pantheon, and secure a modicum of divine favour—all duly trademarked by Christians—for a few farthings.

"'Tis not our fault, brother," suggested a decrepit old Brahman with a wrinkled forehead all seamed with white markings, who, squatted in the gutter, was extolling the virtue of the sacred *sâlig râmas*, made—unblushingly—out of the ball stoppers of soda-water bottles, which lay exposed for sale on a handkerchief in front of him: a Manchester-made handkerchief printed in the best style with the loves of Krishna. "We get no more than in the old days; nay! less. For, see you, the third-class ticket takes so much. And that is the *Huzoors'* fee. They send it all over the black water to make a mountain of silver in the streets of their big city, London. . . . Oh! pious ones! buy! Buy a sacred sin-expeller!"

The monotonous cry was caused by the appearance of a priest-led band of pilgrims; for as yet the great throng was not, when the whole narrow street would be a sea of heads, when even the saffron robes would be lost to sight, and the only thing visible would be the patient, anxious faces seeking redemption. That would come on the morrow—the great day.

Meanwhile reverent eyes turned to the bottle-stoppers, and one or two hands wandered to the little hoard set aside for regeneration, which was diminishing so rapidly under the claims of chaplets, lights, caste-markings, sprinkling, and miracles.

"There be too many, I say," reiterated a radical seller of drugs; "if the *Sirkar* puts a tax on my medicine for the body, why not on thine for the soul?"

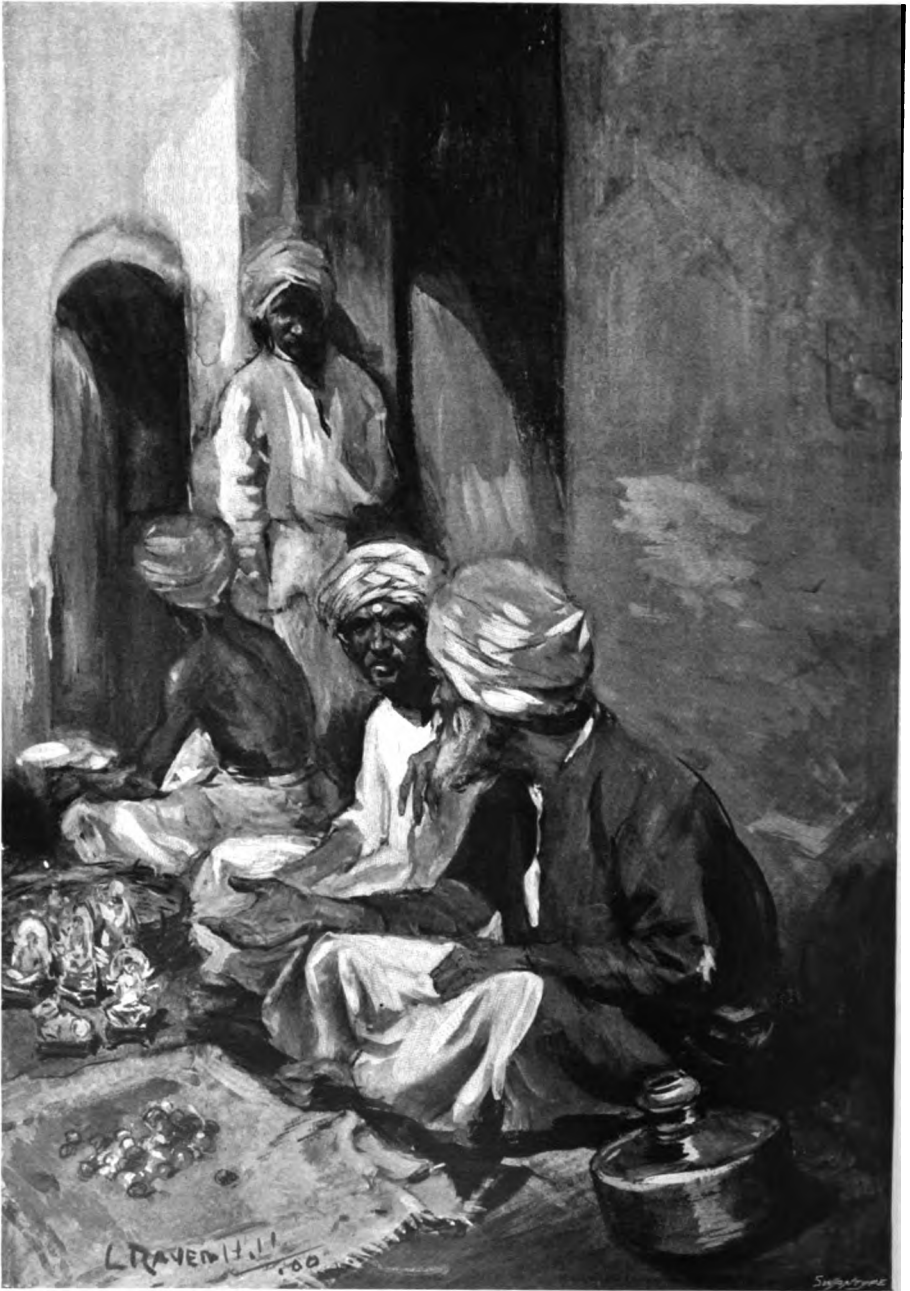
"Nay, *pinsari jee!*" chuckled the privileged wit and gossip of the bazaar, a cobbler who sat—by reason of his low caste—at a decent distance even from the crowd of customers which was awaiting a patch on the coverings of feet already worn and weary with their search after righteousness. "'Tis a miracle when folk buy of you! and that comes not too often."

Even the pilgrims laughed; for laughter at a ready gibe comes easily in India. Yet they, too, felt inclined to agree with the drug seller. One can get *blasé* even in miracles.

Therefore, naturally enough, when there was a choice, they chose the newest ones. And the newest of all was *jogi* Gorakh-nath's promise of defying tampons and locks and chains, and, as in other years, blessing the crowd of worshippers from his self-inflicted penitentiary, inside the "Teacher of Religion."

And, what was more, he had kept his promise. That very dawn, as a kind of walk over the course, he had performed the miracle before a select band of pilgrims, mostly *jogies* of his own sect, who were now engaged in telling the tale to all and sundry in the city. What had occurred was briefly this. He had received his followers squatted on the stone steps in front of the gun, and had treated them to a dissertation on the mysteries of Yoga. Other less eminent practitioners in the art of miracles, he said, might have found it necessary to withhold the sight of the sacred person from devoted eyes. He, however, meant to show them his absolute independence of the body. He would leave it lying there, dead, while his soul went inside the gun, and blessed the pious ones. Accordingly his jaw had dropped; he had become rigid, callous apparently to the prickings of pins with which his assistants strove to make him wince; and, just as one of them withdrew a dagger, covered, of course, with gore from his very heart, a muffled voice of blessing had come from the very bowels of the gun.

If that was not a miracle, what was?



"'Oh! pious ones! buy!'"

Anyhow, it caught on; so that, as the day grew, the growing tide of pilgrims passed by the side shows run in connection with the Pool of Immortality by its priests, and drifted off to the opposition show, leaving the *impresarios* behind them in a state of rage and despair: rage, for if this sort of thing continued on the morrow they would lose their year's harvest, since the Hosts of God-seekers were ever the natural prey of priests; despair, because exposure of what experience told

them *must* be a fraud, would only result in counter-exposure. There must be honour among thieves to make the profession a lucrative one.

So they met in conclave, each with his miserable earnings in his hand, to point the dire urgency of action, and agreed on the wisdom of finding a cat's-paw to filch their chestnuts from the fire.

Thus it happened that Vincent Dering came over to Lance Carlyon's quarters half an hour before the time they had settled to start for the Mission-house, and asked him to look sharp, and send round to Roshan Khân to come along also, as he had private information—here, with a laugh, he threw a letter on the table—that miracles were being illegally performed in cantonments, and he expected some fun! Lance laughed also as he read the following:—

"To the Major-General commanding. This is to give notice to all concerned that illegible miracles is now being performed by bare men in belly of great gun, contrary to astringent orders issued by my lord god. Therefore your petitioners pray for correct diagnosis of same, and removal from Cantonment boundaries with exhibitions not to miracle any more."

"By Jove!" he said, "our petitioner is a medical man—hospital dresser I expect. Not to miracle any more!—h'm." His tone changed, his honest blue eyes clouded, for, ever since Erda Shepherd had told him what her future life was to be, the young fellow had been painfully aware that Eshwara had wrought a miracle on him; that he was no longer content to take life as he found it; that, already, he had begun to look forward and think of what life would be by-and-by. "I expect that would be a difficulty in Eshwara," he went on; "it's an awful place for upsetting the proper odds. Seems to me impossible to—to make a safe book on anything."

Vincent Dering shrugged his shoulders. He had been in the highest spirits for the last few days. "A safe book! The dullest thing in creation. That's why I like Eshwara. As I remember telling you, one can't count upon anything in the topsy-turvy place—not even oneself. They talk of the mystery of the East! By George, one is in grips with it here; so come along, Lance, and remove miracles from Cantonment boundaries at any rate!"

They found the union-jack of paths obliterated by an orderly crowd; for every hour, almost every minute of the day had brought fresh units to that weary-footed, eager-eyed host of pilgrims. Here and there amongst them was to be seen the high-twined, badge-set turban of a policeman, ready, truncheon in hand, to assert the rights of law; but not many, since the rush of bathers had not yet come, and there was small danger to be feared from anything save that keen desire to be cleansed which showed on almost every face. As the two Englishmen entered, however, followed by Roshan Khân, on whose features that fierce intolerance of his race for idolaters was written clearly, a murmur of tense anticipation ran through the packed courtyard. The miracle turn was evidently on.

It was: *jogi* Gorakh-nâth lay as if dead on the raised stone platform in front of the gun, and two assistants were prodding him with pins.

"I've seen that in London," said Vincent, forcing his way rapidly through the yielding crowd, "so I can hardly object to it here; but if there is hanky-panky with my gun—"

At that instant a bloody dagger, fresh, apparently, from the *jogi's* heart, was held up, and a curious hush fell on the courtyard. It was broken by a muffled voice, unmistakably from within the gun, and that was lost in a great roar of applause.

"A miracle! a miracle of the gods!"

Captain Dering, who with the others had now reached the centre, waited for the roar to subside a little, and then his voice rose and seemed to crush it.

"*Havildar!* You have the key of the padlock: take out the tampion, and see who is inside."

As he spoke, his eyes were on the assistants, and something in their defiant assurance warned him that he was on the wrong tack, and made him cover possible discomfiture with the words, "If there is no one, then some one here has the art of throwing his voice where he will."

As if in assent, the muffled blessing came louder, this time from the now un-tampioned gun, so that Roshan's face showed somewhat scared, as, with a salute, he announced as the result of his inspection—"There is no one, sir: I can see clear down the metal, but—the voice is there."

A sound of such fierce approval ran through the crowd who were within hearing, that Captain Dering saw instantly that it would not be wise to court another failure.

"Close up the gun again, *havildar*," he said loudly. "So long as my orders are not disobeyed, and people keep their bodies out of my gun, their voices are welcome to it! Come along, Carlyon," he added in English: "it's ventriloquism, of course, and I'd dearly like to catch the beast who does it; but we had better leave it alone for the present."

Lance, who in sudden remembrance of the sound he had heard as he drifted past the bathing steps in his canoe on the night of the dance, had been vainly overhauling the padlock and chain for signs of their having been tampered with, nodded his head, and let the chain swing back on its staple. The sudden jerk threw a new light on the matter. For the staple came out, disclosing the fact that it had been neatly filed through at the shank, and then replaced by means of a drilled hole and a pin.

The proof of tampering was clear, but nothing else.

"I have it," said Lance, suddenly coming up with a red but triumphant face from a prolonged inspection down the huge muzzle: "they've shoved in a false end, and there's some one behind. Roshan, go back and fetch me my long gaff; and, Roshan! my cleaning rod!"

"And tell the guard to come out at once," added Captain Dering, heedful of the rising note of movement amongst the crowd, sign that it was growing restless.

"Stay! I've got a ripping idea!" cried Lance again, his face all abeam with delight—delight so catching that the crowd stilled as he turned to it. "Look here," he said confidentially in Hindustani: "there's a boy in this gun. It must be a boy, and rather a small one, for there isn't room for anything big. Now, isn't there a boy anywhere about the same size who'd-like to come and draw him? He will be heads this way, and you will be able to get a good grip of his hair, and he will get a grip of yours, and—and it will be—be jolly!" The untranslatable word needed no translation. That something in the perfection of careless youth which touches the hearts of all mankind, put Lance and his audience in touch instantly.

A group of tall, grave-eyed Sikhs laughed uproariously, and nudged a lad beside them.

"Go on, brotherling," they said; "thou art the best wrestler of the school. Go! show the *Huzoor* how they canst hold thine own."

It needed no more. "Yea! try thy luck, brotherling," said a dozen voices; "and if thou canst not, we will find a champion!"

That settled it. Five minutes afterwards, Lance Carlyon found himself arranging

the conditions of the draw, surrounded by half a dozen lads, each backed by eager supporters. By this time Roshan had returned, and with the aid of the gaff and one of the smallest of the guard, Lance's guess had been proved to be true. A neatly fitting disc of metal, cup-shaped to increase the resemblance to the end of the barrel, had been withdrawn, leaving a head visible.

"It is beautifully touzled, and you'll get a good grip," said Lance regretfully, as he helped the Sikh champion into the gun; "but it is bigger than I thought for, and you'll have your work cut out for you."

Then ensued the quaintest scene imaginable. The whole crowd, but five minutes before ready almost to fight for the truth of their miracle, were swaying, breathless, excited, in sheer childish delight over the tussle to expose it.

"Lo! he comes—I see his toes—bravo! Gurdit! Nay, the other hath strength left! Sho! sonling, let not go for thy life! That is well done: bravo! bravo!"

So backwards and forwards, like a terrier and a badger, the draw wavered, Lance, watch in hand, calling time.

"Half a minute more! Go it, Gurdit!" he shouted.

The encouragement had its effect. Gurdit's toes, his ankles, his calves showed beyond the gun; only his knees remained, giving him grip still.

"Wait for his knees! Wait till he loses grip!" shouted Lance. "Twenty seconds more—fifteen—ten—f . . . there you are! That's it, fair!"

Fair it was: the knees, pressing outwards steadily, every bronze muscle of them showing the strength of the drag, lost grip, and with a great yell of delight, half a dozen bearded Sikhs had hold of Gurdit's feet with such a vigorous pull, that Lance had to shove his knee forward in a hurry to prevent the boy from falling on his face, since both his hands were locked desperately in the tangled hair of a disciple so big that he came out of the gun with a cloop like a cork!

"It was the most sporting draw I've seen for years," said Lance enthusiastically, when, after much laughter and congratulation, the crowd parted with smiles to let the Englishmen pass; "and I'm glad you let the beggar off, Dering. It wasn't his fault, and he must have been beastly uncomfortable. Now, if you could have quodded the *jogi*."

"I hope to do that by-and-by," replied Vincent significantly; "but it was just as well the crowd should laugh to-day. These religious gatherings are always a bit risky, and, as you know, Dillon is having trouble over at the jail. 'Pon my soul! I don't know which is worst to manage—fifteen hundred scoundrels, or a hundred and fifty thousand saints."

"A hundred and fifty!" echoed Lance. "Will there be as many as that?"

"Quite. So it is as well they should laugh; for even with the extra contingent of police we should find it a bit hard to manage them if they didn't."

True; but unfortunately the laughter of the many involves the discomfiture of the few; and, in this case, these were the most unscrupulous men in Eshwara.

CHAPTER XV.

"OH! DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS!"

"If I were a man—I would fight."

The words were spoken by Erda Shepherd as the two young men entered the drawing-room of the Mission-house.

"Let me fight for you!" said Captain Dering in his most ornate style, as, in the pause following on the interruption of their arrival, he went forward to shake hands,—“my sword is always at the service of the ladies.”

Then a certain feeling, as of electricity in the air, a certain look on the faces round him—for most of the mission-workers had already arrived—warned him that this was no jesting matter, and he continued, in better taste, "I trust there is nothing wrong?"

"Wrong?" echoed Erda, who in a mechanical, absolutely indifferent manner, was shaking hands with Lance: "yes! grievously wrong!"—her voice was almost strident in its decision—"hideously wrong!"

Here Dr. James Campbell, who had been laying down the law to a group of other black coats, came up and put the telegram he was holding into Captain Dering's hand.

"Perhaps you can explain this," he said severely: "we generally have to thank the military authorities for such interference."

"Not in this case, so far as I am concerned," replied Vincent, after a glance at the first sentence. Then he read on; every one else in the room silent, expectant.

It was from the Commissioner, saying that, from private information given him, he regretted that in the interests of peace he must, as magistrate, forbid any street preaching or public profession of faith during the next two days. Feeling was running high in many ways, and it was necessary to be extremely cautious.

"I can assure you, sir," said Vincent, handing back the telegram, "I am not the informant. At the same time,"—here he faced about to the room generally,— "I think the Commissioner is right. Our Government is neutral——"

"Neutral!" interrupted the Rev. David Campbell, whose blonde face was flushed with excitement. "If it were neutral we would not complain. But does this prohibition extend to the priests of other religions? No! a thousand times no! It is only another instance of the fact, that we, who have the strongest claim on a Christian Government——"

"Possibly," put in Captain Dering, "but I am only a soldier. I do not ask questions: I obey."

"And we are soldiers too," said Dr. Campbell weightily. "And our orders are to be instant in season and out of season."

A little murmur of approval ran through the company. There was a militant look on every face, a militant ring in every voice, as they discussed what ought to be done. The women workers, with Erda at their head, went solid for defiance (only Mrs. Campbell making the reservation "if James approved"); and so did some of the men, notably David Campbell, who passed from one group to another, his pale blue eyes a-glisten with enthusiasm.

Erda's followed him with such approval, that Lance crossed over pugnaciously to where she stood with a pretty flush on her cheeks, listening.

"It is a pity you haven't got Jean Ziska's drum, Miss Shepherd," he said. "By Jove! how you would bang it! Then, right or wrong, there would be a high old row, and that would just suit me!"

"There can scarcely, Sir Lancelot,"—she paused on the title with a strain after contempt which did not somehow come off—"be a question as to right or wrong in this case."

He gave a kindly, almost indulgent laugh. "There never can be, really, of course. One is bound to be right, the other wrong. The mischief is to know t'other from which! Now, I expect the sixty thousand nobles, and the grand-master, who were left dead on the field, and the two thousand poor devils who got drowned in the river besides, and all the others—you know about 'em, of course, and you must admit he was a bloodthirsty chap, at any rate!—had got a musical

instrument of some sort too. You can't fight without a band, Miss Shepherd; specially drums and fifes! But Jean Ziska was blind; so he could only hear his own music——"

"And I hear it too," she said superbly, with all the more defiance because his words touched her innate sense of justice, as they did so often.

As she spoke, the not unusual sound—considering that one side of the Mission-house gave on the city—of a native tom-tom drifted in through the open window, causing Lancelot's eyes to brim over with smiles.

"That isn't it anyhow, is it, Miss Shepherd?" he said. "I saw that drum-banger as I came past just now—the funniest old dried stick of a Brahmin you ever set eyes on. And you know those '*round the mulberry bush*,' fairy-ring, endless-circles of men and women hand in hand, we used to cut out of newspaper when we were kids? Well, he was using gilt paper, and trying to make a miracle out of the '*biz*'! One God, he said, in many; the outline being the same, and the eye of faith sufficient to fill in the details of divinity! The people were buying them by dozens for the half of nothing. I asked 'em why, and they said as toys for their children. So I expect it will be the endless-circle of boys and girls again—don't you? For, you know," he went on, in the confidential voice which dimly she recognised was for her alone, "I've never been able to find out the least difference in kids. I talk to the little beggars when I'm out shooting, you know, and—well! the boys are just as much boys as I used to be."

Used to be! Yet once again, for the hundredth time at least since they had first met, barely a month ago, his youth, his boyish, whole-hearted, healthy zest in life, made her eyes soft; made her feel, with all the true womanhood in her, that if she ever had a son, she prayed he might be like this. And something else she recognised, not for the first time either: namely, that boyish, almost thoughtless as he was, puzzling himself not at all with the problems of life, you could never dip below the surface without finding him, as it were, there before you; finding him clear-eyed, ready to treat the shady side of things as he treated the light side—that is, with an absolutely limpid honesty.

So, as she stood silent, checked in her desire to check, Father Ninian, who had just entered with Laila, came up to greet her, and having done so, turned to Lance.

"Captain Dering has just told me that we have to call you Sir Lancelot Carlyon. I am sorry for the cause, since your uncle was a man who made the world better by being in it,—as—as you will. It is a fine old name—Sir Lancelot: it carries with it a fine inheritance of honour; therefore I can wish no better wish for the world, as well as for yourself, than that you may hand it on to your son. So—peace be with you!" His clasped hands unfolded themselves for a space as he passed on, leaving those two once more standing together with that sense of being singled out for friendship which had come to them in the beginning.

And this was to be the end of it? Even to her it seemed impossible. To him it made the impossibility certain.

"Miss Shepherd," he said suddenly, "I have something I must say to you this afternoon. Come into the verandah, after you have done pouring out the tea, and let me say it."

There was so much of command in his tone that she might have resented it, had not Father Ninian's voice risen at that moment, firmly, yet with its usual faint hesitancy, in words which made every one in the room pause to listen.

"I—and I only, am responsible, Dr. Campbell. I gave the Commissioner the information on which he has acted"—here he raised his hand against interruption. "I have been fifty years at Eshwara; fifty times have I seen the pilgrims pass to

the 'Cradle of the Gods' listening peacefully to your preaching. But this year there is something new,"—he paused to put on his spectacles, yet the keenness they brought to his face was dimmed by wistfulness. "I cannot quite tell what it is. There is something beyond the things I know, though these are many; they are small, it is true, but cumulative. Still this is certain: the pulse of the people beats irregularly to-day, and that means danger to the body corporate. It may pass; yet the faintest stimulus may upset the whole balance of the organism. So, my friends, as our cause is eternal, as we have time——"

"Time!" interrupted David Campbell passionately, "but now *is* the appointed time. Think, sir! how many of these poor deluded souls, striving after salvation, may die upon the road to their false gods—none can know how many better than you, who——"

The old priest looked at the young one with a whole lifetime of sad wisdom in his face. "Yes!" he said softly; "for I am very old. I have seen half a world die upon its road to the 'Cradle of the Gods'—die, though we have not the courage to say so, with their faces set to the eternal goal of humanity, to the finding of something we have lost. And something keeps us all back. What is it? Have we the secret more than they, who say that it is sin?"

His voice had fallen into a strangely musical rhythm, so that Dr. Campbell's, following it, seemed harsh indeed.

"*We* know that we have it. We have the certainty—we are missionaries of that certainty——"

"And I—to my shame be it said," interrupted Father Ninian, with a curious return to worldly courtesy as he removed his spectacles, "have never tried to make a convert; therefore I can scarcely hope to persuade you. But if, gentlemen, I might be allowed to talk the matter over with you. . ."

"A most sensible suggestion," assented Dr. Campbell, looking round on his younger, less experienced colleagues: "I should be loth to act hastily, and give occasion to the scoffer. Mamma! will you send our tea into the dining-room?"

The pure practicality of the last words seemed to relieve the general tension, and Vincent Dering, who had been looking horribly bored, seeing the piano open, sat down to it as the dissentients moved off into their cave of Adullam, and began to play "*La Donna é mobile*"; saying with a laugh,—

"*Cherchez la femme!* Depend upon it, Mrs. Campbell, there is a woman at the bottom of it. I know from personal experience that she is always fatal to my peace and pulse, on any road!"

Erda Shepherd, holding her head very high, crossed over to pour out the tea; whereupon Vincent, being mischievously inclined, suddenly changed the tune to "Where'er I walk," which he played daintily, purely, altogether charmingly; so causing Muriel Smith, who had lately joined the party, to relax her faint frown at his remark.

"Miss Shepherd objects," he went on provokingly. "She doesn't believe in men fighting for women. She scorned the offer of my sword in favour—excuse me for having overheard—of some drum or another. What was it, Miss Shepherd?—I really only heard Lance say you would like to bang it."

Erda flushed all over her face. "I was only alluding to Jean Ziska's drum, which was sounded to call the Hosts of the Lord to arms."

Mrs. Campbell gave a fine, hearty shudder. "My dear," she said, "why can ye not leave that gruesome tale alone? For it's just an awful tale, Mrs. Smith. As if he could not be content with doing his duty in this life, but must leave his skin behind for the next generation!"

"We have biblical warranty for that sort of thing, Mrs. Campbell," said the sharp-voiced lady who owned the small black coat. "Elijah left his mantle."

"Hoots!" interrupted Mrs. Campbell scornfully, "we all have to leave our body-wear, but a skin's different altogether. It sou'd just have gone to the grave with him, honest man, dust to dust, ashes to ashes. I've often heard Dr. James say there was nothing in the world for tying the hands o' the leevin' like dead men's dispositions. They're just a mortification to a' concerned."

There was always something about the good lady's comfortable common-sense which made further discussion difficult, and the talk wandered into less rugged paths; until, the time for leisure from Erda's duties as tea-maker being close at hand, Lance went out deliberately into the verandah which overhung the river, or rather the spit of sandbank which jutted out from this, the turning-point of the city's triangle. On the right, the wall, set with its temple spires, trended away to meet the bridge; on the left to join the line of the palace, the bathing steps, the fort. In front of him, as he stood leaning over the balustrade at the western end of the verandah, lay dull streaks of sand, bright gleams of water; and beyond them, dim, mysterious, was the great level plain of India, on whose scarce distinguishable edge the sun was setting behind a bank of deep purple cloud. It was a long, low, almost level bank, outlined sharply against the sea of golden-green light above it. There was scarcely a hint of sunset fire, save in a trailing chain of little fleecy golden flecks, which stretched away from the purple of the clouds into the deepening purple of clear sky overhead.

Lance, waiting, watched that clear, almost level outline, until, as clouds do when gaxed at fixedly, it took shape for him as the body of a dead warrior half covered by a pall. The straight sweep yonder was the shield, still held upon the arm, the peak of shadow below it was the mailed feet. There was the curve of the throat, the head thrown back, the feathery plumes of the helmet. The whole world seemed his bier; the stars, just trembling into sight, the watch-lights round it.

"Do you see?" he asked, as Erda joined him—"From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

She recognised the quotation; and though she had come out full of determination to deny the glamour of their mutual comprehension, it claimed her in a second.

"Yes!" she answered quickly, and pointing to the trailing drift of cloudlets, added, "*bound by gold chains about the feet of God.*"

He turned to look at her then, forgetting fancy in a sudden certainty.

"I thought I had something to tell you," he said, "but I think you know it already, don't you?"

"Yes," she answered, held captive still by that inevitable understanding; "I think I do."

He paused a moment, then going back to the now-fading likeness of that dead "King of the Dead," continued: "Then that ends it so—so far as I am concerned. But it remains as an excuse for my asking a question: Miss Shepherd, why are you going to marry your cousin?"

She had known this was coming. "For a great many reasons," she began boldly; then paused, wishing for the first time that these reasons had been fewer, feeling that the possession of but *one* would have made speech easier. "To begin with, it has been the dream of my life——"

He turned on her with an amaze which was almost ludicrous. "What! to marry him?"

She frowned angrily. "No! to work—to help—to give my sympathy—to stand

hand in hand with some one who, as he does, gives himself, as I do, to the great Work. To some one whose life will be mine—whom I can respect and admire, and—and love, in the best sense of the word.” Her voice, gaining confidence from its own statements, rose almost passionately.

Lance looked at her with his clear eyes, and nodded. “Yes! I quite understand. But what has that to do with marrying him? How will the—the great Work be furthered by your having to look after the house and all that? And it isn’t as if you couldn’t give the help and sympathy without marrying a fellow. Even the love,—at least I think so. Now, I want to marry you, because——”

“Yes?” she said severely, as he paused; she felt glad to change places with him in the witness-box.

“Because, to begin with, it doesn’t seem possible for me to live my life—I mean my every-day life, trying to rub along, you know, without doing any harm, keeping things going as my people have always kept them—unless you help me. And then . . .” he paused again, “from the first moment I saw you, you reminded me . . .” he paused so long, this time, that a faint wonder as to what he was going to say next made her heart beat, as she watched him leaning over the balcony looking dreamily at that fading likeness of a dead King of the Dead.

“I don’t suppose any one had a happier, jollier childhood than I had,” he said suddenly, “though I was an orphan. I lived at Tregarthen, you know.” He turned to her as he spoke, and smiled. “You should have seen my grandfather and grandmother, Miss Shepherd. They were like the double Christmas number of an illustrated paper! She used to boast that she never saw a naughty child; and she never did: for the dear old lady always walked out of the room promptly when we tried it on. I remember it used to take the starch out awfully, having no audience. But it was the same in everything. It beat even a boy to be really bad in that house, somehow. Yes! we had jolly times! You would have liked it—you would like it now.” He turned swiftly and held out both hands. “Come to it!—Come, and be Lady Carlyon, as she was! People may say all that means nothing, but it means everything to a woman to be able to count on an inheritance like that for her . . .” He broke off as some of the others came out into the balcony, and, bending closer to her, went on in a low voice: “I’ve said nothing of my love—you know all that—and I think—yes!” his voice took a note of certainty, “I think you—you like me well enough . . . don’t you?”

There was something so truth-compelling in his face, his voice, that she felt thankful for the tepid word *like*.

“I like you very much, Sir Lancelot,” she said, trying not to let her voice betray the absolute tenderness she felt, “but, as you told me just now, that is no reason why I should marry you.”

“It is at least as good as yours for marrying *him*,” he broke in quickly. “At least it has to do with you—with me—with our happiness—with mine at any rate! Do you remember when you first told me your name—‘The World’s Desire’ I called it—the woman with the red-gold hair, the red-gold hem to her garment, the red-gold apple in her hand? You are that to me, Erda! Give me my heart’s desire.”

His voice, low, quick, passionate, thrilled through her. She saw herself as she had seen herself then.

“Yes! It has to do with you, with me!” she echoed desperately, “but only with—with us two——”

“No!” he interrupted with a hush in his voice, “with more than that, surely?”

In the pause which followed, one vision faded in another, and her own wish that if she ever had a son he might be as this man, came to make her remember Father Ninian's words, "I can wish no better wish for the world!"

But Father Ninian would not have said so to her. *She* could do better for the world, in the other life, the other work. The very self-sacrifice of it attracted her, vague though the sense of that was, as yet.

"Sir Lancelot," she said at last, "I am very sensible of the honour——"

"Don't — for heaven's sake!" he interrupted: "that is —excuse me—bunkum."

She felt glad of the faint resentment which came to her aid. "I *am*, all the same," she continued . . . "but it

is impossible. Perhaps if I did not look forward as I do, perhaps if I only sought happiness . . . but" (she clasped her hands tightly, and the militant look came back to her face) "I am sworn to another work—the noblest work of all—to bring light to those that sit in darkness."

Lance gave an odd little laugh, full of bitterness. "You leave me out in the black night, anyhow," he said.

True enough, in one way, for the quick dusk had closed in around them; but as he spoke, almost as if in denial, a great white shaft of light, like a moon-ray, shot, widening on its way, from the shadowy stretches beyond the river; shot waveringly, as if uncertain, until, focussing itself full on the verandah, it turned the dusk to day.

"The search-light!" cried Mrs. Smith, clapping her little daintily gloved hands. "Eugene will be so pleased. He couldn't positively swallow a mouthful



"Come to it!—Come, and be Lady Carlyon as she was."

at lunch, because, when he thought all was right, something went wrong! That's why he didn't come, Miss Shepherd," she added, for the light had effectually joined the scattered groups into one. "I positively couldn't tear him away; but I made him promise to turn the thing on here if he succeeded. And he has! Isn't it splendid?"

Mrs. Campbell looked doubtful. "It's just too much like the Last Day, comin' unawares, and makin' a' things manifest, for my taste. An' I wonder what Dr. James will say to it?"

"I wonder what the natives will say to it?" said Vincent Dering, looking across at Lance.

"Say?" echoed the tart lady: "I know what they should say—that, of course, we know a great deal more than they do."

"And besides," added a new and gushing voice, "it is so beautifully, suggestively true. We have the light: we can light them."

"Oh! but that *is* such a bother," came Laila Bonaventura's full-throated tones. "I hate having to see things I don't care to see. I much prefer to have my own candle, don't you?"

She had been finding it dull work waiting for her guardian's return from the dining-room, even though Vincent had, now and again, found opportunity for a word or look. He took advantage of one now to say, "It will be pleasanter by-and-by, won't it? We must settle the time before you leave."

"What time?" asked Muriel Smith, who happened to overhear his undertone. She had been vaguely curious at their apparent avoidance of each other, their occasional lapses into familiarity, ever since she had challenged them at the Viceroy's party.

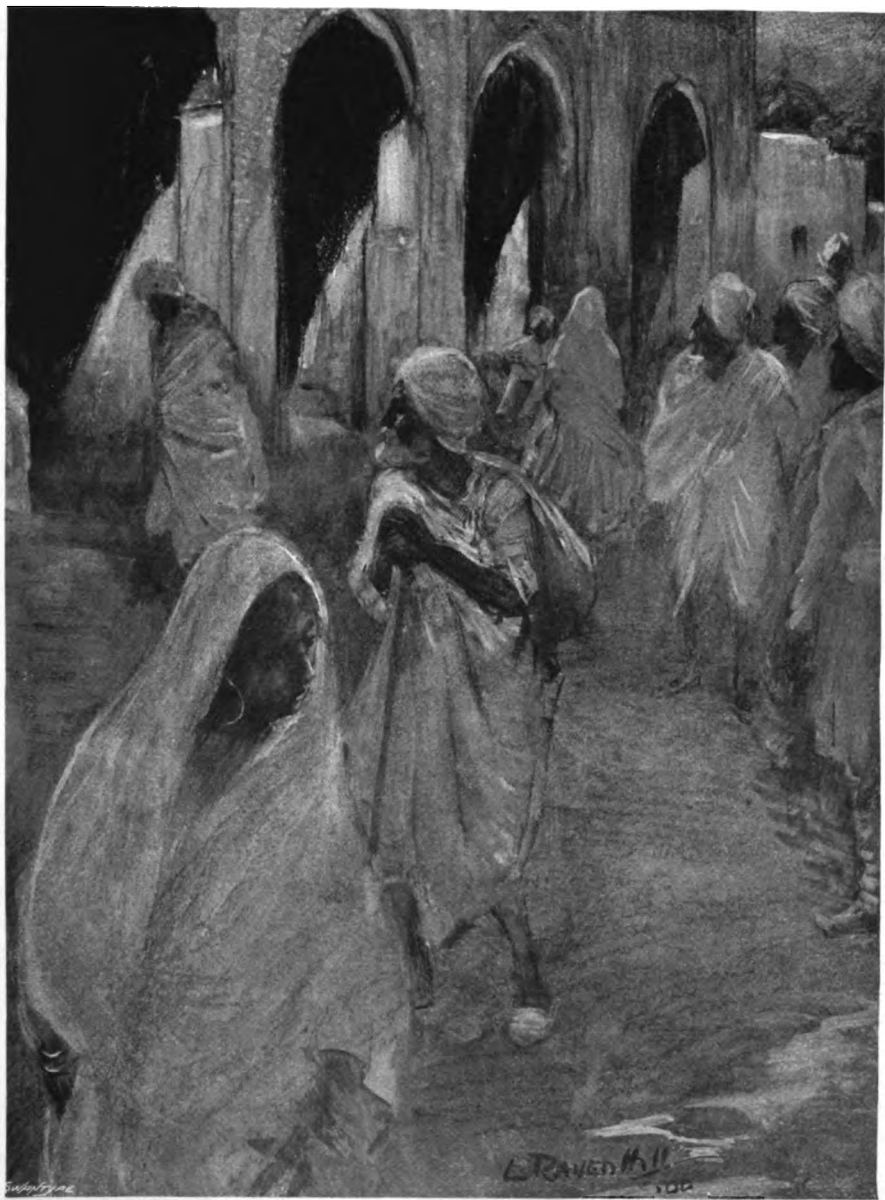
"Time!" echoed Vincent coolly. "Of that new song, of course. Come in, Miss Bonaventura: let us decide about it."

The girl swept up her long lashes solemnly. "I should think a twelve-beat would be best, really. It is safer when there are so many accidental notes." His face as he led the way to the piano was a study. If she had lived her life in a vaudeville at the *Folies Bergères*, she could scarcely have been more at home in intrigue; yet her absolute sincerity and unconsciousness of wrong-doing was as palpable. On the whole he felt vexed—the more so because the vaudeville dialogue proved unnecessary, since a sudden concentration of the party to hear the verdict of the Adullamites, who at that moment came out of the dining-room, would have given them ample time for more dignified conversation.

Erda was in the front rank of the eager little crowd, her hopes, her enthusiasms heightened by the deliberate choice she had just made, when Dr. Campbell, as the recognised head, began to speak. They had come unanimously to the conclusion, he said, that absolute revolt at this late hour would be unwise. Whether Father Ninian Bruce was justified, by the circumstances, in his adverse report was another matter. Personally he denied it, nor did he propose that they should sit down quietly under the interference. They were only forbidden to preach in Eshwara. Therefore they had come, again unanimously, to the resolution of leaving Eshwara for the time in a body. It would be a solemn protest, and they could thus render both to Cæsar and to God, since they could preach at other pilgrim stations on the road. It would be a noble protest, which was certain of proving blessed.

The words roused no little enthusiasm, mingled with undoubted relief in most cases; but Erda, standing beside her cousin, said, in an undertone,—“Did you assent to that, David?”

"I suggested it," he answered, in a louder voice, not without some self-



"'They are singing in the missen,' said the people in the courtyard."

satisfaction. "It appeared to me to meet the exigencies of the case admirably, and it will be very useful, let me tell you, at home. It will emphasise the difficulties and dangers we have to contend against. It will show our meek reasonableness; and then"—he looked round with a jubilant smile—"it seems to me such a beautiful idea that the only result of this attempt to gag us will be that the thousands of poor benighted souls will have a chance of hearing the truth in many places instead of one!"

But Erda's voice broke in on the hum of applause almost harshly, filling the room with its defiance. "I think it cowardly. I would fight—if I were a man."

"You would beat Jean Ziska's drum!" laughed Vincent Dering, rising from the music stool, where he had been holding Laila's hand under cover of the new song, an occupation which always made him feel as if all the wine of life had gone to his head. "You refused my sword just now, Miss Shepherd, so I place my drumstick at your disposal."

So, with a reckless gaiety, he seized on a painted tambourine, which good Mrs. Campbell had hung as an ornament on the wall—it was bedaubed with two white lilies and a butterfly rampant—and, catching up a teaspoon from the table, he began to sing in his pretty, light-comedy voice,—“Oh! dem golden slippers,” while the tambourine, under his skilful drumming, throbbed to the words.

“Golden slippers on a golden stair,
Golden slippers on my tired feet,
Golden slippers dat we all mus' wear,
Becos dey are so sweet.”

He sang well, he played better, and both voice and drumming echoed out through the open windows.

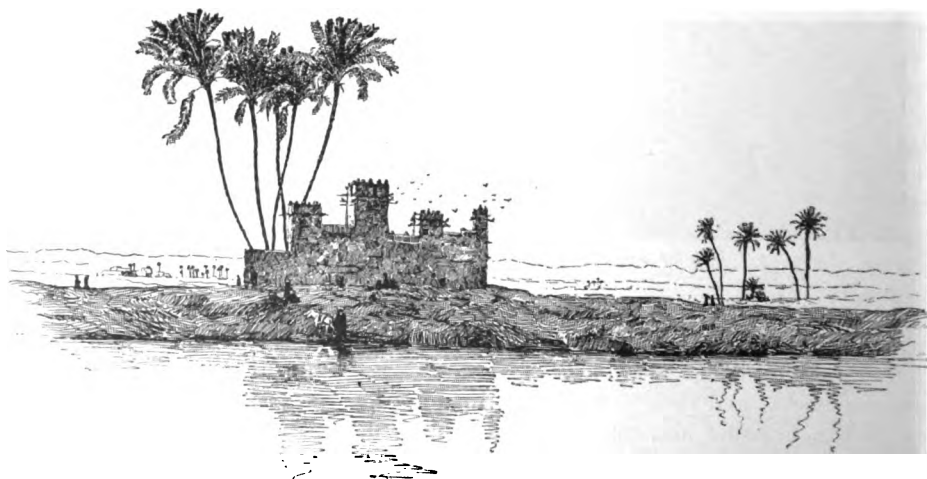
“They are singing in the *missen*,” said the people in the courtyard to the pilgrims, who were still gathering to the miracles like moths round a candle. “It is not wise to listen. Folk become as they are, if they do.”

Some of the pilgrims laughed, and some stopped their ears; but even so, the throbbing of the tambourine was in the air:

“Golden slippers on a golden stair,
Golden slippers on my tired feet,
Golden slippers dat we all mus' wear.”

FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

(To be continued.)





The Smaller Palace.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1900.

N EARLY three years ago, during the fêtes by which England celebrated with an incomparable *éclat* the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, I read once again the life of Prince Albert, and I paused for a while at what is said therein of the organisation of the Exhibition of 1851. It is curious to see that the scheme upon which Prince Albert had set his heart, and which proved so eminently successful, was rather severely criticised; but the Queen was justified in writing: "The great event has taken place—a complete and beautiful triumph, a glorious and touching sight, one which I shall ever be proud of for my beloved Albert and my country."

But if honour is due to England for the first Universal Exhibition, it was France who in the first instance laid the foundation of those principles upon which exhibitions have since then been planned and carried out; and she did that in the midst of one of the most troublous periods of her history. On the 9th of Fructidor in the year VI.—or 26th of August, 1798,—François de Neufchâteau, Minister of the Interior, sent to the central administrative body in each department, and to the commissioners of the Directoire attached to those bodies, a circular which has lately come to light, and which contains passages most interesting in their characteristic phrasology:—

"Citizens, when the anniversary of the establishment of the Republic, embellishing our national fêtes with the most glorious souvenirs, recalls to all Frenchmen the great events which prepared it and the triumphs by which it was strengthened, shall we forget in the expression of our gratitude those useful arts which are so largely responsible for its prosperity? . . . The Government should specially protect those arts, and it is with this view that it has considered it its duty to connect with the fête of the first Vendémiaire a spectacle of a new kind—the public exhibition of the products of French industry."

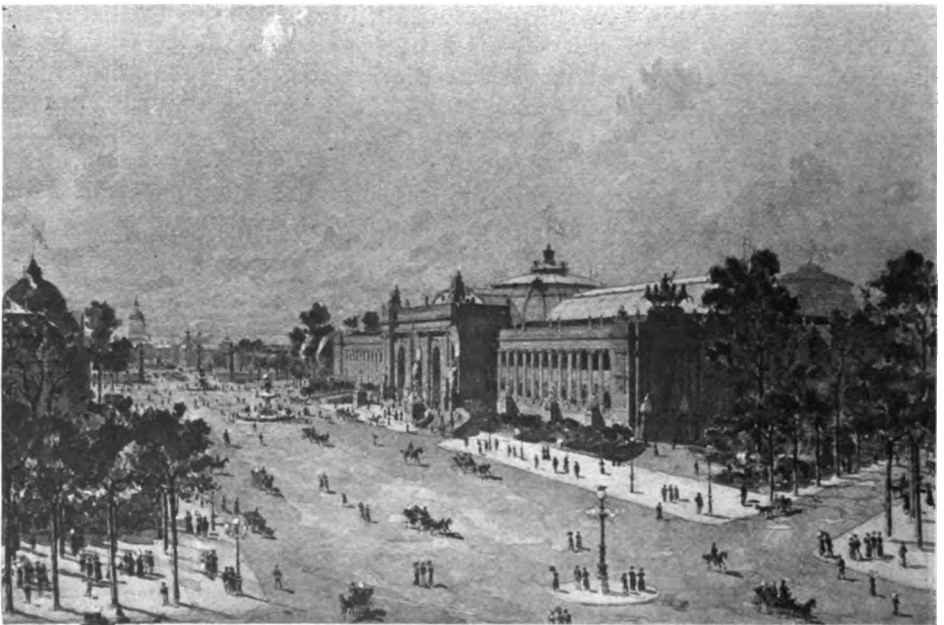
This exhibition was to take place in the Champ de Mars: —

"There will have been laid out for this purpose, in continuation of the middle amphitheatre of the Champ de Mars, a square enclosure decorated with porticoes, under which will be displayed the most valuable specimens of French fabrics and manufactures. Every night the porticoes will be illuminated. In the centre of the enclosure given up to the exhibition, a large orchestra will perform every evening for an hour the finest symphonies of our living composers. The fourth day, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the jury, selected by the Government from notable manufacturers and men skilled in industrial arts, will meet at the Champ de Mars, go round the porticoes and inspect the exhibits. It will select those which it will judge the most worthy of being honourably mentioned as models of French industry. These objects will be set apart from the others and exhibited on the following day in a temple to industry, raised in the middle of the enclosure and open on all sides."

This programme was carried out to the letter, and the Exhibition, which opened on September 19th, 1798, proved such a success that it was not closed until October 1st.

The first International Exhibition organised in France took place in 1855, the second in 1867, the third in 1878, and the fourth in 1889; and France is now preparing for the Exhibition which, at the end of this century and at the dawn of the twentieth, will sum up the progress achieved in science, in art, in all the manifestations of human thought, through a century of sometimes curtailed, but often complete, liberty. As Mr. Alfred Picard, the Commissioner-General, has so aptly remarked: "The year 1900 not only coincides with the end of the usual cycle of eleven years, which periodically brings our Expositions round; it also marks the end of a century of prodigious scientific and economic growth, and it opens a new era, which will perhaps be more fruitful still."

I am of opinion that the Exhibition of 1900 will be the last which France will organise. It will at any rate be wise to wait some time longer than the



The Great Palace.



View of the two banks of the Seine.

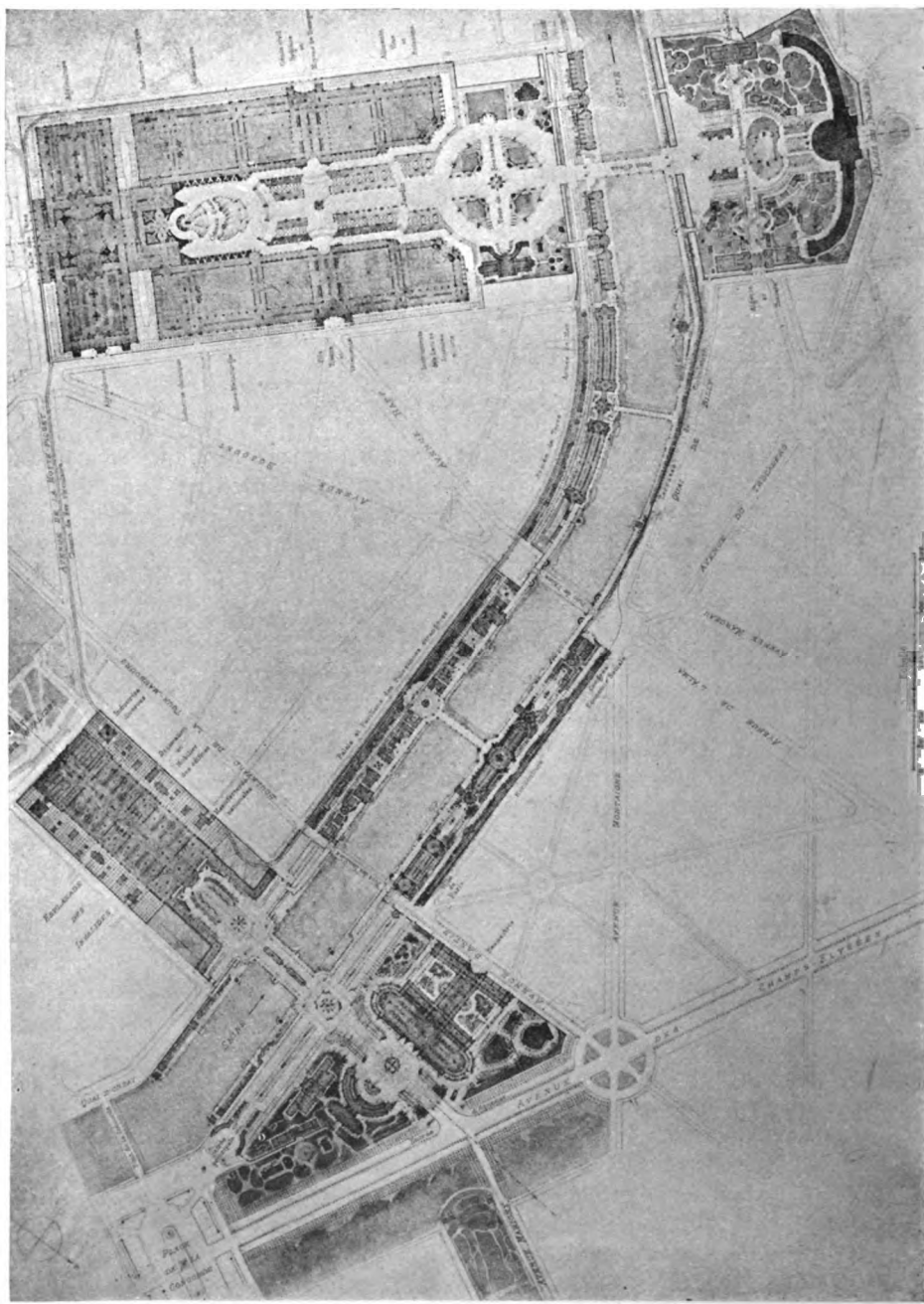
regulation period of eleven years, until the progress of mankind allows of a further effort being accomplished with success. But it can be asserted at once that the Exhibition of 1900 will be very fine, in every way worthy of the French people and of those countries to which France will give a warm welcome. My position in this country as an official in an administration forming part of the French Government has enabled me to meet people who, having discovered an "attraction" which they considered irresistible, were desirous of submitting it to the Exhibition Committee. Let it be said that the great attraction will be the Exhibition itself. A short inspection of that part of Paris now transformed into a huge workshop, will, I think, establish the truth of my statement.

The main idea is the opening up, between the Champs Elysées and the Seine, of a large avenue prolonging the axis of the Esplanade des Invalides and connected with the left bank of the river by a monumental bridge. The Rond Point, at the beginning of the new avenue, will offer an incomparable outlook. Ahead, the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile; behind, the Place de la Concorde and the Louvre; laterally, the wonderful Dome of Mansard. Modern palaces, erected on either side of the avenue and representing modern architecture, will replace the Palais de l'Industrie, of which a caustic writer, M. Octave Mirbeau, has said "that it was there, in the gracefulness of an ox trampling upon a bed of roses, desolating all that ambient gaiety, all that clear and vivifying space, through which the triumphal Avenue des Champs Elysées, unique in the whole world, stretches itself." It has, however, done good service, that old palace, successively sheltering art and industry, horses and cooks, cattle shows and cycle exhibitions. But from an architectural point of view it could not be defended.

The buildings erected at the time of the Exhibition of 1889, that for Fine Arts and that for Liberal Arts, will also disappear. The Galerie des Machines alone will remain. Each aisle of it will contain special agricultural exhibitions; in the centre there will be an immense hall for the fêtes. A gallery will extend round these buildings; on the ground floor, another gallery will be so disposed that by following it vertically one will be able to examine all the machines, while horizontally one will meet with the products manufactured by means of those machines.

The principal entrance to the Exhibition will be from the Cours la Reine, near

the Place de la Concorde. Another entrance, at the head of the new avenue, will be reserved for official ceremonies. Entering here, one will have, on the right,

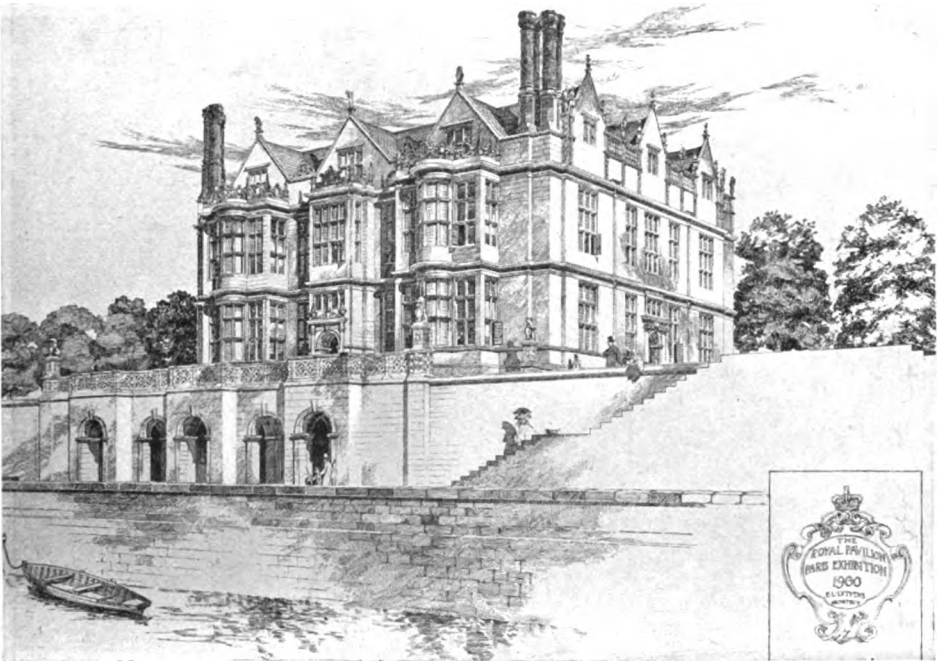


General Plan of the Exhibition.

the new Fine Arts building, on the left a smaller palace devoted to retrospective art. After crossing the river, there will appear to view a series of decorated edifices given over to arts; and the alteration effected in the banks of the river at

this spot will permit, by means of the additional space thus obtained, the construction of graceful buildings which will reflect themselves in the water and afford the Venetian fêtes a superb setting.

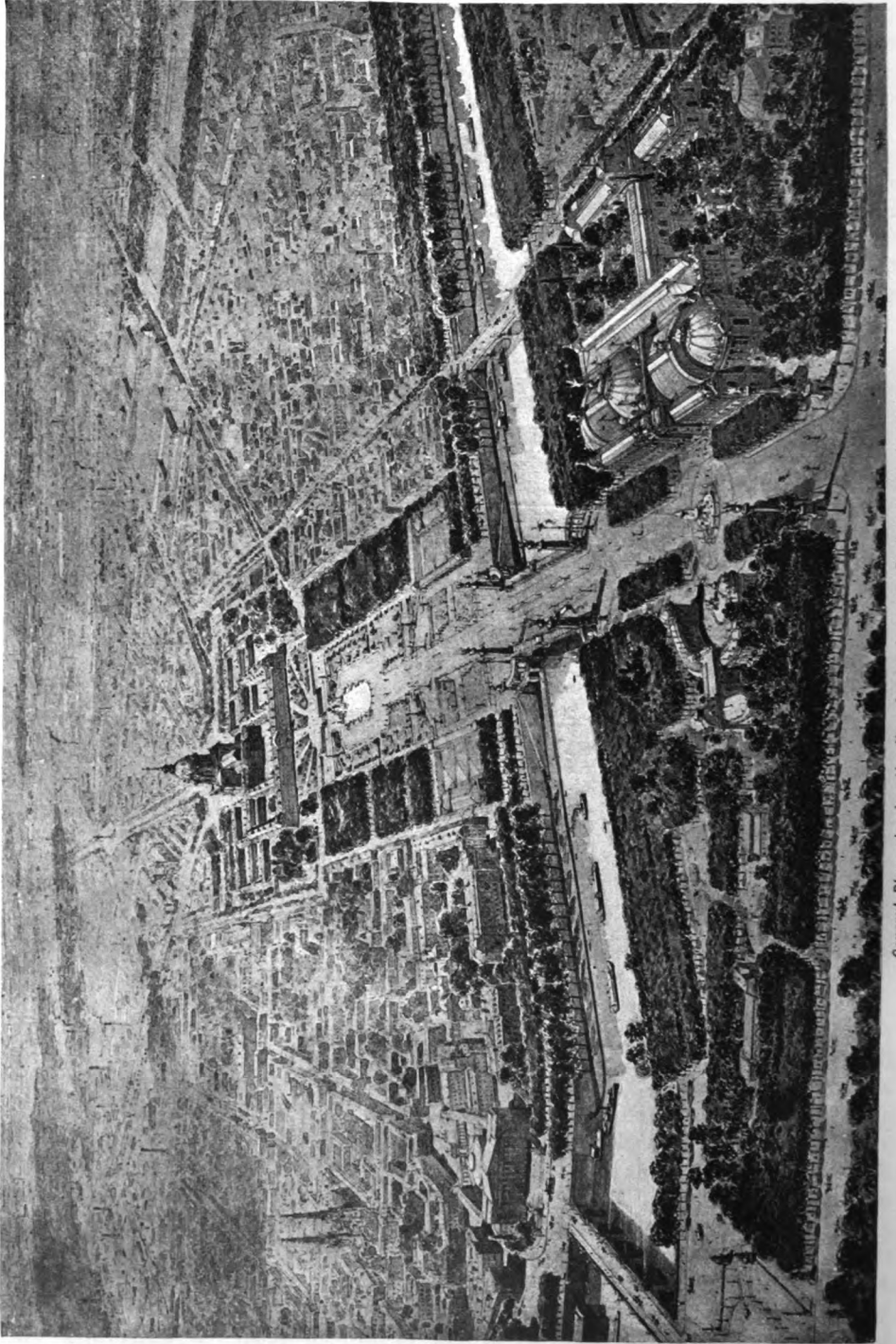
On the left bank, between the Pont des Invalides and the Pont d'Iéna, foreign countries, the French War Office and Admiralty, will offer their palaces to view. On the right bank, the Horticultural Exhibition will have its home in an immense glass-house surrounded by open-air gardens. Everything here is full of gaiety and colour: here are the entertainments, shows, theatres and concerts, as well as historical spectacles. The pavilions of Algeria and the colonies will be fittingly erected in the Trocadéro Gardens. Finally, in the Champ de Mars, where the Eiffel Tower will remain, slightly modified perhaps in its decoration, two rows of palaces will lead to an imposing water-castle and the palace of Electricity. On



The British Pavillon.

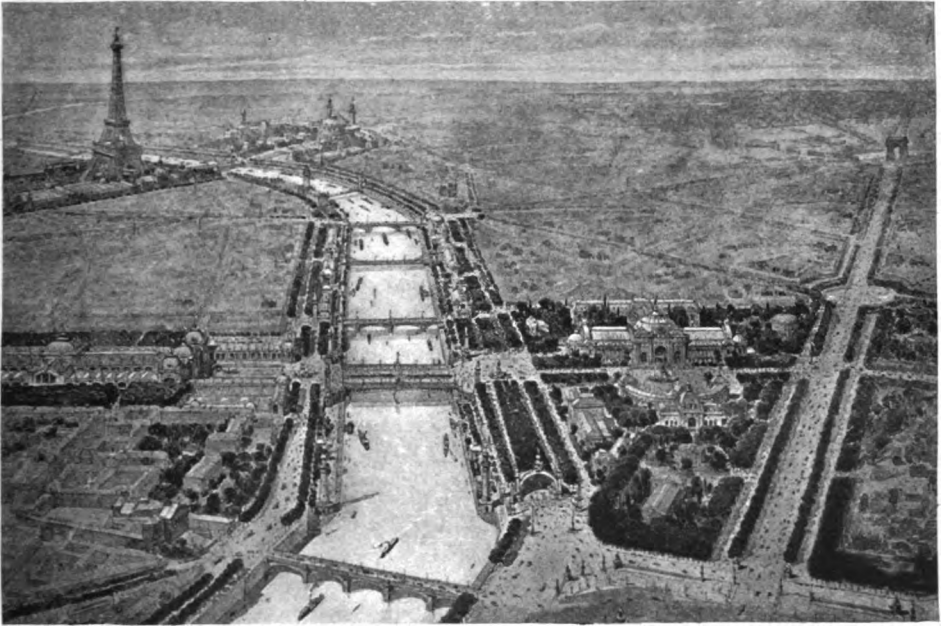
the left, the productions of literature, sciences and arts, the clothing industries, as well as mines, metallurgy and a first palace devoted to chemistry; on the right, alimentation, civil engineering, mechanics and chemistry again. In all directions gardens, beds of green grass and flowers, which will also decorate the Alexander III. Bridge, made of a single arch of moulded shell, thrown over the Seine in the axis of that Esplanade which the glittering Dome of the Invalides overlooks. It is truly an artist's idea, that of connecting the two open spaces of the Champs Elysées and the Esplanade, to transform the latter, a somewhat dreary expanse, into the Champs Elysées of the left bank.

Such is the scenery which will be spread over a superficial area of thirty-nine hectares. Is it necessary to set it out in further detail, to insist upon the seductiveness of this scheme of utilising the two banks of the Seine, by means of which visitors will in daytime delight in the reflection of edifices so varied in



General Plan, showing the New Approach to the Esplanade des Invalides.

forms, in the bustle of passing boats and steamers, in the flags and banners of foreign countries, so gay upon the green mass of foliage; by night, in the illuminations obtained by all the resources of modern lighting, intensified and duplicated, as it were, by the reflexion from the waters, offering, as I pointed out, the most exquisite frame to Venetian fêtes? One need hardly refer to the annexe to the Exhibition in the Bois de Vincennes for physical education: athletic sports, gymnastics, military drill, fencing, shooting, riding, cycling, rowing, life-saving, as well as ballooning. One could not expect such a scheme to have been adopted without strong opposition. The extension of the Exhibition to the right bank, the construction of the Alexander III. Bridge, and also the work to be done in that Avenue des Champs Elysées which can only be touched with a respectful hand, were severely criticised. Objections were raised from an æsthetic point of view as well as from a financial standpoint. The able Commissioner-General overcame



Birds-eye View.

all difficulties, and the plan of the Exhibition passed Parliament exactly as the Government had conceived it.

Those who love Paris should be delighted at the possibility for the capital of further embellishments, which will survive the Exhibition. The organisers must also be congratulated on having placed the principal entrance to the Exhibition in the centre of Paris, close to that Place de la Concorde commenced in 1783 by the architect Gabriel, from which starts the magnificent Avenue des Champs Elysées, primarily known as the Grand Cours, which name was, not very long afterwards, altered to that of the Champs Elysées, in reminiscence of the Champs Elysées of heathen mythology, and from which the eye can perceive the triumphal Arc de l'Etoile, the true entrance into Paris, ideal breach opened in a fictitious wall.

But it was not sufficient to have conceived the frame: one had still to fill it. The Exhibition of 1900 will include 18 groups and 120 classes: 1. Education and teaching; 2. Works of Art; 3. Instruments and general processes of literature,

sciences and arts ; 4. Materials and general processes of mechanics ; 5. Electricity ; 6. Civil engineering, means of transport ; 7. Agriculture ; 8. Horticulture ; 9. Forestry, hunting, fisheries ; 10. Alimentation ; 11. Mines, metallurgy ; 12. Decoration and furnishing of public and private buildings ; 13. Threads, textiles and clothes ; 14. Chemical industries ; 15. Miscellaneous industries ; 16. Social economy, hygiene, public relief ; 17. Colonisation ; 18. Land and sea forces. One will not see, as heretofore, most of the machines at work without producing. The new principle of classification adopted will, by placing everywhere, side by side with the product, the instrument and the process of production, enable the public to receive the most instructive of object-lessons. In the sections of industrial and agricultural products, the contemporary exhibition will be completed by a retrospective one, both of them international in character. Each group and, as far as possible, each class, will have its museum, where the machines, models, drawings, products, taken either from France or from abroad, will show the path followed and the progress achieved since 1800. And in the art department, contemporaneous exhibition will also be completed by a retrospective survey of the century, limited to the works of the French masters during the period 1800-1889, and by an international exhibition of ancient art in France, embracing all decorative or minor arts from the origins of our civilisation to 1799. For the realisation of this vast programme, committees have been formed in each department of France.

What I have tried to show in the foregoing pages is the share taken by the State in the work of organisation of the Exhibition of 1900. Private initiative has proved itself desirous of securing its own share, and no less than six hundred schemes were sent in, out of which twenty-one only have been retained. Several were indeed of an extraordinary character. The committee appointed to examine them must have had not a few amusing sittings. M. Guillaume suggested five Eiffel towers, four of them supporting the fifth. On the top of the existing tower M. Minderap wanted to place a globe one hundred mètres in diameter ; and Madame Veuve Morin would have covered it with an immense lamp-shade. M. Lafuite had a volcano in eruption, and M. Mahmias a gigantic tree. M. Vêla proposed to erect a colossal monument to the memory of all the great men of the Latin race. A M. X., of Toulouse, wanted to see a whale disporting itself in the Seine, and M. Gallia offered to make a champagne bottle seventy mètres high. Other inventors refused to disclose their schemes before having concluded with the Exhibition Committee an agreement for sharing in the profits. Several competitors, haunted by the dream of a universal language, suggested the meeting of the polyglots of the whole world in a congress. "How is it possible," somebody replied, "that men speaking all languages should be induced to speak but one only?" M. Seailles is gallant : he wants to build a temple to Beauty. M. Stephen Jacob is no less so, with his scheme of a panorama of the pretty women of Paris ; but he forgets that the Exhibition of 1900 is an international one, and that there are pretty women everywhere.

Among the schemes which were retained, I must mention the trip from Paris to the East of M. Hugo d'Alesi, which will allow the spectator placed on board a ship to see the scenery flitting past him, to inhale the sea air, to feel the changes of temperature and light which are experienced by the traveller ; also the scheme for lighting up the waters of the Seine by means of focuses and reflectors ; M. Dumoulin's panorama ; the Place Lumineuse, which will be the finest effort in glass-work ; the lunar telescope ; a sliding railway, similar to the one which carried

so many people in 1889 on the Esplanade des Invalides; captive balloons, and other new or old inventions which it is unnecessary to mention, for many will never see the light of day.

But it is evident that private enterprise will play an important part in the Exhibition of 1900, the expenses of which have been calculated at the enormous sum of 100,000,000 francs: 73,000,000 francs for the works, wherein are included 20,625,000 for the palaces and buildings in the Champs Elysées and 24,320,000 for the buildings on the Esplanade des Invalides, the banks of the river, the Champ de Mars, and the Trocadéro. The working capital will swallow up 12,000,000, and the central services 15,000,000. The expenditure is at present guaranteed by the subsidy of the City of Paris, which represents 20,000,000, by the contributory share of the



M. François Arago, Chief of the Foreign Section.

State, another 20,000,000, and finally by the agreement concluded between the State and various financial establishments, and which will secure 60,000,000.

One can realise the importance that the organisers of the 1900 Exhibition attach to that great manifestation, when one considers that in 1867 the total expense was 23,440,000 francs. In 1878 it reached 55,775,000 francs, but in 1889 it fell to 30,989,568 francs 95 centimes. The amount of the gate-money was:

10,766,000	francs	in	1867
12,575,000	"	"	1878
21,584,000	"	"	1889

Is it not permissible to believe that the development of the means of transport in France and abroad, the reduction in the rates and the considerable increase in the number of travellers since 1889, the organisation of special trains for visitors, already thought of by the railway companies, the special advantages to purchasers of twenty admission tickets, the official share in the undertaking by the foreign powers, and finally the numerous attractions which I have shortly outlined, entitle the directors of the Exhibition to estimate the number of visitors at no less than sixty millions?

England will not be behindhand in supplying her contingent; and much of her success will undoubtedly be due to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, as president of the Royal Commission and chairman of the executive and finance committees, and to the Commission's able and energetic secretary, Colonel Herbert Jekyll.

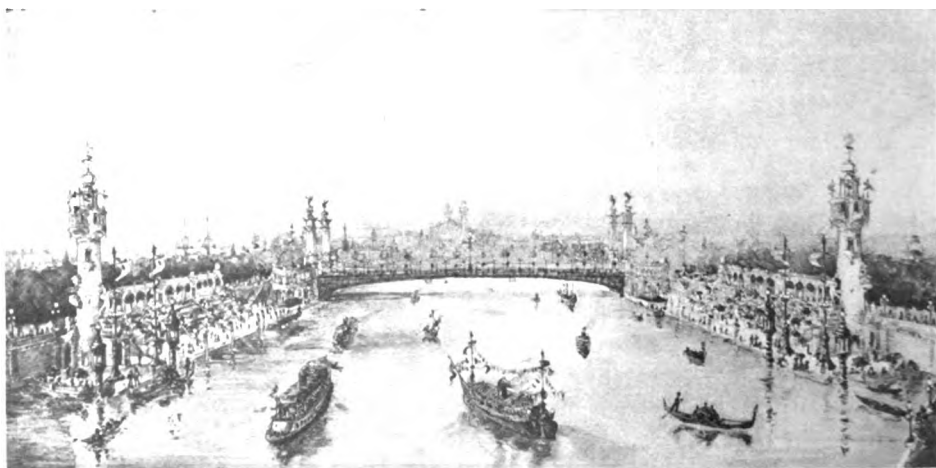
Committees have been formed, and it is enough to say that the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquess of Lorne, Lord Kelvin, Sir Thomas Sutherland, Lord Spencer, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Ritchie, Sir Frederick Abel, Lord Jersey, Lord George Hamilton, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Lord Cadogan, Sir Edmund Monson, and Major-General Sir Arthur Ellis, are chairmen of the various committees, which have to deal with education, works of art, mechanical engineering and electricity, civil engineering and transportation, agriculture, mining and metallurgy, textiles, chemistry, the Colonies, India, the army and navy, Ireland, the reception of exhibitors in Paris, and the Royal Pavilion.

This Pavilion will take the form of an English country house of the beginning of the seventeenth century, and will be fitted up and furnished as such a house would be at the present day. It will thus afford an opportunity of displaying works of art, decoration and furniture of different periods in a most attractive way, while preserving the main features and characteristics of an old house. The Pavilion will be used by the Prince of Wales during the day-time when His Royal Highness is in Paris. It is intended to obtain a selection of British works of art of the highest class by loan from private owners, and the house will contain specimens of tapestry, stained glass, porcelain, carving, armour, and all other things which might be found in a well-appointed house of the present day.

Speaking of works of art, I had suggested that foreign powers should be invited to send to the Exhibition of 1900 works illustrative of the history of their national art since the beginning of the century. Indeed, England would have delighted to fittingly commemorate the reign of her beloved Sovereign by showing the progress attained in all departments of public activity during the course of the Victorian Era. That would have been too large an order; but there is room for a fine display, and I shall be glad to see this country take an active and brilliant share in that great manifestation of the progress achieved by human labour.

I shall be happy if the very imperfect sketch which I have given of the future Exhibition shows my friends in England the great interest which there is for them in associating themselves with an undertaking which may be criticised from an economic point of view, and certain features of which may not find favour with some very puritanical people, but which by its pacific character and its aim of international concord commands our respect and admiration.

A. BARTHÉLEMY.



View of the New Bridge and of the Banks of the Seine, as they will appear from the Pont de la Concorde.



REMINISCENCES OF THE ZULU WAR, 1879.

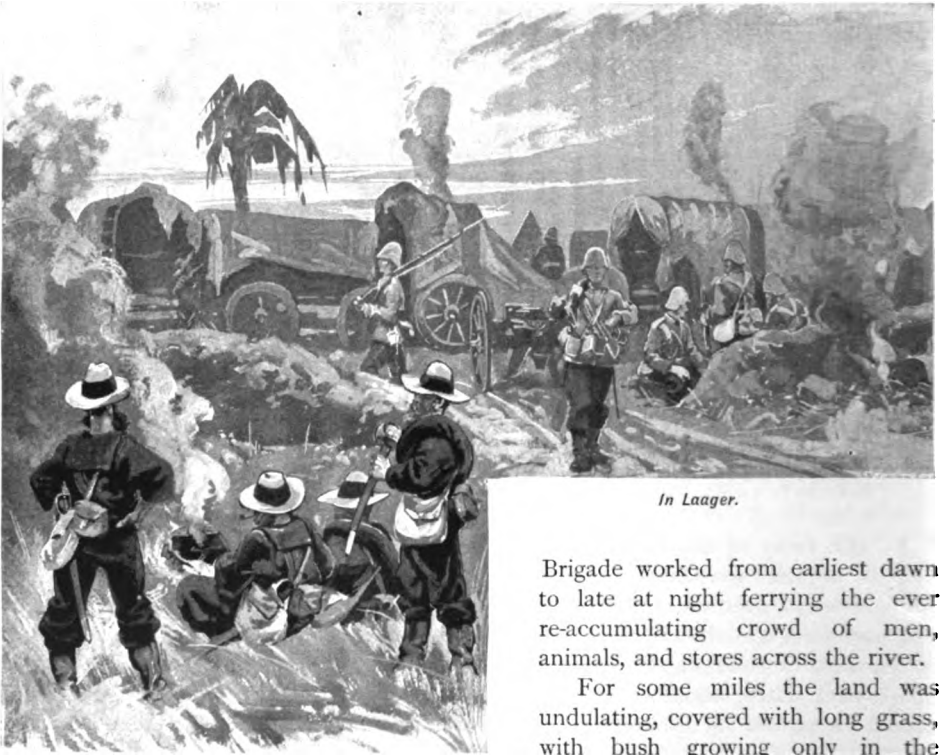
THE news of the fatal fight of January 22nd, 1879, where, under the shadow of the lion-shaped hill of Isandhlwana, twenty thousand fearless Zulus swept over the British camp and annihilated its brave defenders, reached England on February 10th, awakening the people and Government to the magnitude of the task of subduing Cetywayo and his people.

A week later transports were busy taking on board troops of all arms and munitions of war for South Africa, whither I proceeded with the first reinforcements as special artist to the *Graphic*, leaving London on February 19th, and landing at Durban, Natal, on March 20th.

It is needless, and not within the scope of this article, to narrate in detail how the first invasion of Zululand came to a standstill owing to the repulse of the centre column and the inadequacy of the force employed: the brilliant defence of Rorke's Drift was the solitary bright point in the campaign. Colonel Wood's left column remained halted at Kambula, keeping his communications open; but Colonel Pearson, with the right column, after gaining a small advantage over the Zulus on the Insandusani, was cut off from his base on the Tugela and practically beleaguered at Etshowe; panic spread in Natal; the border and other towns were put into a state of defence by their inhabitants to withstand the expected invasion by the Zulus; but Cetywayo, influenced by the good Bishop Colenso, refrained from this counterblow.

The relief of Etshowe being the necessary preliminary to the second invasion of Zululand premeditated, the first reinforcements landed were at once marched to the Tugela to form a column for this purpose; and at this point commences this article, compiled from notes made on the spot at the time.

The column for the relief of Tyoe, better known as "Etshowe," had assembled under General Lord Chelmsford on the Zulu side of the Tugela river at Fort Tenedos, not many miles from the sea. The stream of water is broad and deep, but like most African rivers there is a dangerous bar obstructing the entrance. On the evening of March 28th the rain was falling in torrents as I stood with my horse on the Natal bank among the heaps of boxes and sacks, and surrounded by officers, horses, and detached parties of soldiers awaiting transportation across the turbid stream by the pontoon ferry; Kaffirs, nude and perspiring, lustily handled the heaps of provisions and stores, and officers and men of the indefatigable Naval

*In Laager.*

Brigade worked from earliest dawn to late at night ferrying the ever re-accumulating crowd of men, animals, and stores across the river.

For some miles the land was undulating, covered with long grass, with bush growing only in the gullies; but this growth was denser

ahead and to the right nearer the sea, which gleamed brightly in intervals of sunlight that broke through the clouds. The order of march was firstly an "advanced division," then came a column of one hundred and fifteen bullock waggons, flanked by "Natal Native Contingent" battalions and other irregulars, and lastly a "rear division." Each "division" consisted of about two battalions of infantry and a detachment of the Naval Brigade, which provided the only artillery accompanying the force—viz., two seven-pounders, two Gatlings, and some rocket tubes.

This day we marched about ten miles, and went into laager in the afternoon, near the Inyoni river, throwing up a shelter trench outside the enclosure, which was much crowded. At night it rained again, but I slept like a top under the waggon in my waterproof, in spite of the water which ran over the surface of the slope.

The greater part of the 31st was employed in crossing the Amatikulu river, the waters of which were too high to attempt fording last night. It is a fine stream with sandy bottom, high banks with tall reeds on the water's edge. The whole force only advanced two miles, and the troops were formed in readiness to resist an attack during the operation of crossing the drift (which took eight hours), for the enemy actually crossed the river on our left, but subsequently retired without attempting anything further. It was generally reported that the Zulus were on three sides of us, the rear alone being open, but since leaving Fort Tenedos only one party had been sighted up to this day.

The morning of April 2nd was gray, when at reveille I turned out of my sleeping quarters close to a corner of the laager occupied by part of the Naval Brigade; the sailors were lighting their fires outside the trenches, preparing the morning

meal, all hands helping in their habitual cheery way; smoke rose slowly in the air all round the laager, water fatigue and other parties moved up and down the slope, cheerful shouts and the chattering of the natives came from all sides. The bullocks were being led out to feed, when the hum of an alarm spread itself over the camp, a strange, low, all-pervading murmur, a sound of rushing, of trampling, hurried footsteps, a sound of moving bodies, but not of voices, excepting some isolated sharp word of command. I do not recollect hearing the long-drawn note of the bugle denoting the alarm, customary in the British Army; but suddenly the voices were hushed, succeeded by a hurried trample that seemed to throb in the air. From all sides men streamed into camp; the trenches became full of figures bobbing up and down as the accoutrements were picked up; and there was much hasty buttoning and buckling on. An occasional shot fell on the ear; a bushy-bearded sailor close to me carefully picked up his cooking-pot and carried it to the intrenchment already lined by his comrades.

After an hour's engagement, commencing at 6 a.m., the enemy had received a severe repulse, with trifling loss to our force; but I was surprised to see how few dead lay where I had observed the fighting—though, being scattered over a large area of long grass, the number was difficult to estimate: the nearest body I saw was fifty yards from the trenches, and nowhere did I see them piled together.

The head of the relieving column did not reach the fort at Etshowe until after sunset on April 3rd, and it was growing dusk when the men of the 60th were greeted by the cheers of the garrison. I remember the figures of the relieved soldiers standing on the parapet in dark outline against the rich golden sky. The rearguard did not get in till 11 p.m., and it must have been midnight before all was still. The night was beautiful, and for hours after dark lines of troops were moving into camp, their accoutrements glinting in the light of the camp fires, as, tired and silent, they marched to the position assigned, dug their trenches, and after soldiers' fare, lay down to rest in their great-coats.

All the mounted men under Lord Chelmsford moved out of camp next morning to attack Dabulamanzi in his large kraal, seven miles distant from Etshowe. There were mounted infantry in their red coats and tanned helmets, volunteers clad in serviceable cord clothing and slouch felt hats, native irregulars similarly clad, but besides rifle and banderole, having their assegais in a sheath bound to the saddle, and wearing no boots rode with the big toe only in the stirrup; all were mounted on small but strong African horses. The country through which we passed was down-like, covered with long African grass, dense bush growing in large patches in the valleys and hollows. Scouts and detached parties, one of which I accompanied, spread out over the open, and we soon lost sight of the main bodies. The landscape was closely scanned for signs of the enemy in vain, and I thought I would do a little scouting on my own account and make for some other parties to the right. I soon, however, found myself alone, but luckily met two volunteers who had lost their reckoning, and together we made a smart canter in the direction where I had last seen one of our detachments—for it was not particularly safe to be roaming about out of touch. Every bit of bush or gully we came to was eyed suspiciously and investigated before crossing; but there were no signs of the enemy, which I think was satisfactory to all three of us. After some hard riding we sighted two more irregular horsemen leading a Zulu prisoner with a rein round his neck between them; and following, we shortly afterwards joined a small party of horsemen, one of whom was a thickset man clad in the ordinary cord clothing of Englishmen in South Africa. He wore a short beard, and clear grey eyes looked out from under the broad brim of his felt hat: this person was John Dunn, known as Cetywayo's

"white man," and he sat in his saddle, rifle butt on thigh, quietly speaking to the prisoner, a young fellow of fine physique and steady fearless bearing. John Dunn was married to a Zulu wife, and was head of a small tribe; and if, as I understand was the case, Cetywayo on the outbreak of the war allowed him with his people and cattle to leave the country, Dunn could have played a more honourable part than to have joined Lord Chelmsford's column, assisting by his local knowledge and his fighting tribesmen.

It is related that the king asked him if he would fight the English in case of war; and on his reply in the negative, he was told that had his answer been otherwise he would not have been believed, and most likely would have been "eaten up." It is further said that Dunn was present when war was being debated at the king's kraal, and he was asked whether the English could fight the Zulus: he asked for a large vessel of water to be brought to him, then, dipping his finger into it, he let a drop fall on the ground and replied, "The drop on the ground is the Zulu nation, the vessel of water is the English."

When we met Dunn we were close upon Dabulamanzi's kraal, situated among huge rounded slopes; in the rear were drawn up irregulars, mounted infantry, and natives dismounted were busy setting fire to the huts and stockade. Colonel Crealock with his glasses was observing a hill, where from time to time we could see little puffs of smoke, followed by distant reports and the whistle of bullets overhead. Being at a long range (over one thousand yards), this fire was unanswered except by Dunn, who lay on his back and fired a few shots in return. Dabulamanzi was a first-class rifle-shot, and it was suggested that he and Dunn were having a match. According to the prisoner, Dabulamanzi had his cattle the other side of the hill, and it seems to have been his intention to have us follow him into

an awkward corner; but our force being small, the only mounted men of the Column being our leaders, and satisfied that the kraal was destroyed, we turned our backs upon the column of dark smoke and rode leisurely back to Etshowe, the natives bearing various articles suspended from their saddles, plunder from this and other kraals, the smoke from which rose on many hill-sides.

Colonel Pearson's column evacuated Etshowe this morning, but his march seems to



Scouts and detached parties.



Behind cover.

have been leisurely ; his cattle, reported poor, may account for the delay partially, as his rearguard only left as we returned.

Lord Chelmsford, having successfully relieved Colonel Pearson's force in Etshowe, after inflicting a severe defeat upon the enemy, whose loss must have been close upon a thousand killed, and finally having thoroughly cleared that part of the country, returned with his staff to the Tugela on April 7th, and of course was followed by the batch of special correspondents, of which I formed a humble unit.

In those days the railroad only went to Botha's Hill, half-way between Durban and Pietermaritzburg, where was also an accumulation of stores awaiting further transport. On a grassy slope were rows of the white tents and picketed horses of the King's Dragoon Guards, who were travelling by easy stages to allow the horses to get their land-legs after the long sea voyage, riding on next day. I and a travelling companion arrived the same evening at Pietermaritzburg, passing

through a somewhat bare-looking grassy country, most productive of ant-hills, without adventure, excepting that I trod inadvertently upon a dangerous snake, a black *mamba*, and performed an involuntary war-dance on the reptile, to the detriment of its health. After a week's delay in this most charming little town, we resumed our slow journey up country, sometimes riding, sometimes driving; but we always found Natal a pleasant country to travel in, spite of the bad inns, or "hotels," as the very meanest of them are termed.

On May 5th we reached a little place called Ladysmith, where we had to go under canvas, and draw rations, as we were entitled to do by the courtesy of the military authorities; and having reduced my kit to its smallest dimensions, consisting only of blankets, a few cooking-pots, and a change of clothes, I started off again with my Kaffir servant Jim, and (sleeping in the open) reached Dundee on the 12th.

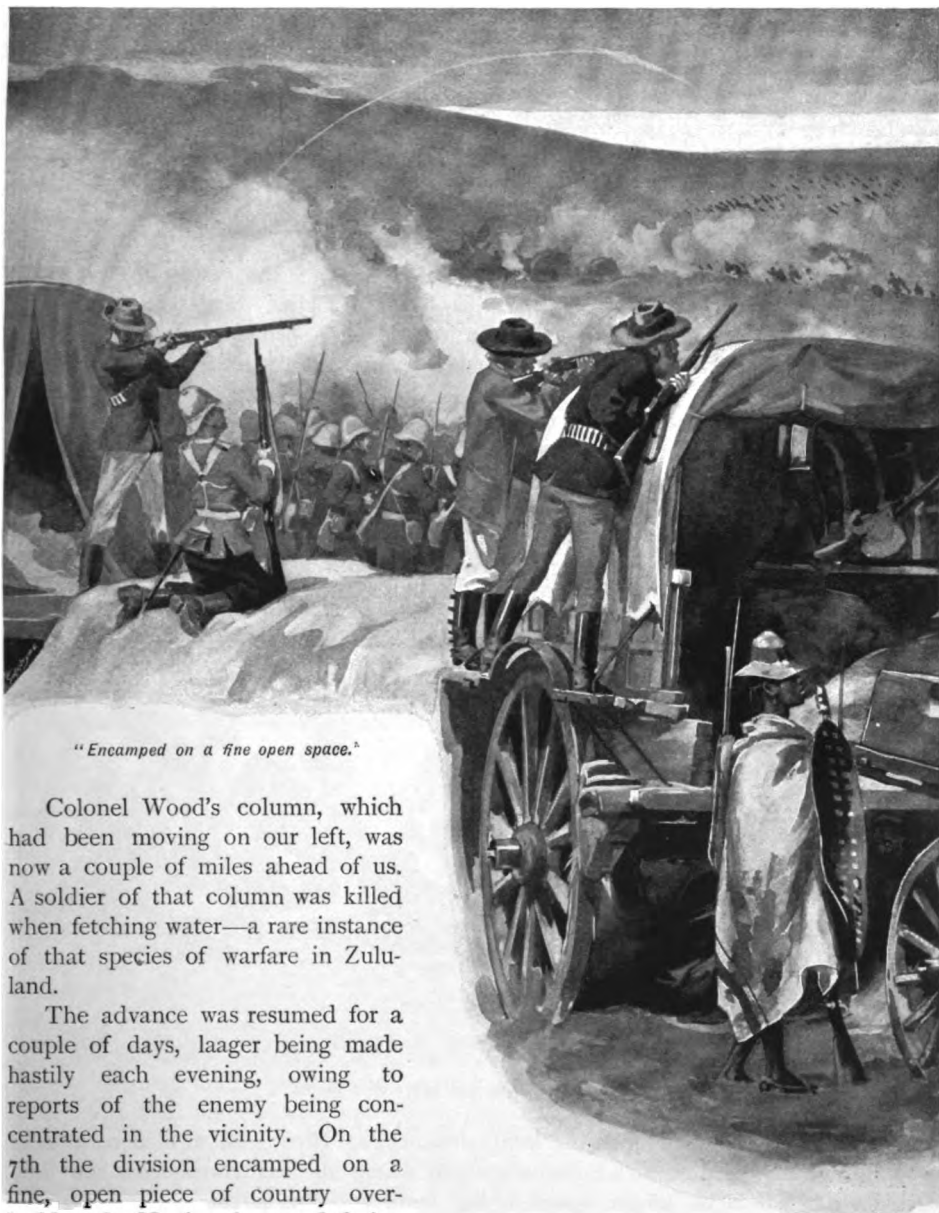
We were now on the extreme western border of Zululand, and here the troops of General Newdigate's division had been collected, with transport and stores in different camps, including Dundee, Landmann's Drift, Doornberg and Conference Hill. Each of these places I visited in turn, and found them all similarly situated and strongly intrenched on the open grassy veldt.

On May 31st the first brigade crossed the Blood river—a slow undertaking; the second following on June 1st, on which day the whole column advanced, and laagering near the Itelezi mountain, the invasion may be said to have commenced. For days the scouts of the enemy had been seen, some within seven miles of the Blood river; our movements being evidently seen by them. During the afternoon a rumour spread that the Prince Imperial of France, accompanying the British forces as a volunteer, had been killed; it was, however, not credited, for "shaves" were always flying about camp; but when orders in the evening detailed detachments to seek for the corpse of the unfortunate Prince, there could be no room for doubt, and the unexpected confirmation of the report was received with lively expressions of regret in the little circle of officers with whom I messed.

General Marshall, accompanied by Major Molyneux, A.D.C. to Lord Chelmsford, and Surgeon-Major Scott, with detachments of lancers and natives, left camp on the morning of June 2nd for the Itytyosi river, where the catastrophe had occurred. The country being open undulating veldt, it did not take long for the leading horsemen to reach the spot, and a group of two or three in a donga (the bed of a watercourse) attracting our attention, we soon gathered round them.

There at our feet lay, deprived of all clothing, the corpse of the son of an Emperor who once held the most prominent position in Europe, and of an Empress the star of the most brilliant court of that time. There he lay, the hope of the Napoleons, with the pitiless stabs of the Zulu assegais on his fair body uncovered to the hot African sun, save by the waving blades of grass; although one eye was wounded by an assegai, the aspect of face and body was peaceful, and, in spite of the customary shallow incision in the abdomen which the Zulu warriors make on the slain, either from superstition or sanitary motives, the corpse was not mutilated. Round his neck, on a fine chain, was a small ornament, the gift of his imperial mother, the savages having otherwise deprived him of everything. It was in truth a melancholy spectacle to contemplate.

On arriving at camp the little procession moved through a crowd of soldiers gathered to receive it, and in the evening the troops paraded to attend the burial service—an impressive sight—the lines of soldiers forming in the dusk a dark mass against the gold and purple sky, and in the centre of the troops gleamed dimly the white robes of the officiating chaplain, standing before the gun-carriage whereon lay the corpse of the ill-fated Prince.



"Encamped on a fine open space."

Colonel Wood's column, which had been moving on our left, was now a couple of miles ahead of us. A soldier of that column was killed when fetching water—a rare instance of that species of warfare in Zululand.

The advance was resumed for a couple of days, laager being made hastily each evening, owing to reports of the enemy being concentrated in the vicinity. On the 7th the division encamped on a fine, open piece of country overlooking the Upoko river, and facing a table mountain called "Zungeni," the parched yellow slopes of which were well dotted with dark bush, where we seemed to discern movement, and were speculating on the probable presence of the enemy as three nine-pounders rattled up and unlimbered smartly; the first piece was adjusted, a flash proceeded, the white cloud enveloping gun and detachment as the heavy report struck our ears; with a rushing sound the projectile passed over the valley. We suddenly saw a little ball of smoke in the distance, and after a time a dull report reached us; the vicinity where the shell was seen to burst became alive with minute dark specks—"Four thousand yards," said the artillery officer, as he watched through his glass.

Another and another shell followed, until five rounds per gun were fired, and the moving specks had all disappeared.

We then learnt that the bush was full of kraals, and next day a large force was sent to clear it out. At an early hour the native auxiliaries and mounted men, supported by two battalions of infantry and some guns, left camp, and were soon swarming over the country. I accompanied some volunteers who scouted on the left of the advance through some broken stony country dotted with bush and wild aloes. When some miles out the leading scouts were seen to halt, dismount and fire, puffs of smoke showing the presence of the enemy in some bush-clad precipitous rocks. The boom of a seven-pounder, followed by the rush of a projectile, announced the arrival of supporting artillery on our right. The shells burst over the enemy's cover at fifteen hundred yards range, and speedily silenced their fire, excepting that of one determined individual, who replied to each shell with a



"The motionless, listening figure of a sentry."

musketoon that boomed forth a loud defiance to the guns, until a particularly accurate shell seemed to strike the very spot where he was concealed: his loud-voiced weapon was no longer heard in the land, and the advance swept on until we sighted the hills behind Zungeni mountain. Columns of black smoke rose from burning kraals; long black lines preceded by swarms of dots slowly wound their way across the sunlit landscape, and showed us that the country was being thoroughly scoured of the enemy. Occasional distant shots fell on the ear, but there were no signs of serious opposition. Our native allies revelled in the glory of burning and destroying without any risk to their black skins, and returned to camp chattering and singing, laden with mealies, strips of meat, and Zulu utensils.

The advance was resumed on June 18th, and the Upoko crossed on the 19th. On Sunday, June 22nd, a halt was made to give rest to the hard-worked troops and cattle; for we had ascended tremendous steepes, and had attained an elevation

far above the surrounding country, of which we had frequent grand views, especially in the direction of a fine mountain named Ibabanango. On the 23rd the circular form of Ulundi, Cetywayo's kraal, was just visible to the naked eye over the intervening long undulating ridges; and on the 27th we encamped on the last of the spurs of the great plateaux. Below and between us and the curved shining stream of the Umvolosi river lay a beautiful valley densely clad with bush, mingled with euphorbias and wild aloes; across the river we saw some miles of a large basin open and undulating, the hills enclosing it being partially bush-clad, with larger open steeps and mountains behind; and in the open basin we could see the circular forms of large kraals, of which one was Ulundi.

It was on the eve of the decisive blow of the campaign. From early morn active preparations for the final advance upon Ulundi had been in progress. The great waggons forming the "laager" had been drawn up close to one another, leaving no unnecessary gaps, and the strength of the line of defence thus afforded was increased by spade work.

How long the camp may have been wrapt in slumber, or why the senses should have become awakened, it would be difficult to say. I can only recollect that suddenly my senses became keenly alert, and I was wide awake, listening. The moon was shining gloriously over the recumbent figures still motionless in sleep around me, and tipping the tented waggons with touches of light.

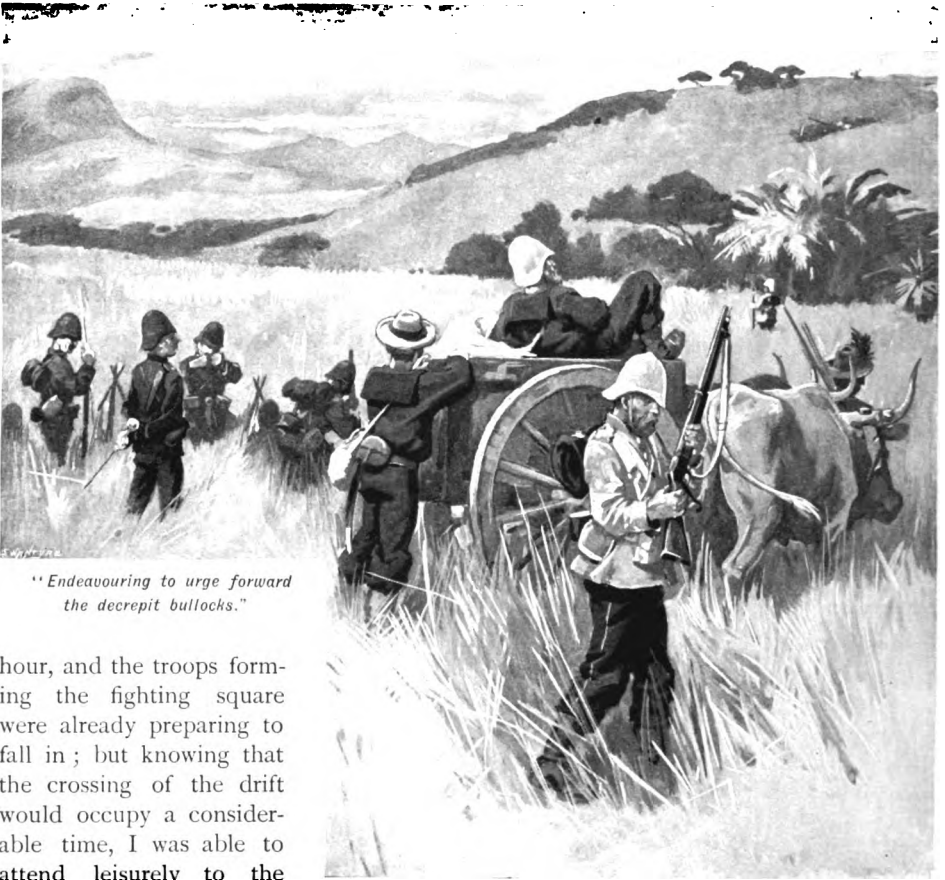
Instinctively straining my ears, I strove to distinguish a sound above and through the undefined champing noise of cattle, and raising myself on my elbows sought to determine whether a faint murmur as of distant voices was imagination or reality. For a while doubt would predominate, and then, as on a silent breath of night, a multitude of voices seemed to be borne from infinite space, to pass away into nothingness. I rose to my feet.

: From overhead the golden moon of Africa flooded the landscape with vague light, and one could dimly distinguish the distant mountains beyond Ulundi. The krantz on the farther side of the Mvolosi, overlooking the ford, stood out darkly, with the stream rippling in bright sheen at its base; the extensive bush spread out around us dark and mysterious, and in the open ring of clearing the limbs and remnants of the felled vegetation assumed fantastic, indistinguishable forms under the magic light of the moon. The motionless, listening figure of a sentry stood on a waggon close at hand.

Again that vague murmur was borne on the night wind in low, harmonious chords, swelling and dying to rise again clearer than before: with ever-increasing distinctness thousands of exultant voices rose and fell in perfect rhythm faintly but defiantly upon our ears.

It was the war chant of thousands of Zulu warriors, whose sonorous voices were pouring forth songs of devotion to their King through the stillness of night, swaying their supple bodies and gleaming weapons in fierce unison with the beating feet under the same calm moon shining on our silent camp. Louder and louder grew the song, and although miles distant one could hear the higher voices prevail above the resonant roar of the bass; indeed, it seemed as if the singers were nearing the camp, and some of the men stood quietly to their arms; but after some waiting there seemed no probability of an attack, and though the weird chorus and the beauty of the night exercised an unexampled fascination, we lay down, and lulled by the low confused murmur of the cattle in the laager, again fell asleep.

The morning following, the sun was shining faintly through the morning mist when I arose. The camp, roused without bugle-call, had been astir at an early



*"Endeavouring to urge forward
the decrepit bullocks."*

hour, and the troops forming the fighting square were already preparing to fall in ; but knowing that the crossing of the drift would occupy a considerable time, I was able to attend leisurely to the feeding of my pony and

self, whilst the column quietly formed up and moved off through the bush towards the Mvolosi. It must have been past eight o'clock when I splashed through the river, speedily overtaking some Scotch carts whose escorts were strenuously endeavouring to urge forward the decrepit bullocks, a transport officer anxiously watching and directing their efforts. Passing by the krantz, the huge square of red coats was visible to me about a mile off, moving slowly over the undulating plain of yellow sunburnt grass, the arms and accoutrements glinting brightly in the sun.

On our left great parklike slopes irregularly dotted with bush showed as yet no signs of the enemy's presence : on our right a column of black smoke rapidly increasing in volume and intensity rose from a huge circular kraal, Unodwengo, which had been fired by our cavalry that was moving over the rolling plain beyond. The square was easily overtaken, as it was frequently compelled to halt so that the carts, which dribbled out of the rear like a tail as the cattle became fatigued, might resume their places in the formation.

Having joined a small knot of officers who were scanning the hills on our left front with field-glasses, I was enabled, being possessed of a keen sight, to call the attention of one to some dark specks on the aloë-dotted summit of a large slope. "Aloes," said he at first ; but a general concentration of the glasses in that direction proved that the "aloes" were moving down the slope and were followed shortly

by the appearance of a thin undulating line on the ridge, succeeded by others to right and left, all conforming to a general movement down the slopes towards us; and other similar lines appeared by degrees from over the other ridges on the hills to our left.

The square was now halted, and some men began to pull down the wattled fences of a small kraal close at hand; but in a very short while the advance was resumed, and the force took up a position on the top of a swelling rise, marked by the brown walls of a dismantled house, said to be an old mission station, whence we could see Ulundi and the other great kraals of Likazi and Umpanbongwena. Firing, far away on our right, now fell on our ears; and our mounted irregulars, like dots in the distance, could be seen retiring, and returning the fire of a swarm of similar black dots rapidly following across the grassy slopes, now overshadowed by a huge column of dark smoke rising from the burning Unodwengo. Some men were busy with picks pulling down the mud walls of the old house, the guns took position outside the angles of the square, and I found a good berth on the top of an ammunition cart to get a good all-round view.

Preceded by an irregular line of skirmishers who opened a desultory fire at great distance, the enemy on our left had moved down the hills in a loose line of companies, followed by others in file in rear: on our front the Zulus were streaming out of distant Ulundi like a black thread, the head of the column disappearing for a time in a dip of the ground to reappear as a swarm of specks on a nearer rise. Our artillery now opened fire, and the gun nearest to me dropped a shrapnel right on the swarm heading out of Ulundi, the extreme clearness of the atmosphere permitting one to see the bullets strike up the dust, and the little black figures bend forward as they swept on towards us, though I imagined some dropped. Now and again a bullet sighed overhead as I watched the beautiful advance of the enemy rapidly spreading over the undulations, disappearing and reappearing as the inequalities were traversed; and wherever the white smoke of the artillery did not

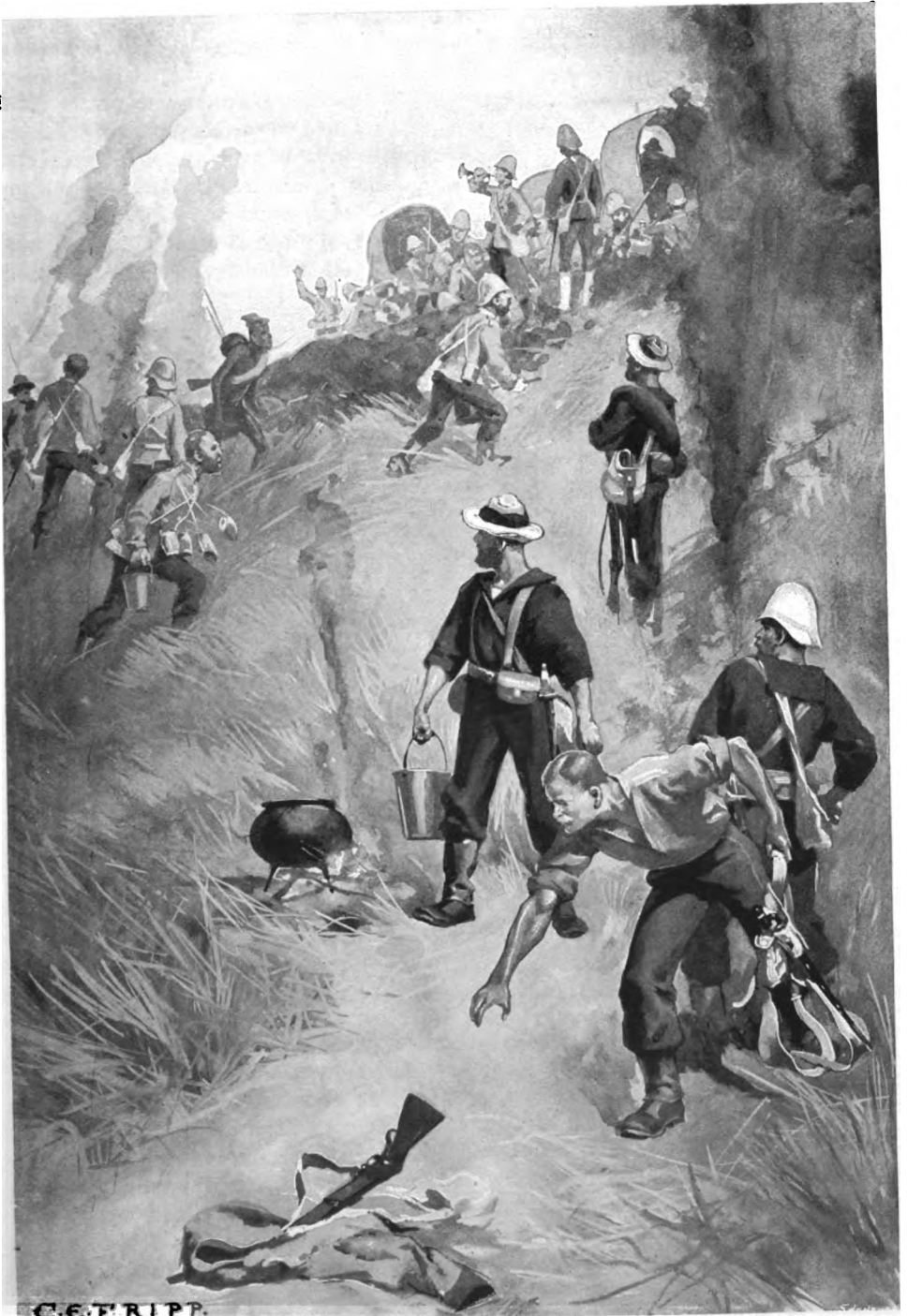


G. E. FRANK.

interfere with the view, there could one see the attackers steadily approaching, heedless of bursting projectiles, and gradually assuming an open order increasing in depth as the line of battle surrounding the square became more and more contracted. In the pauses between the artillery discharges, a faint distant murmur could be heard, but otherwise the attacking line pushed forward in silence.

Our mounted men, regulars and irregulars, retiring before the enemy, filed into the square where the infantry stood motionless in the sunlight regarding the magnificent order of the attack. The firing of the Zulus soon began to increase on the sides of the square farther from me, the bullets coming pretty freely, humming, whistling and whirring according to the nature of the projectiles of their many-patterned armament; yet, although the interior of the square was crammed with ammunition and water-carts, ambulances, bullocks, drivers, native auxiliaries, and the dismounted cavalry with their horses, and presented an enormous target, the effect appeared to be nil. Then the crisp crackle of our own rifle fire began to reply, and the white smoke began to pile up overhead, excepting on that part of the square where my position enabled me to obtain the best view.

On this face stood some companies of the 94th, with the colour party of that Regiment, the line prolonged to the right by a regiment of General Wood's Division—the 57th, I believe. Some men were calmly digging a shelter trench in rear of the line; those in the ranks intently watching the approach of the enemy, whose dark figures became more and more distinct at each ridge as they reappeared out of the intervening hollow. The distance to the top of the nearest slope in our front was here about three hundred yards, and the moment was eagerly awaited when the attackers should crown this rise, the kneeling front rank craning forward, the rear-rank settling their feet in the proper position to get a firm footing when the order to commence fire should be given. There was not long to wait: dark heads began to show themselves above the long line of the opposite ridge, and step by step, as the leading line breasted the last bit of rise, the nude bodies rose to our view, some upright, some crouching; then a new line of dark heads followed them, and more steadily followed those, and it looked as if the whole slope would be inundated with black figures descending towards us; but at a well-chosen moment our soldiers' rifles were levelled, and volleys of bullets swept across the hollow to tear up the dust among the enemy in a most uncomfortable manner. Volley succeeded volley, and through the gaps in the drifting haze of smoke arising from the firing line, I could see the dark figures sink into the long grass. Frequent puffs of white smoke on the ridge told of a return fire; but the marksmanship was miserable, and the bullets sang overhead, probably doing most execution amongst the shooters' friends on the other sides of the square, though some came sufficiently close to induce me to regard the exhortation of a gunner to descend from my post of observation. The infantry, in whose immediate rear I now stood, fixed bayonets, and the digging party joined the ranks; pauses were now allowed between each volley, and as the smoke cleared away, deliberate independent firing commenced under good control. Then the Zulus, the mass of whom lay still under shelter of the slope, suddenly rose and moved forward, invited thereto by the slackening of the fire; but an increased pelting of bullets [showered on them checked the movement, though it did not prevent daring individuals from dashing down the slope and throwing themselves down into the long grass, concealed by which they would creep forward and maintain a fire that would have proved very deadly had they not been such very bad marksmen. As it was, they only attracted the eager attention of some young soldier, who would appeal to his officer—"There's one, sir! mayn't I have a shot, sir?" a request usually granted, much to Tommy's gratification. Again and



J. S. TRIPP.

Returning into the square.

again, when fire slackened, did the enemy attempt to come over the ridge in force ; but each time it proved fruitless, being met with a destructive fire which, it soon became evident, held our adversaries in check ; for our fire only continued slowly to keep down the comparatively innocuous fire from the ridge. But on the next face to our left, where more companies of the 94th stood with some of the 21st, a tremendously rapid rifle fire broke out, and a cloud of white vapour rose above the square. Mounting my pony to look over the firing ranks, I rode in that direction along the rear of the fighting line, but it was impossible to see clearly through the veil of smoke piling up around ; yet I could see Lord Chelmsford quietly sitting his horse as he watched the men rapidly handle their Martini-Henrys and discharge a terrific storm of bullets. This was without doubt the climax of



"I could see dark figures sink into the long grass."

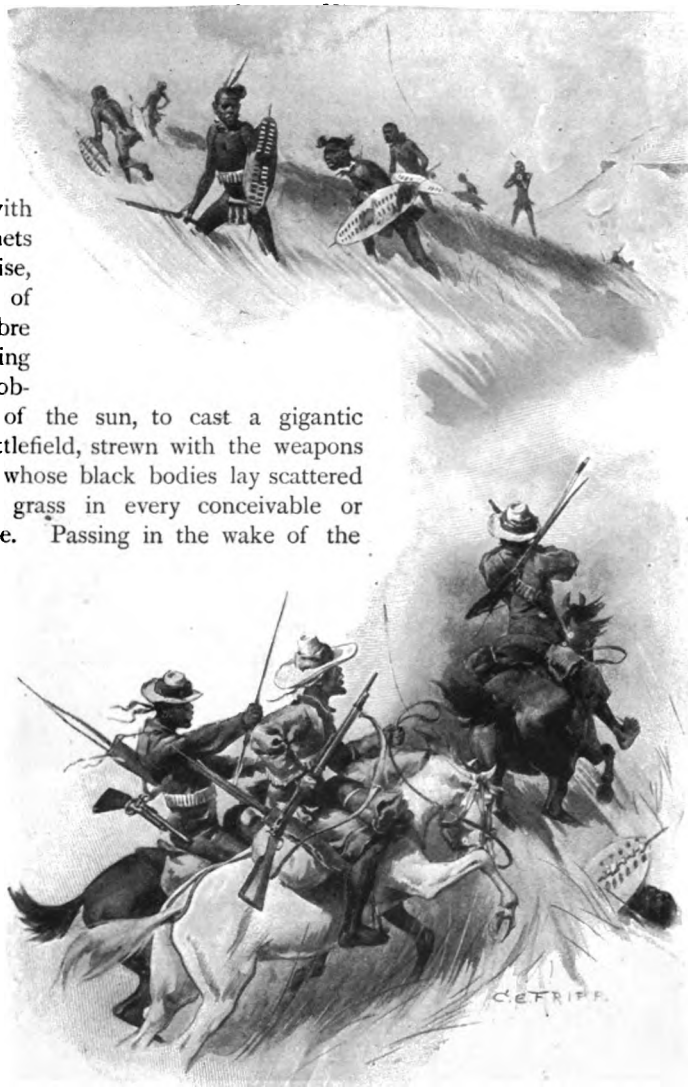
the engagement ; but the density of the smoke making it impossible to distinguish anything transpiring outside the square, I moved to windward again and got a glimpse through the haze of dusky figures moving near some bushes, and beyond them others apparently moving away from the square. The fire slackened, and it became certain that the Zulu attack had failed : single figures were stealing away in the drifting smoke near the square, and in great numbers the retiring enemy were swarming over the rolling plain towards the hills—a sight which was greeted by an outburst of cheering taken up all round the square, some men enthusiastically throwing their helmets in the air.

For a moment the retreating enemy paused and looked back towards the square, as if in hopes of seeing that formation broken to pursue them, and of finding an opportunity to close hand to hand ; but, needless to say, they were destined to disappointment, and the momentary halt was greeted by a short burst of fire.

Following the 17th Lancers as they issued forth, I looked back, and remember well the bristling aspect of the red square fringed with rifles and bayonets solidly crowning the rise, and the huge cloud of smoke hanging sombre overhead and rolling slowly to leeward, obstructing the light of the sun, to cast a gigantic shadow over the battlefield, strewn with the weapons of the poor patriots, whose black bodies lay scattered about the trampled grass in every conceivable or inconceivable attitude. Passing in the wake of the Lancers, I saw them charge the rearmost Zulus on the nearest hills to the left. The pursued turned desperately and tried to dodge among the horses, sometimes firing amongst them; but the long lances were irresistible, and only the most agile escaped. Then the pursuit slackened, as the overworked horses became blown; but there were others at hand to complete the rout—

mounted volunteers whose use of the rifle was more deadly than cold steel, and native auxiliaries whose keen eyes detected fugitives crouching in the grass, and, feeling elated by their ascendancy, dashed furiously upon the dreaded Zulu, who not infrequently turned upon his black pursuers.

The repulse was decisive at all points in about three-quarters of an hour from the first infantry fire; and though the general advance was in splendid order, and the crowning attack made with grand courage, yet the Zulus were not anything like so persistent as at the battle of Ginginhlovu, and I believe that the defeats



"The pursued turned desperately."

of Ginginhlovu and Kambula had more than counterbalanced the victories at Isandhlwana and Hlobane, and that they were shaken in the sense of invincibility with which their early successes had inspired them.

That night every man in camp lay down to sleep with a sense of security which had been absent since the crossing of the Blood river, and that same night it might be said that the Zulu War was over, and that Cetywayo's power was a thing of the past already. The smoke of his burning kraal hung like a pall over the plain to conceal hundreds of his dead warriors from the great moon which stood calmly and gloriously in the eternal heaven above. Whatever the rights or wrongs which brought on the war, these same brave Zulus died resisting an invasion of their country and homes.

Naked savages as they were, let us honour them.

CHARLES E. FRIPP.

SONG OF THE ROSE-PETALS.

H EIGH-HO,
To and fro,
Rose-petals we are, all in a row ;
Once we slept, for our feet were tied,
Now we roam and the world is wide,
And we dance as we go, we go.

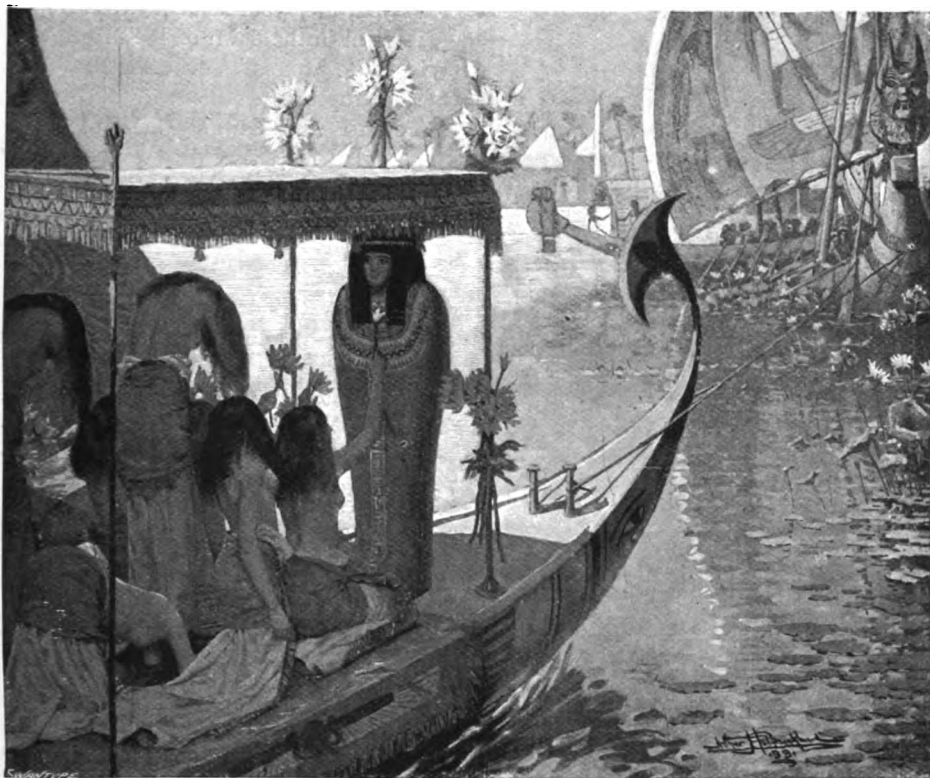
One ! Two !
How he blew !
'Twas the Wind as he whistled through.
"Petals of rose," he cried, "to-day
You shall come with me on my way,
And shall dance as I do, I do !"

"Blow, blow !
We will go,
We are tired of being fettered so ;
Carry us, Wind," we cried, we cried,
"Bear us far and scatter us wide,
Leap with us to and fro, and fro."

Light, light,
Red and bright,
'Twas the Wind loosed us in his flight :
Through the branches we flew away,
Rose-coloured petals glad and gay,
Little rose-bush, good-night, good-night !

Low, high,
You and I
Dance a little before we fly,
Rose-petals tilting all in a row,
Airily, fairily,—now we go,
Little rose-bush, good-bye . . . good-bye !

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.



TO THE MUMMY OF AN EGYPTIAN GIRL.

FAR away beside the lazy Nile,
 Centuries on centuries ago,
 You, whose eyes meet mine with solemn smile,
 Wandered free as winds of Heaven do blow,
 Long ago—long, long ago.



Tell me, sister, were you very fair,
 With soft rounded form of milky white,
 Flowing wealth of dusky blue-black hair,
 Eyes as dark as shaded pools at night,
 Touched with love's pathetic light?





Had you, too, your sunny, girlish hopes,
Radiant in the dawn of life's fresh day,
When the woman's consciousness first
gropes

Towards the dawning flush of love's
glad ray,
In that very far-off day?



Did you by the dreaming river side
With fresh lotus blossoms fill your
hand,
As you watched for one across the wide
Golden stretch of sun-parched, wind-
strewn sand,
In that old Egyptian land?



Did they shut you in a stately tomb,
You whose life-tale was so quickly
told :
Lay you down in heavy, scented gloom,
In fine linen wrapping, fold on fold,
Fair young form, so stiff and cold?



With rare gums and costly spice em-
balméd,
From the hot Egyptian sunlight hid,
With the fret and fever of life calmed,
With peace resting on each closed
lid,
Slept you 'neath the Pyramid?



Did strange faces from the walls look
down,
Old and time-worn even then, those
grim
Graven Gods, with set mysterious frown,
Watching you, who lay with muffled
limb
In the scented chamber dim?



Years have passed in thousands since
those days,

Name and history are long forgot,
And I know of nothing, as I gaze,
Save that you were once a girl, whose
lot
Fell in old Egyptian days.



Yet—though far removed in time and
space,

I so young, and you so very old—
We are sisters of the human race :
I, whose history is yet untold,
You, for ages, quiet and cold.



And my days, like yours, will quickly pass ;
I, like you, shall rest with folded
hands,

With closed eyelids 'neath the daisied
grass,
As you slept amid the wind-sown
sands,
In those old sun-haunted lands.



Will it be that, in the future dim,
When I too am lying dead, long
dead—

Lying quiet as you, with straight bound
limb,

With my deeds all done, my words
all said,
And the turf above my head,—



Other girls will come and stand beside
Me, and read my name, and seek to
know

Of the girl who lived and loved and died,
And was laid so quiet to rest below,
Long ago—long, long ago ?

DOROTHY NEVILLE LEES.





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IN CAP AND BELLS.*

VIXERE FORTES . . . Mr. Owen Seaman is a capital parodist, an engaging yet ruthless adept in the art of verbal caricature. Yet, as I read him, I could not but reflect that Agamemnon was not the earliest of his kind; and the end of it was that I fell to thinking of the many kinds of Seaman which our literature has had. I do not pretend to know them all; but I like to think that Shakespeare was one, and not the worst, of them:—

Shall pack-horses
And hollow pampered jades of Asia
That cannot go but thirty mile a day
Compare with Cæsars and with Cannibals
And Trojan Greeks? Nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar!

That was *his* way of touching off what was excessive in the brave, translunary spirit that was Marlowe's; and I fancy that Marlowe even, truculent as he was, must have smiled, could he have heard. Then, in a different vein, there is that extraordinary Thersites of his—the Thersites of *Troilus and Cressida*. 'Tis suggested that here is a caricature of that shameless and most scandalous railer, Marston: that the play, in fact, is an episode in the Poetomachia in which the University wits (under Jonson) were ranged against the mere illiterates (under Shakespeare), and in which Jonson, having staged Dekker and Shakespeare as Ovid and Demetrius in his *Poetaster*, had presently to do penance as the "Humorous Poet," who gets so terribly "untrussed" in Dekker's *Satiromastix*, and as the Ajax of this very *Troilus*. Be this as it may,† it is certain that Marston's ideal

* *In Cap and Bells*, by Owen Seaman. London and New York: John Lane. *The Battle of the Bays*, by Owen Seaman. John Lane: London and New York. *Tillers of the Sand*, by Owen Seaman. London: Smith, Elder & Co. *Horace at Cambridge*, by Owen Seaman. London: Innes & Co.

† Those who are interested in the Poetomachia can do no better than read of it in Mr. George Wyndham's admirable and delightful introduction to his edition of Shakespeare's *Poems* (London: Methuen): as brilliant and as scholarly a contribution to Shakespeare Literature as has appeared.

in such work as *Parisitaster* and *The Malcontent* is imaged to the life in the scurril and filthy tirades of Thersites. It is Marston all, but Marston so very much better done than Marston, that it rises high above parody, and becomes creation. The villainous eloquence, the sordid and disfiguring imagination, the abominable mind—these are all here, and are so absolutely expressed that I find it hard, the identity once hinted, to think of Marston in any other terms.

I take it that to parody a man you must have before all things at his style; and that herein consists the difference between parody and travesty. The aim of travesty is to vulgarise and degrade not so much form as substance, not so much semblances as essences. Radcliffe and Cotton and Swift and their like leave the Virgilian and the Ovidian phrase alone: they stultify their author through his sentiments and incidents, not through his style; and the consequence is that you may read them (if you can) and never smile. The parodist is not thus minded. He works from the outside inwards, and his prime success consists in belittling and befooling his author's manner. He may, and if he be good at his trade he will, contrive to make light of the man inside the clothes, of the nervous system underneath the skin, of the spirit behind the trick of attitude, the habitual smirk, the deliberate significance of gesture and poise, and all the other qualities which go to the composition of his writing individuality—in short, his style. But, if he fail of the first, it is vain for him to achieve the other. Who, for instance, would laugh at a parody of Carlyle expressed in the terms of Mr. Lecky? or at a caricature of Keats in the lingo and the manner of Pope? I suppose there is a sense in which Gay's *Eclogues* are parodies; but I confess that I read them for themselves, and in reading them have never a thought for the rubbish they are designed to ridicule, be it signed "Pope" or not. They are witty enough, and carefully enough observed, and sufficiently well written, to stand on their own legs and to speak with their own voice. In flagrant contrast is *The Splendid Shilling*, a parody which went far to make its author's fortune,* and which, though it would scarce pass in these days of exquisite ears and artful rhythms, is not by any means unreadable:—

Happy the man, who, free from cares or strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling; he nor hears with pain
Fresh oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale,
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's, etc.

Thus the learned and ingenious J. Philips; and, though one smiles, one is something at a loss to sympathise with the extraordinary enthusiasm awakened by this attempt of his to "adapt Milton's phrase to the gross incidents of common life." Alas (one sighs) for the Golden Age! One could have done it so much better than J. Philips! And one would have taken a comfortable sinecure in hand, for a reward, with at least as much credit to oneself as J. Philips ever could have dreamed! Judged by such a standard as J. Philips has left us, Mr. Seaman (for instance), if such recognition as J. Philips had were possible in these vile, mechanic days—Mr. Seaman, I say, might be hail-fellow-well-met with dukes, and figure on the Civil List for not less than ten thousand a year.

As for J. Philips, who, as Milton's nephew, should have known Milton better, even if he knew no better than to make fun of Milton, his Miltonising was, in

* "This performance raised him so high that, when Europe resounded with the victory of Blenheim, he was, probably with an occult opposition to Addison, employed to deliver the acclamation of the Tories."—JOHNSON, *Lives of the Poets*.

the end, his ruin. Having japed his venerable uncle in *The Splendid Shilling*, he became that uncle's "sedulous ape" in the *Blenheim*, which he wrote in Marlborough's praise, and in the two books of his once-famed *Cider*:—

Thy specular orb
Apply to well-dissected kernels ; lo !
Strange fumes arise, in each a little plant
Unfolds its boughs :—

and so became his own sole parodist. It was the way of the Eighteenth-Century Bard : no Seaman needed he, no Horace Smith, no Bon Gualtier ; self-sufficing, he clothed himself with scorn. "Now, Muse, let's sing of rats," he said on one occasion ; and when they remonstrated with him, he thus improved his desperate attempt at song :—

Nor with less waste the whiskered vermin race,
A countless clan, despoil the lowland cane.

Could Mr. Seaman make poor Grainger—poet of *The Sugar Cane*—more ridiculous than Grainger was pleased to make himself ? The Eighteenth Century is called the Century of Taste. It was paved with Graingers. Born into it, and therefore born out of his time, was the Henry Fielding of *The Covent Garden Tragedy* and *Tom Thumb the Great* : two masterpieces of parody, in which the blatant tragics, who had held the stage since Dryden, are turned inside out, they and their idiot system, and thrust forth, absurd and beggarly and naked, into a zone of inextinguishable laughter, there to remain for ever, naked and beggarly and absurd. Short as my welcome is, I shall so stretch it as to cover a tirade which must make Dryden's Ghost ashamed, even to the crack of doom :—

Triumph not, Thumb, nor think thou shalt enjoy
Thy Huncamunca undisturb'd ; I'll send
My ghost to fetch her to the other world ;
It shall but bait at heaven and then return.
But, ha ! I feel death rumbling in my brains :
Some kinder sprite knocks softly at my soul,
And gently whispers it to haste away.
I come, I come, most willingly I come.
So when some city wife, for country air,
To Hampstead or to Highgate does repair,
Her to make haste her husband does implore,
And cries, "My dear, the coach is at the door" :
With equal wish, desirous to be gone,
She gets into the coach, and then she cries, "Drive on !" (*Dies.*)

Swift told Mrs. Pilkington that he had laughed but twice in his life, and once was when King Arthur slew, or sought to slay, the Ghost of Gaffer Thumb ; and Swift was a parodist of mark, as admirers of Bishop Burnet know. Again, it is written that Johnson called Fielding "a barren rascal" ; but it is at least possible that he may have grinned (1730-31) at Huncamunca's woes, and have helped to oblige the actors to repeat the admirable closing scene,* in which, the Queen having killed Noodle, is at once killed by Cleora, who is instantly killed by Huncamunca, and as instantly avenged by Doodle :—

This for an old grudge to thy heart :—
to whom Mustacha :—

And this
I drive to thine, O Doodle, for a new one :—

* "No scene, I believe, ever received greater honour than this. It was applauded by several encores, a word very unusual in tragedy. And it was very difficult for the actors to escape without a second slaughter."

and to her King Arthur :—

Ha ! murdres vile, take that ! (*Kills Musta.*)

And take thou this !

(*Kills himself and falls.*)

So when a child, whom nurse from danger guards,
Sends Jack for mustard with a pack of cards,
Kings, Queens, and Knaves, throw one another down,
Till the whole pack lies scatter'd and o'erthrown :
So all our pack upon the floor is cast,
And all I boast is that I fall the last. (*Dies.*)

Johnson, I say, must certainly, if ever he escaped from Lichfield for a breath of London air, have laughed at this ; for this was played some ten or a dozen years before its graceless author once more took the town with a certain travesty called *Joseph Andrews*, esteemed among the best good reading in English to this day. For the rest, I am glad to note that Johnson, though he resented the profanation of *Pamela*, and was as contemptuous of Fielding as the most devout Richardsonian could wish, was not, for all his serious airs, averse from parody.

Who rules o'er freemen must himself be free :—

thus somebody—"dont je ne sçays plus le nom." And to him, Johnson :—"Not at all, Sir ! You might just as well say :—

Who slays fat oxen must himself be fat."

As excellent a *reductio ad absurdum*, surely, as has been done ? Or take his parody-at-large of the good old bald-head English ballad :—

I put my hat upon my head,
And walked into the Strand,
And there I met another man
With his hat in his hand.

Allow for the change in interests, ideals, poetic slang, and is not that as good as one wants ? Mr. Seaman has made a delightful jape upon a certain *Ballad of a Nun* :—

You are sister to the microbe now,
And second cousin to the worm :—

and that, also, is as good as one wants. The difference is that Mr. Seaman vivisects his authors verse by verse and line by line, at the same time that he gets in innumerable "nasty ones" on those authors' philosophy of life and art ; while his "renowned ancestor" (if he will forgive the ascription) takes on and beggars a whole school within the compass of a single quatrain.

I pass by Robert Burns's * parody of Tom Warton :—

* Last month I dared not write the name in full. This month I dare, *et pour cause*. The Twenty-fifth January has come and gone, and the "Immortal Memory" has been drunk all over Scotland ; and, so far as I know, only once have I been referred to as "a body snatcher," so that on the whole I have come off better (no doubt) than I deserve. On the other a foolish person of quality, apparently with literary ambitions, assuredly with only an after-dinner sense of right and wrong, has likened me to the Trelawny who uncovered the dead Byron's foot. Why ? I was not Burns's friend. And I uncovered nothing in death that the living Burns had not rejoiced to flaunt in life. Why, then, Trelawny ? The answer is, I suppose, that what is sportively called "the Garden Ass" remains impervious and unchanged. "Fruits fail, and love dies, and Time ranges," but there is never a difference in him : unless, as in this case, he is complicated with a Common Barrister, when, of course, he does his best to be offensive,

Guid-mornin' to your Majesty !
 May Heaven augment your blisses,
 On ev'ry new birth-day ye see,
 A humble poet wishes :—

for the very sufficient reason that it is not parody but travesty ; even as, for reasons which I haven't room to set down, I pass such admirable parodies of the old Scots ballad as *The Five Carlins* and the scarce less excellent pasquil on Grizzle Grimme. The parodies in *The Rolliad*, too—these I must put away, and along with these the thrice-admirable caricature of Goethe, Payne Knight, Erasmus Darwin, Southey of the “spavin'd dactyls” :—

O, needy Knife-Grinder, whither art thou going ?
 Rough is the road, thy wheel is out of order,
 Worn are thy shoes, thy coat has got a hole in,
 So have thy breeches :—

which rejoiced the readers of *The Anti-Jacobin* : this though they are classic in their kind, and have left an enduring mark on English letters. And *Rejected Addresses* ? It, also, must go, despite its excellent simian quality, and its innumerable editions ; despite its Byron :—

Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
 And nought is everything, and everything is nought :—

despite its inimitable Crabbe :—

John William Thomas Alexander Dwyer
 Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire :—

despite its “hoarse Fitzgerald,” even :—

God bless the Army, bless their coats of scarlet,
 God bless the Navy, bless the Princess Charlotte,
 God bless the Guards, though worsted Gallia scoff,
 God bless their pigtails, though they're now cut off,
 And O ! in Downing Street should Old Nick revel,
 England's prime minister, then bless the devil !

And Bon Gualtier—the Bon Gualtier of that unrivalled *Lay of the Lovelorn* :—

Cursed be the Bank of England's notes, that tempt the soul to sin !
 Cursed be the want of acres, doubly cursed the want of tin !
 Cursed be the marriage-contract, that enslaved thy soul to greed !
 Cursed be the sallow lawyer, who prepared and drew the deed !
 Cursed be his foul apprentice, who the loathsome fees did earn !
 Cursed be the clerk and parson,—cursed be the whole concern !—

and that merely inimitable and immortal parody of the Scots folk-ballad, *The Queen in France* :—

She gied the King the Cheshire cheese,
 But and the porter fine ;
 And gied her the puddock-pies
 But and the blude-red wine :—

he also must go, though I should like to quote him by the page ; and Calverley, and J. K. S., and the “Q.” of *Green Bays* :—

So bluff Sir Leolin gave the bride away,
 And when they married her the little port
 Had seldom seen a costlier ritual.
 The wedding coach alone cost two-pound-ten,
 And two-pound-twelve-and-six the wedding cake :

and the Traile of *Sister Helen* and that undying sonnet:—

Look in my face. My name is Used to Was;

and Hilton of *The Heathen Passee*—all these must pass, and pass, so far as I am concerned, “without the meed of one melodious tear.” The truth is, I *must* say something of Mr. Owen Seaman, or perish; and there’s left me but a dozen lines at most in which to say it.

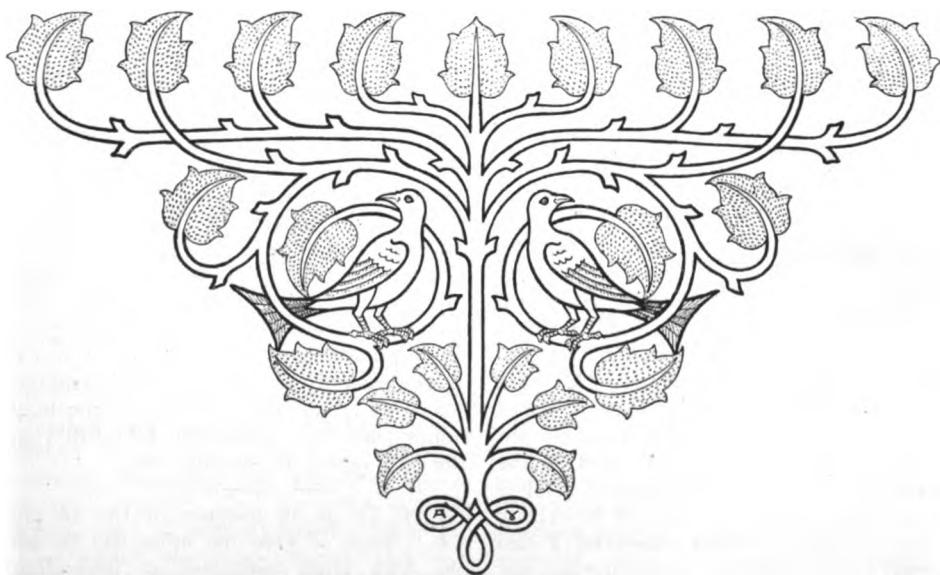
Mr. Owen Seaman, then, is an excellent artist in parody. I am sure that he will think well of me if I find in him a pupil of Calverley; for Calverley, whatever else he means, means neatness, elegance, point—in fact, means *writing*. I don’t know that Mr. Seaman is, *quâ* writer, quite so absolute a master as Calverley—whom, for the rest, he is wise enough to imitate whenever it seems good to him. I do know, however, that he has a better gift of parody than Calverley: this though he has written no such sonorous and terrific line as,

Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese;

this though he has done no piece of such sustained and infernal malice as *The Cock and the Bull*.^{*} All the same, one reads him always with a malicious pleasure, He is so quick, so apprehensive, so pertinent, he has so gay a humour, so excellent a sense of style! There are times—(as when he writes, this time in prose:—“The vital movement of grass is towards reticence rather than greenness.” And again: “Seen in perspective, there is symmetry in the suburb, futile else. Peckham has this dominant note,”)—when you rub your eyes, and wonder. I do, anyhow; and that is why I implore him to respect his talent, and cheapen it, by too much use, as little as he may.

W. E. H.

^{*} Calverley, however, takes but one trick of Browning’s. The poet-parodist of *The Heptalogia* takes the whole bag, with the result that in his wonderful parody of *James Lee* he bedevils all Browning as no man was ever bedevilled before.





PHILANTHROPY AND CROWDS—CROWDS AT THE PICTURE GALLERY—AT THE PLAY—
THE LOUD REMARKS OFFENCE—A FEW EXCURSIONS IN DRAMATIC CRITICISM : “A
MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM”—THE “MODERNITY” QUESTION—OLD ASSOCIATIONS:
THE GAITY—OLD ASSOCIATIONS: THE SAVOY—THE SIN OF BRUTALITY IN MR.
GILBERT—IN CONGREVE AND GOLDSMITH—“SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER” AT THE
HAYMARKET—COMEDY AND FARCE.

READER, do you love your fellow-man ?
You say yes, of course : you would be
afraid to say no ; one is not allowed to be a
misanthrope nowadays.



For my part, when
I am sitting, quite
alone, before a
good fire, with a
pipe of good
tobacco in my
mouth, I love to
muse on the good
there is in all men,
if we only look for
it, and to think how
shallow are those
unhappy cynics
who seem to see

nothing but evil, who never search for the
underlying goodness. Goodness ! There
is nothing like the goodness of everybody
and everything. When, however, I find
myself in a crowd, my sentiments are apt
to be a little different. If one shares the

enthusiasm of a crowd, at a sending-off or
welcoming home of soldiers, for example,
it is very well. But a crowd which displays
a boisterous interest or amusement on an
occasion merely tedious to yourself—for
example, at some silly play ? Or a crowd
which does *not* appreciate an occasion
interesting to yourself, and lets you know
it ? Why, then, you think that your fellow-
man is all very well when he is not there,
but that he is capable of spoiling almost
any enjoyment for you in the world. For
the moment, benevolent and philanthropic
and optimistical reader, you are a worse
misanthrope than Swift, who hated mankind
but loved Tom, Dick and Harry : you may
admit Tom, so to speak, who sees with you,
but have no use for the other two.

THERE is an instance or two to my
hand. I went the other day to see
the Van Dyck collection at Burlington
House. It happens that I agree with a

well-known critic of pictures, who holds that a large collection of a painter's works is the worst opportunity for an appreciation



of that painter; his tricks and mannerisms are made too evident, and become wearisome; to be seen at a proper advantage he must be seen in proportion to the rest of life

and art—a bit of him here and there. In fact, all large collections annoy me; with whatever taste or zeal I start, I am dull and tired at the finish. The way to see pictures is to stroll about a country house and see some half-dozen between breakfast and lunch, or to sit opposite one while you perform one of these functions—at dinner, beside the artificial light, the business in hand is too important for such distraction. Van Dyck, however, being a comfortable artist—one hardly inspired, that is to say, but completely finished and comely—stands the process of multiplication better than a lesser or a greater man: the point is a little obscure, perhaps, but I have no time to explain it now, being on another subject; I may make it more obscure in an essay some time or other. In Van Dyck's case, too, the historical interest of the pictures is for me exceedingly great. Consequently I went to see the pictures with every intention and anticipation of enjoying an hour or two in pleasant curiosity and reflection. Well: I went on a Saturday afternoon, and there was a miscellaneous, surging crowd, which almost prevented my seeing the pictures at all. And when I did contrive to have a view of one, this sort of thing would happen. I stood in front of a "Portrait of the Countess of Sunderland," and mused: "So this was poor Dorothy Waller's 'Saccharissa,' kindest and most sorely tried of women, mother of that infamous statesman——" "Who's this? What? Well, *she* isn't much of a beauty, anyhow. I say, isn't she rather like Molly Jones? What?" On went the chatter behind me: I walked bitterly away. I stood before the first Charles, and remembered (see "Woodstock") with what feelings Cromwell had looked on his portrait

at Windsor. I took a step backwards, and begged another spectator's pardon for running into him. "Hullo! How are you? Isn't he frightfully overrated? Just look at that arm——" It was an acquaintance. . . . I went the other evening to see *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at Her Majesty's. To my taste the production and performance were on the whole artistic, appropriate, and delightful. But immediately in front of me was a schoolboy, who swayed from side to side when he was not bobbing up and down: his head was for ever coming between my glass and the stage. And behind me was a man who made loud remarks in depreciation of everything. I object, by the way, to these loud depreciatory remarks in any case: even if a performance is bad, one has no business to jar on people who may be enjoying it, and the only motive for doing so is the very silly vanity of posing as a superior person to strangers. In this case the performance was good, and I would lay a ducat that the man behind me was no more severe a judge than I, and was not even honest in his vanity. Another circumstance—which was nobody's fault, but did not assist one's enjoyment of fairyland and prettiness—was that three-quarters of the audience coughed all the time and the other quarter sniffed. No, benevolent reader, your fellow-man may be the deuce and all of a nuisance. Mad Ludwig of Bavaria, who would sit all alone in a theatre while they played his beloved Wagner, was not so mad as they said.

BUT I have not indulged in anything like dramatic criticism for a long time, and you might like a paragraph or two of the mixture as before. I have almost nothing but praise for this production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and what little I have in another sort is only a question of individual fancy. I thought there was rather too much acting on the part of the serious or quasi-serious people. Bottom and his mates must act, and act hard, for the proper effect; but I think the others should have suggested real people and real emotions rather less; should have glided and chanted rather more. To my mind the whole business of them is so entirely of dreamland and fairyland that a close simulation of emotions, anger, scorn, and so forth, is an intrusion. But I can imagine how hard it must be for a player to miss the chance of an effect, and it is even conceivable that the

players in this case may not accept my view. Whatever may be thought or said or argued about elaborate scenery and the like in other of Shakespear's plays, there can be no doubt that *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which is more a masque than a play, has everything to gain by artistic elaboration, by favour and prettiness. In this case the scenery, Greek and woodland alike, was very pretty indeed : I may use a misused word in its right sense and say it was exquisite. The dresses and general appearance of the players were not, of course, realistically Greek—any more than was Shakespear's idea ; yet they were Greek in an average-educated popular way, which was both right and pleasing. And Mr. Tree gave one the pleasure, which (if I may say it without rudeness) is not a very common one at the theatre or elsewhere, of looking at several beautiful women. A more completely charming appearance and performance than that of Miss Dorothea Baird I had never seen, or if I had, did not remember. She was graceful and natural, and hit on the right pitch of seriousness ; she was delightfully funny in the slanging scene ; and she added to the whole just a touch—I mean this for a sincere compliment, and it must be so understood—of the Girton-classical idea which was altogether agreeable. Miss Sarah Brooke, who played the little Hermia to the tall Helena of Miss Baird, was a most wisely-chosen foil in manner and fashion of beauty. Miss Neilson was another good choice : her beautiful voice made the singing passages very welcome. All the critics abused poor Miss Freear for her Puck, but though I thought she was too much imp and too little fairy, the spice of devilry she introduced was a right ingredient. Mr. Tree, as Bottom, was immense. He succeeded, of course, in forgetting Mr. Tree altogether. Most of our successful actors show us how a given personality could be affected by various circumstances, and the personality is always the same ; but Mr. Tree is an observer and a mimic—capacities not in themselves sufficient for great acting, but, I think, a necessary foundation for it. As Bottom he burlesqued all actors and amateurs in general, not—and this is a great tribute to his humour—excluding himself. He made one laugh all the time ; and even the ass's head scenes, which are not a miracle of fun, by the help of Mrs. Tree's tact and humour as Titania, were made to go comically. My benediction on the whole affair.

A LITTLE point in connection with this. One of our cleverest "dramatic critics" remarked. that So-and-so was "obtrusively modern." By this he meant, no doubt, that So-and-so had a manner customary in the daily life of this period, and not the manner of the Elizabethan age as the critic imagined it. Well : it seems plain sailing, but I think a rock or two of argument may be found in the course. If you analyse the "modernity" of a manner, you find that, apart from fashionable affectations, which I do not think the critic meant in this case, and which were certainly not apparent to myself, all that it consists of is self-possession and an air of being familiar with the surroundings. The actress in question wore her Greek dress a little as though the successor of the late M. Worth had designed it, and her expression and bearing had something of a demure coquetry in them. But did not Greek beauties feel complacent in a smart new dress, and were there not coquettes among them ? Go to. The boy who played the part in Shakespear's time looked awkward, I dare say, but the critic did not refer to that. Airs and manners change, no doubt, but probably not so much as we think, and those of beautiful young women in general probably change but little. In a search for historical truth it is safer to expect resemblances than differences. "Human nature is much the same in Regent Street as in the Via Sacra," said Thackeray : neither he nor the critic possesses final truth, but there is much to be said on both sides. The critic further alleged that Mr. Tree's Bottom was "modern." Go to again. The first actor possessed the vanity which Mr. Tree ridiculed, and the last actor will not lack it.

I FORGET if I have already made mention in these columns of the interesting fact that I remember the "dear old" days of Gaiety burlesque. If so, I apologise ; but I have no doubt that in some columns or other I shall talk of those days again and again, with increasing affection as the years recede. I refer to the dear old days when Nelly Farren—the prefixes of ordinary civility are not allowed in this connection—and Connie Gilchrist and Kate Vaughan and Edward Terry and, later on, Fred



Leslie joked and danced and were admired. At that period—the *Forty Thieves* period, to fix a year—I myself was about sixteen, and very much more of a man of the world than I succeed in being now. To sit in a stall at the Gaiety and imagine oneself in the movement! Very good: *donec virenti*, and so forth. But on my last visit to the Gaiety, in the very act of conjuring up old associations, I was shocked by a question which would not be evaded: were those old burlesques, as a matter of fact, as insipid and fatuous as the “musical comedy,” or whatever it was called, which was before me at the moment? It does not signify very much, of course; youth was youth, though it was asinine; perhaps it was happier for liking a mode of fun which now I find tedious. But I prefer to think that those old burlesques were funnier, and the performers of them more gifted. For, I say it with sorrow of the Gaiety, from beginning to end of *The Runaway Girl*, there was absolutely nothing which amused me. The jokes were bad, the “business” monotonous, and the singing non-existent. Has it ceased, I wonder, to be a requirement of these “musical” pieces that some of the performers should have voices? The one thing in the performance which seemed to me to show talent or cultivation thereof was the clever and supple dancing of Miss Seymour, and in a lesser degree the dancing, not the humour, of the chief comedian, Mr. Payne. I could watch Miss Seymour dance for hours, recognising a natural gift brought to something like perfection by skill and pains. But ten minutes of all the rest would have been more than enough. The piece in question will be over long before these remarks are read, and so they can do it no harm. I make them because it was typical, and because it grieved me that my comfortable retrospect should be so bitterly disturbed.

THE ROSE OF PERSIA, since it was composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan, brought back another set of associations, finer, perhaps, and certainly sweeter to recall. I had to wait for “revivals” to see *The Trial by Jury* and *The Sorcerer*, but I saw all the other results of the most interesting collaboration of our time as they appeared. I feel it a bond between thousands of my fellow-creatures and me that we go about with hundreds of the same

quaint and charming tunes and whimsical verses garnered in our memory and rising pleasantly, ever and again, to our consciousness if not to our lips. They never stale,



as do your ordinary popular songs; and because they were so popular and so distinct as well, they recall very vividly to us past times and people—people, it may be, who sang them and sing no longer. But I am betrayed by associations into sentiment, and that is not my *métier*. They recall, those witty and whimsical verses, many phases of dead

manners, but also much of their observation is for all time.

“And every one will say,
As you walk your cultured way:
‘If that’s not good enough for him,
Which is good enough for me,
Why, what a very cultivated sort of youth
This sort of youth must be!’”

There is the secret of your sham-superior young author or critic bared for ever to a comforted world. . . . Yes, there was a host of pleasant memories, and *The Rose of Persia* did not jar upon them. It was pretty and graceful and humorous, and the cast was capable and vocal. I thought Sir Arthur Sullivan not quite at his best for the purpose in hand—a trifle too vague and uncertain. I missed the distinctness of the earlier melodies. But this may be fairly attributed to the facts that I am no musician, and have heard the opera once only, and that Mr. Basil Hood, the librettist, is not Mr. Gilbert’s equal, and could not give one the intellectual interest which fixed the sense of hearing. Not that he was incompetent; on the contrary, his libretto was much above the ordinary sort of thing; but he was not Mr. Gilbert, and it was Mr. Gilbert my sense of fitness demanded.

IN one respect, however, I regretted to remark that he *did* resemble his predecessor. A woman was gibed and laughed at because she was old and had lost her looks, by hypothesis. That was an old trick of Mr. Gilbert’s, and a very unpleasant one it was. To my mind it went far in Mr. Gilbert’s case to spoil a very excellent accomplishment in a mode of satire which, if sometimes cruel, was not otherwise, heavy-

handed, or brutal, and I adjure Mr. Basil Hood to give it up. In private life one is not expected by amiable people—I put the matter mildly—to be amused by this kind of primitive and savage joke, if it be a joke, and it is an affront to one's sympathetic imagination to be expected to enjoy it at the theatre. Let it cease.

MR. GILBERT, I am sorry to say, has sinned in very good company. The most notable instance is in the greatest comedy in English: I refer to Lady Wishfort in Congreve's *The Way of the World*. But Lady Wishfort is almost redeemed, in point of humanity, though at the expense

of artistic symmetry, by the fact that her case is so severe, and described with such terrible truth, that the comedy of her passes into tragedy; moreover, she is partially redeemed in point of art by the

fact that her minor attributes are so richly characteristic and funny. Another instance is that of Mrs. Hardcastle in *She Stoops to Conquer*, which Mr. Cyril Maude has lately revived at the Haymarket. That instance has no redeeming feature; it is merely brutal, and makes one wonder if the traditional eulogies of Goldsmith's kindness and goodness of heart may not be mistaken. Otherwise, *She Stoops to Conquer* is a happy and rollicking kind of farce, an absurdly unfair picture of the country gentfolk of

the time, but as a farce not to be condemned on that account. It was excellently well played at the Haymarket. Mr. Maude himself was a quaint and human Mr. Hardcastle, Miss Emery a most humorous and engaging Miss Hardcastle, and Mr. Giddens a perfectly bucolic and credible Tony. Comparisons, if not odious, are rather useless in these matters; but I think I have never seen this play done with so much sympathy, intelligence, and tact. It was gagged a little, but I confess I am not purist enough to object in this case: I cannot regard Goldsmith as a sacred personage, or his farce as a thing intangible. The gagging—and there was very little—did not interrupt the sense.

BY the way, and by way of a last paragraph, Mr. Max Beerbohm has announced that Goldsmith lived before the age of comedy. Good heavens! Does Mr. Beerbohm really think that the late Mr. Robertson wrote, and Messrs. Grundy, Pinero and Jones, write better comedies than Congreve, Molière, or Terence? Well, I happen to know that Mr. Beerbohm does not so think: but I could not resist the point. He meant that old comedy dealt in types, and therefore, in his definition, was farce. I do not think the definition useful. Most people have one quality in excess of others, and at times show only that—are typical, in fact. The better distinction between farce and comedy is made by the probable and improbable. It would have been truer to say that Goldsmith lived after the age of comedy: at least the comedy of manners was dying while he wrote, as Garrick said in his prologue to the play. But if I begin to argue about farces and comedies I shall never leave off.

G. S. STREET.





